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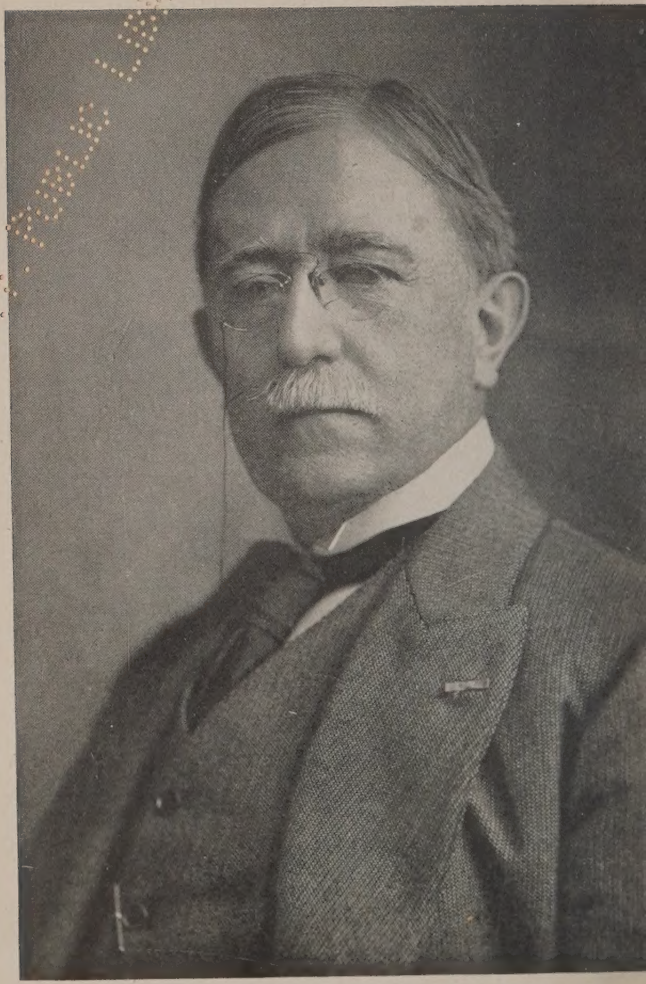

HAMILTON W. MABIE

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF HAMILTON W. MABIE

BY

EDWIN W. MORSE

Author of "Causes and Effects in American History," "The Vanguard of American Volunteers," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF HAMILTON W. MABIE

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CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY, BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

THE story of the life of Hamilton W. Mabie is of public interest and importance for two principal reasons. In the first place his influence as an educational force, through his writings and his lectures, was vastly greater than most people were aware of. This influence was nation-wide in extent, and was powerful in effect, especially upon the young people of his generation. Through his contributions for nearly forty years to The Christian Union and The Outlook, through his books, and through his addresses before popular audiences on literary subjects, he was always a torch-bearer on the difficult path leading to high ideals, attainable only through intellectual enrichment and spiritual enlightenment. His followers, who gained courage and inspiration from his words, were numbered by the thousands, and their debt to him was great. As a public-spirited citizen, too, his activities outside of his professional work were of high value

to various communities. So that it may be truly said of him, in the sense that the phrase can be applied to few men, that he left his mark upon his time.

In the second place, only a man of exceptional character and of unusual personality could have accomplished what he did. His character, his standards, his ideals, are known to all men. Of his rare personality, however, less is generally known. For a man's books do not tell the whole story, do not reveal the full portrait. For these more intimate traits one must look elsewhere — to those who knew him and to his letters to his friends. "Of the things we do," said Mabie on one occasion, "if they are memorable, there are sometimes enduring tokens; but of what we are there are no records save the memory that lies in the hearts of our friends and the influence that, passing into other natures, loses itself in their larger growth." It is doubtful if any man of his generation, save Theodore Roosevelt, had a greater number of devoted friends than Hamilton Mabie; and the memory that he has left in the hearts of those friends will always be cherished. To them he brought a nature of such simplicity, frankness, charm and cheerfulness and a spirit of such buoyant helpfulness and hopefulness, that all those who came under their spell derived from him new vigor and fresh courage with which to take up their daily tasks, however burdensome they might be. "He is gone from our earth," wrote his old

friend, Mr. Howells, "but he has left in each of us the consciousness of an abiding presence, serene and fine and true, which we know for the soul of Hamilton W. Mabie." No man could hope to leave in the hearts of his friends a richer or a more enduring memory than is suggested in these words.

Hamilton Wright Mabie was born on December 13, 1845, in Coldspring, a village on the east bank of the Hudson river opposite Cornwall. The plateau of West Point to the south, the huge bulk of Storm King across the Hudson and the broad reaches of the river towards Newburg, gave the neighborhood natural picturesqueness and historical interest. The boy came of mixed stock, Huguenot on his father's side and Scotch-English on his mother's, a combination that throws an interesting sidelight upon the development of his character and upon the peculiarities of his temperament. The founder of the family in America was Sergeant Gaspard Mabille, whose father, Seigneur Pierre Mabille, had been obliged to flee from the village of Nevy, in the old province of Anjou, where his estates were situated, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, in 1572. Gaspard, who had been named for the Huguenot leader, Admiral Gaspard de Coligny, arrived in New Amsterdam from Holland, about the middle of the seventeenth century. After a generation or two the spelling of the name

was made to conform to the usual pronunciation, Mabie.

In course of time members of the family left New York, as the city had then become, and settled among their compatriots of French-Protestant descent in New Rochelle. From New Rochelle Peter Mabie, Hamilton's great-grandfather, went, when a boy, with his father's family to the village of Carmel, in what is now Putnam County, New York, where he grew into manhood and where he acquired a farm of more than a hundred acres on the shores of Lake Mahopac, not more than a dozen miles or so east of Coldspring. He served in the Revolution, his regiment being active in the guerilla warfare in western Connecticut.

The alluring prospects which the West held out to settlers in those days finally made Peter Mabie discontented with his lot at Carmel, and with several of his sons he made his way by slow stages to what later became northern Illinois. The second of these sons, Libbeus, finding pioneer life in the Far West less to his liking than farming in the neighborhood of the home that he had left in Carmel, returned to the East. Levi Jeremiah, Hamilton Mabie's father, was the second of seven children who were born to Libbeus Mabie and his wife, Carmel being his birthplace.

Hamilton's mother was also born in Carmel. Her maiden name was Sarah Colwell, and she was the daughter, one of seven children, of Samuel Colwell,

of a wealthy Tory family of New York City, and his wife, Charlotte Wright Colwell. On his mother's side Hamilton represented the fourth generation in descent from Mercer Hamilton, a younger brother of Sir William Hamilton. Both Mercer and his elder brother were educated at the University of Edinburgh. Efforts were made by the family to induce the younger of the two to enter the church, but an ecclesiastical career had no attractions for him. His eyes were already directed towards the new world, where certainly adventure and perhaps opportunity awaited him. His father's second marriage and his unhappiness under the new family conditions finally gave him the excuse which he desired to run away from home and to sail for America.

Reaching America, Mercer Hamilton fell a victim to the wiles of a pretty widow, a Mrs. Belden; and in due course of time one of their four daughters married a man named Wright, the couple making their home near Carmel. The Charlotte Wright, Hamilton's maternal grandmother, who married Samuel Colwell, was one of their children. Mrs. Colwell's husband was a patriot and was estranged from his royalist relatives in New York City. Charlotte Colwell had a brother, Mercer Hamilton Wright, who made his home in his maturity in New Orleans. He was the favorite uncle of Hamilton's mother; and when her first-born came she gave him the name of this

uncle, dropping the Mercer and calling him Hamilton Wright Mabie. Her marriage to Levi Mabie had taken place in the Colwell homestead not far from the village of Carmel on January 22, 1845, the bride being in her twenty-second and the groom in his twenty-fourth year.

Levi Mabie immediately took his bride to Coldspring where he had been living for some time and where they made their home. The opportunities in Carmel were too few for a man of ambition and energy like Levi Mabie, who, as appeared later, had the latent capacity for business affairs on a large scale. His removal from Carmel to Coldspring was undoubtedly inspired by a desire to get nearer the current of traffic that flowed up and down the Hudson between New York and Buffalo by way of the river and of the recently completed Erie Canal, in order to take advantage of whatever opportunity chance or industry might bring him. He remained in Coldspring only a few years, a period during which he watched with interest the efforts that were making to complete the railway line between New York and Albany. It is a tradition in the family that he was of an inventive turn of mind and that he supplied several valuable suggestions for the solution of problems that were puzzling the engineers in charge of the railway work. It is easy to imagine that his little son Hamilton, then three or four years old, may have accom-

panied his father on some of these excursions, and stood with wide-eyed wonder and curiosity during these mysterious proceedings. The railway was not opened for traffic between New York and Albany until 1851.

A year or so before this date Levi Mabie and his family had moved from Coldspring to Buffalo, where they remained nine years, living for a part of this time in Washington Street and later near Johnson Park. A baby sister, Jennie, was one member of the family to make this journey; and during their sojourn in Buffalo two more children, both sons, were born to Levi Mabie and his wife, Frank Marvin in 1854 and Edgar Washburn in 1858. Hamilton Mabie left no record of his recollections of these years of his boyhood and youth such as at least one of his contemporaries in the literary world, T. B. Aldrich, left. In later years he was too much interested in the problems which the present offered and the future foreshadowed to give any time to his own past. Although in a general way he was proud of his Huguenot blood and was especially pleased when he was elected an honorary member of the Huguenot Society of America, he was on the whole indifferent to the details of his ancestry. "Our chief concern," he said in one of his early papers, "is to know ourselves, not our forbears." This was his attitude throughout his life. The consequence is that the main source of information regard-

ing these early years is the family tradition as it has been preserved by his surviving sister, Mrs. Champney H. Judson, of Dobbs Ferry.

According to Mrs. Judson, as soon as Hamilton reached the proper age he was sent to the public schools in Buffalo, where he developed into a studious and apt pupil. His mother was a woman of a sweet, gentle and lovable nature, whose interests were all centred in her young family. From her the boy derived similar traits, which later endeared him to a large circle of devoted friends. She was a woman, too, of decided strength of character, which she also bequeathed to her son, and believed in the old-fashioned doctrine as to the proper relation between the rod and the wilful child.

Young Hamilton must occasionally have wandered outside the bounds which parental discipline set for him, for it is remembered in the family that he much preferred punishment, which was no doubt mild, by his mother, to a moral lecture on his delinquencies by his father. One of his escapades had a curious sequel. In company with another boy he stayed away from school one day, making the freight cars and railway tracks his playground. The next morning, having no excuse to give his teacher for his previous day's absence, he found it easier to lose himself in the freight yards again than to present himself at school. This went on for a full week, the problem becoming

As a Boy of Eight

more difficult of solution each day, until the boy was at last fairly overwhelmed by the consciousness that he had placed himself entirely outside the social order to which he was accustomed and to which everyone else conformed, and that he knew of no way in which he could recover his lost standing. A note of inquiry from his teacher to his parents brought matters to a crisis. The youth took his punishment with a great sense of relief, and went back to school. He never, however, forgot the lesson which that experience taught him.

Levi Mabie was a man of rigid probity and of high standards of conduct, both in his business dealings and in his private life; and he required all the members of his family to conform to these standards. There was nothing hard, however, in his character or harsh or even severe in his manner. On the contrary, he was always helpful and considerate, charitable in both thought and deed. His control over his family was one of sweet reasonableness; and his influence had a decided effect upon the character of his son Hamilton. Deeply religious by nature, he attended the Dutch Reformed Church regularly, and conducted family prayers daily.

At this period, from about 1850 to 1858, Buffalo was a rapidly growing city of great commercial activity through the lake and canal traffic. Levi Mabie was engaged during these years in one of the principal

industries of the city, the wholesale lumber business. As the greater part of this lumber came from Canada numerous opportunities presented themselves for revenue frauds. On one occasion Mr. Mabie's partner, who had been in Canada buying lumber, returned with the joyful news that he had perfected an arrangement by which the lumber he had purchased was to be got into New York State free of duty. Without any discussion or hesitation Mr. Mabie left word with his wife that he was to be called early the next morning; and, proceeding to the point on the border where the lumber was to arrive, he paid the customs officials what was due on the consignment which his partner had bought. It is not difficult to understand why a sensitive boy like young Mabie should have suffered more from a lecture on personal conduct by a man of this type than from a gentle chastisement by his mother. The principles, however, of right-living and right-thinking which the father laid down in these interviews probably sank deeper into the boy's heart than he realized at the time.

A man of such uncompromising integrity as Levi Mabie may have had some difficulty in holding his own against less scrupulous business rivals. It is certain, however, that he was handicapped by his inability to withstand the rugged winter climate of the lake city, which compelled him to go inland to Binghamton once or twice in order to recover his health. Whatever the

reason, or the combination of reasons, may have been, he left Buffalo in 1858, after a residence there of nearly nine years, and moved his family to Brooklyn. There they made their home in Putnam Avenue near Bedford Avenue, where they lived until they moved to Tarrytown.

During this period Levi Mabie was engaged in the wholesale boot and shoe business at No. 75 Warren Street, and later in Grand Street, New York. Here again he was unfortunate in one of his partners, who in the early 'Sixties became dissipated and erratic and who saddled the firm with a large quantity of goods that could not be sold at a profit. The temptation to go into voluntary bankruptcy, and thus to escape the necessity of paying the firm's debts, would have caused most men at least to hesitate before deciding what policy to adopt. But Levi Mabie was made of sterner stuff. "We will wind up the business, pay what we can and the balance as we can," was his decision; and this course was followed. The worry and anxiety, however, incidental to these transactions, undermined his far from robust health; and his doctor's decree finally was that he must move into the country and take things easily. It was for this reason that in 1864 the family went to Tarrytown to live.

Meanwhile it had been decided that the eldest son, Hamilton, should be prepared for college. In Buffalo he had attended the public schools, but some other

arrangement was thought to be necessary in Brooklyn, and his father's circumstances made the new arrangement possible. A neighbor of the Mabies named Brevoort, who had a son Harry whom he desired to fit for college, invited Hamilton and another boy, Charles S. West, the son of the Rev. Jacob West, to study together under an especially competent tutor, and the invitation was accepted. All three boys lived near each other, in or near Putnam Avenue, and were of about the same age.

Williams College had been selected for Hamilton, Mr. Mabie preferring to have his son go to one of the smaller New England colleges, with country surroundings. The boy applied himself to his studies with such diligence and such zeal that by the summer of 1862, when he was sixteen years old, he was ready to take the examinations. He was thought, however, to be too young to be sent to college, and he was held back for a year. He occupied part of the time in the interval in reading law in the office of a Brooklyn attorney, showing that even before he entered Williams his mind, or that of his father, pointed to the law as a possible profession for him.

It is probably safe to assume that in this leisurely year young Mabie read more fiction and poetry than he did law. For in an evidently authoritative article about him in The Bookman for December, 1895, James MacArthur wrote:

"When asked if he had any profession in view when he went to Williams Mr. Mabie replied: 'No, I had no definite professional aim in my education. I have been a great reader all my life; if there is anything that I might venture to claim for myself, it is that I belong to the class Lowell called the great readers. I have been reading as long as I can remember. As a boy I was very fond of Sir Walter Scott's novels; indeed my memory begins with Walter Scott. The first poet I remember reading was Longfellow.'"

CHAPTER II

AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE IN THE 'SIXTIES

HALF a century ago life at Williams College was very different from what it is today. In those times Commencement exercises were held at the end of July; and it was the custom to suspend the college activities for a period of six weeks or so in mid-winter in order to allow the students to earn a little money, with which to meet their college expenses, by teaching school. The examinations for entrance took place immediately after the close of the Commencement exercises.

The echoes of these exercises must have still lingered in the college halls when young Mabie, accompanied by the companion of his Brooklyn studies, Charles West, who had also been fitted for Williams, arrived in Williamstown early in August, 1863, and presented himself for the examinations. It was of course inevitable that the Civil War, then half over, should color all the Commencement proceedings. The great war-governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Governor Andrew, and his staff had been present. A poem, "Fifty Years," by William Cullen

Bryant, of the class of 1813, had been read, the last lines of which reflected the fervent hope of the North for a victorious outcome of the bloody struggle:

"For us, who fifty years ago went forth
Upon the world's great theatre, may we
Yet see the day of triumph, which the hours
On steady wing waft hither from the depths
Of a serener future; may we yet,
Beneath the reign of a new peace, behold
The shaken pillars of our Commonwealth
Stand readjusted in their ancient poise,
And the great crime of which our strife was born
Perish with its accursed progeny."

With the defeat a few weeks earlier of Lee at Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg by Grant, the turning point in the war had been reached, although this fact could not, of course, have been comprehended either by the Williams alumni who took part in these Commencement festivities or by the youths who, a day or two later, presented themselves for examination for entrance into the class of 1867. It was in front of old West College, the original home of the Free School from which Williams was developed, that, in one of the intervals between examinations, Mabie met another youth, Francis Lynde Stetson, who was to become later his chum in college and his devoted friend

for life. Young Stetson's home town was Plattsburg, New York. He had as a fellow candidate for admission a boy named Henry A. Harman, whose home was in Bennington, Vermont, both being, as was the custom, under the charge of a senior. Mr. Harman, who is now living in Rutland, recalls the Mabie whom he then met as "a simple-hearted, modest, unpretentious lad, who impressed us all as thoroughly genuine and well brought up."

When the accepted freshmen met in Williamstown at the beginning of the autumn term, Mabie and his Brooklyn companion, West, secured a room together in the house of Professor Tatlock, in Main Street, near the Congregational Church of the present day. During the following winter Stetson had a room in what was known as Fleissigheim; and in the spring of 1864, young West having been compelled for some reason to return to Brooklyn, Mabie joined Stetson in this Teutonic home of industry, and the two remained chums until they were graduated.

According to Mr. Harman, who since 1877 has been the secretary of the class of 1867, and to whom the writer is indebted for these and many other facts relating to Mabie's college life, Fleissigheim at this time was the name of the fraternity home of the Alpha Delta Phi society, of which Mabie, Stetson and Harman became members while they were freshmen. The rooms were in the second story of an old dingy brick

store building standing on the northeast corner of Main and Park streets; and after these rooms became unrentable for dormitory purposes, on account of their condition, they continued to be used by the Alpha Delts for their social reunions and their mysterious secret rites until about 1868.

By the autumn of 1864, however, at the beginning of their sophomore year, Mabie and Stetson, desirous of securing better quarters, had taken rooms in the second story of a frame business building, owned by a Mr. Whitman, which stood on the opposite corner of Main and Park streets from Fleissigheim. The ground floor of the building was a store, and the students' rooms were reached by an outside stairway which led to a second-story balcony. Here Mabie and Stetson lived for the remaining years of their college course. The associations of the opposite corner, however, must have made a deep impression upon their classmates, for at the class reunions for many years after there were always vociferous calls upon Mabie and Stetson to give their recollections of what, with facetious post-graduate humor, was always called "Fleischman's."

Apparently the freshmen of Mabie's day had acquired a good deal of freedom and independence. In the earlier years of the college the custom of compelling them to fag for upper-classmen must have been in vogue. For the editor of The Williams Quarterly

for November, 1863, expressed his regrets at the disappearance of these convenient and useful disciplinary methods, and lamented the degeneracy of the changed times. "O tempora! O mores!" he cried. "The freshmen swing canes, wear tall hats, part their hair behind and go with the ladies!" That this bravado on the part of the freshmen was contrary in one respect at least to the traditions of the college would appear from a statement in an earlier issue of the Quarterly to the effect that in view of the approaching class-day the seniors "had provided themselves with beavers."

The social life of the undergraduates at Williams centred in those days in the half-dozen or so Greek letter fraternities, which, as in the case of the Alpha Delts in Fleissigheim, occupied whatever convenient quarters were available, and surrounded their proceedings with secrecy and mystery. The four members of the class of '67 who, with Mabie, were in Alpha Delta Phi in their senior year were Stetson, Granville S. Hall, of Ashville, Mass., who is now president of Clark University, at Worcester, Mass., the late Rev. Frederick A. Hand, whose home in his college days was Hancock, Mass., and Henry A. Harman, already mentioned, who took his law degree at Harvard. Of Mabie's classmates outside of this small group who in after life attained to more or less distinction, Henry L. Nelson was professor of Political Science at Wil-

liams for many years, the Rev. Dr. A. F. Schauffler became prominent in mission work, the Rev. Dr. Moses Bross Thomas is professor of Biblical Literature in Lake Forest University, Gilbert M. Tucker was the editor of The Country Gentleman, Dr. Charles Denison and Dr. John D. Rushmore were noted in medicine and surgery respectively, Rollin E. Harmon is judge of the Probate Court of Essex County, Massachusetts, and the late John M. Taylor was for many years president of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company.

During his college course, and more especially during his junior and senior years, Mabie's development was along three lines, each of which pointed unerringly to fields in which he was to become eminent in later years — literature, public speaking and the spiritual life. By far the most important of these was literature. Recalling these remote days he said to James MacArthur, in the Bookman article already referred to:

"While in college I read constantly and omnivorously. I know of no greater joy I have had in life than the long winter terms at Williams, when I used to begin reading about seven o'clock in the evening and read often uninterruptedly until eleven. In this way I gave five or six hours a day to solid reading. I found out then for the first time that the Greek classics were literature, and I did not discover it in the class-

room so much as outside of it. I became also deeply interested, during this period, in German literature.

"I had a very strong literary bent in my aims and feelings even before I entered Williams, and while in college it almost became a passion with me. I had a group in my class who were men of exceptional ability. We formed an informal talking club, which met on Saturday evenings, and our discussions on literature, art and philosophy were of distinct educational value to me. They remind me of Tennyson's account of similar discussions at Cambridge:

> "'Where once we held debate, a band
> Of youthful friends, on mind and art
> And labor, and the changing mart,
> And all the framework of the land.'"

The "group" to which Mabie here referred is described more fully by President Hall, of Clark University, in a letter to the writer:

"I first met Mabie when we were both boys entering Williams in the year 1863, and I was tremendously impressed by what I should call the delicacy of his mind and character. He had extraordinary power of sympathy with everybody and everything, and I cannot remember that I ever saw the slightest sign of temper. He had rather a mild horror, I think, of antagonisms or conflicts.

" He was young and looked still younger, but he had read before entering and during the college course far more in general literature than any other member of the class, and so I regarded him as the leading member in our ' junto,' which we held weekly the last two college years, to pool our reading.

" The Alpha Delta Phi and the ' junto ' had nothing whatever to do with each other, although Mabie and I belonged to both. The A.D.P. met weekly and always had literary exercises, and was a very good society; the ' junto,' which also met weekly, was simply to pool our reading. The members of the latter, in addition to Mabie and me, were Francis Lynde Stetson, the well-known New York lawyer; F. W. Gunster, later judge at Scranton, Pa., and now dead; Professor M. B. Thomas, of Lake Forest University, and R. E. Harmon, now a judge in Lowell, Mass., who is still living, I think, as is Professor Thomas. Perhaps there were more, but I cannot recall any other names."

In the chapter entitled " Under College Elms," one of the outdoor studies and meditations, as he calls them, which he included in " Under the Trees and Elsewhere," published in 1891, Mabie recalled in a more formal manner the memories that came to him in connection with the same theme, his introduction to the literature of all ages during his undergraduate days at Williams.

" And then," he wrote, " there were those unbroken

winter evenings, when one began really to know the great modern masters of literature. What would one not give to have them back again, with their undisturbed hours ending only when the fire or the lamp went out! Those were nights of royal fellowships, of introduction into the noblest society the world has ever known, and it is the recollection of this companionship which gives those days under college roofs a unique and perennial charm. Then first the spirit of our own race was revealed to us in Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton; then first we thrilled to that music which has never faltered since Caedmon found his voice in answer to the heavenly vision. There are days which will always have a place by themselves in our memory, nights whose stars have never set, because they brought us face to face with some great soul and struck into life in an instant some new and mighty meaning. * * * It is the recollection of such hours that gives those bending elms an imperishable charm, and lends to this landscape a deathless interest."

In his senior year Mabie was prominent in several pursuits of a more or less intellectual character outside of the college curriculum. He was elected president of the Adelphic Union, the oldest of all of the undergraduate organizations that were devoted to science, literature or art. The Adelphic Union had been formed as a debating club a few years after the college was founded. Its popularity soon caused its

membership to outgrow its quarters, and two subsidiary societies were formed, the Philologian and the Philotechnian. The parent organization survived, however, and exercised general supervision over the literary, debating and oratorical contests of its two subsidiaries, and held annual public exhibitions at Commencement time. The Union also acted as a local lyceum committee, securing speakers of national reputation for the entertainment of audiences of both students and townspeople. In Mabie's day Emerson, William Lloyd Garrison, John W. Goff and George William Curtis were among those who addressed the Adelphic Union, at least one of whom, Emerson, as will appear later, made a deep impression upon his youthful mind.

By the time they came to be seniors every member of a class was expected to be enrolled among either the Philologians or the Philotechnians, or among the Logians or Technians, as they were colloquially called. When Mabie's class came to graduate only one of the forty-nine men was not a member of one or the other of these two societies. Mabie, like his chum, Stetson, and like G. Stanley Hall, Henry L. Nelson and F. A. Schauffler, was a Technian. Each of these societies had rooms and a library of about five thousand volumes.

Mabie's first experience as a presiding officer, a post in which he won renown in later years, grew out of

his election to the presidency of the Adelphic Union. Two debates were held in his senior year, one in October and one in March, with contestants from among the rival Logians and Technians. Then there was the annual public exhibition of the Union, just before Commencement, with a programme that must have taxed the patience even of a New England audience of that day, hungry as it doubtless was for intellectual sustenance — a debate between two seniors on the value of secret societies; two poems, one of which entitled, "Old Things New," was by Mabie himself; no fewer than six "orations," including one by Stetson on "The Reliability of Hope," and a valedictory.

The leading student publication of the day was The Williams Quarterly, a dignified, serious periodical containing papers on all kinds of literary and kindred topics, editorial articles and college news. When Mabie entered Williams, the Quarterly was ten years old and it survived until 1872, "a worthy literary exponent," as Professor Spring, in his "History of Williams College," justly characterizes it, "of the latter half of the Mark Hopkins era." In view of his later career one is not surprised to find that in his senior year Mabie was one of the editors of this magazine, his associates among his classmates being F. W. Gunster, G. Stanley Hall, R. E. Harmon and M. B. Thomas, all of whom, it is worth noting, had been members of the "junto" described by Dr. Hall which

met weekly in the junior and senior years for an exchange of ideas on literary matters. The contributions to the pages of the Quarterly were anonymous; and in the absence of an index to the volume for 1866–67 identifying the writers, it is impossible to know for a certainty what was Mabie's share in the editorial work of the year. The previous volume, however, contains a paper on "Poetry" contributed by him to the June, 1866, issue, which may have won for him his election to an editorial position.

Mabie wrote another poem besides the one which was read at the Adelphic Union exhibition, entitled "Something Beyond." These verses were his contribution to the Commencement exercises of his class, which took place on the last day of July, 1867 — the only poem on the programme. One of those to whom "honorary orations" were assigned was Stetson, whose subject was "The Value of Success." Neither of these poetic juvenilia of Mabie's has survived in the college or class records. When questioned about them in later years, he always answered in a vein of jocose surprise that anyone should remember them or be interested in them.

It is evident from the foregoing that Mabie must have had considerable experience during his undergraduate days in talking on his feet, especially while he was conducting the meetings of the Adelphic Union. Another field for the incidental practice of the art of

extemporaneous speaking was found in the meetings of the Mills Theological Society, in which the moral convictions and spiritual aspirations of the undergraduates found full and free expression. The society got its name from Samuel J. Mills, of the Williams Class of 1809, a leader in his day in home missionary work and a pioneer in the extension of missionary labors to foreign lands. Mabie's early interest in religious matters and his desire to ally himself with some religious organization, a trait which remained with him through life, were reflected in his membership in the Mills Theological Society. That he was by no means a passive member is indicated by his election as president of the society for the first term of his senior year, during which fourteen of his classmates were members with him of this society. Incidental, possibly, to the purposes of this society was a series of Sunday afternoon prayer meetings, of which, according to the recollection of Mr. Harman, Mabie was the promoter, during his senior year.

The principal, and almost the only, out-of-door sport that was practised at Williams in the 'Sixties was what was called New York baseball — the game from which the baseball of the present day was developed. Football and tennis were in the future, but croquet was just acquiring mild popularity. Mabie was a member of his class ball club, which bore the name of Ironsides. This name, formidable as it was,

inspired no terrors, however, in the breasts of their sophomore antagonists, who, in the summer of 1864, defeated the freshman nine by a score of 59 to 14 runs, the lively ball used accounting in part for the large score. If Mabie had any share in this game, it must have been, in the baseball slang of today, as a freshman "rooter" merely. One of the star players on the sophomore nine was the late Eugene Delano, who became a leader in New York banking circles.

The victories of the Williams sophomores over several class teams from other colleges led to the formation of a nine to represent the college and incidentally to the selection of a college color for Williams. As Professor Spring tells the story in his "History," when the Williams nine was preparing to start for Cambridge to play the Harvard boys in the summer of 1865, two young women who were passing the season in Williamstown, discovering that the players had no college color, hastily purchased some purple ribbon, made it into small rosettes and pinned one of these on each member of the team, with the words, "Let this royal purple be the Williams color, and may it bring you victory." It did, on this occasion.

Mabie, as has already been shown, was a voracious reader while at Williams, and his standing in his class on the four years' work must have suffered somewhat in consequence of his unrestrained indulgence in this appetite for general literature. Like many another

youth of similar temperament and tastes, he had great difficulty in mastering mathematics; and this fact must also have affected his standing. The college records for this period are not sufficiently full and exact to enable one to determine what his rank was among his fellows; but that his standing in his junior year must have been fairly good is evident from the fact that he was a "Moonlighter." On this point Mr. Harman writes:

"In the year 1866 the faculty of the college did select him as one of the four contestants from the junior class for the so-called 'Moonlight' prizes. I do not recall the names of more than five or six of the twelve men so selected from our class, to write and deliver orations on a public competition. . . . He was one of the third selection; but aside from Dr. Stanley Hall, I fancy that Dr. Mabie in later life took more 'prizes' for public speaking than all the eight persons whom the College Dons picked out in 1864 and 1865, before they reached his name."

A Williams chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the Gamma of Massachusetts, was organized while Mabie was in college. He was elected an honorary member of the society in 1885, in recognition of the prominence that he had meanwhile acquired both as a writer and as a speaker.

CHAPTER III

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. MARK HOPKINS AND EMERSON

MABIE did not often refer in his writings to his college experiences. As has already been pointed out, he was interested in the present and the future, rather than in the past, so far as his own life was concerned. Two men, however, under whose influence he came while at Williams, left so deep and abiding an impression upon him that in after life he referred to them at length, presenting pen-portraits of them which are of permanent value. One of these men was Dr. Mark Hopkins, the president of the college in his day, and the other was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who delivered a series of lectures in Williamstown in the early autumn of 1865.

In the 'Sixties Dr. Mark Hopkins was the most commanding figure in the educational world in America. In the staff of professors under him were several men who later acquired national reputations. Two of them became successively presidents of the college, Paul A. Chadbourne, Professor of Natural History, and Franklin Carter, Professor of both French and

Latin. Then there was another man of originality, independence and intellectual force, Arthur Latham Perry, Professor of Political Economy and History, who also taught the German language and German literature while Mabie was at Williams, and who, as an advocate of free-trade became and remained for many years an academic and economic storm-centre. His first book, "Elements of Political Economy," was published in 1865, when Mabie was half through his college course. His two sons, Bliss Perry, Professor of English at Harvard, and Lewis Perry, Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy, carry on admirably the family tradition of high scholarship combined with independent thinking. In addition to these distinguished men John Tatlock was Professor of Mathematics, Albert Hopkins was Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, John L. T. Phillips was Professor of Greek, John Bascom was Professor of English, and Charles R. Treat was Professor of Physiology. There was only one instructor, John D. Davenport, whose branches were Latin and Mathematics.

Probably one reason why so many of the students of Mabie's time attained to eminence in their professions was because during their entire college course they came in direct contact with professors of wide experience and of mature minds instead of with tutors and other young instructors. The classes were small. It was the deliberate policy of the college au-

As an Undergraduate at Williams

thorities of that day and for years after to lay stress upon the quality of the instruction and upon personal influence in the formation of character rather than upon the number of students. According to Professor Spring, Dr. Hopkins was satisfied with fifty new students a year — two hundred altogether. In only ten of the thirty-six years of his presidency lasting from 1836 to 1872 did the number exceed this total, and then only slightly. The highwater mark of attendance in Dr. Hopkins's presidency was in 1849–'50, when the four classes numbered 240. While Mabie was at Williams the classes were of a singular uniformity in size. In the autumn of 1864, for example, the seniors numbered 49, the juniors 47, the sophomores, Mabie's class, 48, and the freshmen 43 — 187 in all. When Mabie's class came to graduate, degrees were given to forty-nine men, although sixty-seven in all had been enrolled at one time or another in the class.

Of all the men in the Williams faculty the one who easily made the deepest impression upon the pliable minds of the youths who came under his influence was the great president of the college, Dr. Mark Hopkins. In the teaching force Dr. Hopkins was officially described as the Jackson Professor of Christian Theology and also as Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. Professor Spring calls him "primarily and essentially a philosopher — a philosopher of the cheerful, expectant, optimistic type." To Mabie, Dr.

Hopkins, in retrospect, was "a philosopher in the old-fashioned sense of the word, but philosophy," he added, "was not in his view a system of intellectual gymnastics nor a highly specialized department of education; it was man thinking, in order that he might feel not only deeply but intelligently, that he might act not only with force but with wisdom."

This summary of Dr. Hopkins's view of philosophy is taken from an article entitled "Two College Presidents," which appeared in The Outlook in March, 1902, soon after the election of Dr. Henry Hopkins, a son of Mark Hopkins, as President of Williams. In the course of this article Mabie, drawing upon his memory of his years at Williams, analyzed, with even more than his customary acumen, the sources of Dr. Hopkins's power as an educator, and illustrated by some recollections the methods which he was wont to use in applying his theories. Of Dr. Hopkins the man he said:

"A great personality is often more influential with men in the impressionable age than a great teacher; Dr. Hopkins was both. He was a born teacher, with a genius for getting students to cooperate with him; but he was, above all, a great person; a character of such mingled strength and kindliness that men of a different temperament sometimes underrated his practical wisdom. He had charming geniality of nature,

but no man ever thought of presuming upon his amiability. His breadth of view kept him sane and open-eyed, and preserved him from narrowness and fanaticism of all kinds. He knew human nature, and was well acquainted with the special development of that nature which appears in college students. He held an easy rein, but he always drove. He had a keen feeling for reality and for ultimate results, and he knew when to ignore minor matters. On one occasion, when a misdemeanor of a somewhat dramatic kind had been committed in college, a trustee, who was much disturbed, declared that the culprit ought to be found, if it was necessary to put a detective on the trail. Dr. Hopkins assented to his strong characterization of the offense, but added that it would be very much to the advantage of the college if the sinner escaped.

"One of his most interesting subjects was the Shorter Catechism, which he expounded with a lucidity and charm that captivated his classes. His theology, like his philosophy, was broad, human and progressive; but at that time the loosening of the bonds of dogma was in its early tentative stages. He was once asked what he did in the class-room with the doctrines of election and predestination. He answered promptly, with the smile that was so characteristic, 'I have never yet been able to reach them.' As a matter of fact, the

deepest drift of his teaching reached them without specific direction. In all his thinking law was not only love, but love was law.

"Much has been said about his thought, his teaching, his eminence in the world, but nothing adequate has been said about the charm of his nature; his gayety, his humor, his abounding and winning humanity. He was of a sunny, fertile nature, with a southern exposure in spite of and perhaps because of his New England environment; deeply in earnest, and yet never too strenuous; profoundly religious, and yet, although a theologian, possessed of a certain child-like simplicity of faith; a great teacher, but a companion rather than a master of the student's mind; a venerable and venerated figure, and yet never out of touch with youth, never without that spirit of the boy in him which is so often the sign of greatness — a beautiful prophecy of the unfading youth of the great spirit."

Mabie's recollections of Emerson's visit to Williamstown were contributed to the Gulielmensian for 1895. In his day in college, by the way, this periodical, published annually by the junior class, was little more than a compilation of college statistics. Thirty years later the Gul, as it was known colloquially, aspired to cover a broader field and contained papers by graduates. In the course of his article on Emerson Mabie said:

"It is impossible to describe the eagerness with which I looked forward to that visit, or the satisfac-

tion with which I finally looked upon the man himself; so perfectly in harmony with all my impressions of him and so beautifully in harmony with his expressions of himself. Never, it seemed to me, was a great writer more entirely in keeping with that image of him which a devoted reader had formed.

"The lectures were delivered in the building now used by the Episcopal Church. There was a large attendance of students, and, if I remember rightly, the interest in the course was sustained to the end. I am sure there were many men in college at the moment who received a very distinct impulse from the series, which dealt largely with American life and literature. I have not forgotten the absolute simplicity of the lecturer, his evident disdain at all attempts to invest his theme with any attraction which was not an essential part of it, and his absolute reliance upon the subject itself and upon his sincerity in dealing with it to hold the attention of the audience.

"It has always seemed to me that Mr. Emerson's charm as a speaker has not been sufficiently emphasized. He was one of the best readers I have ever heard; as a reader of meditative poetry I can recall no one who, in my judgment, has approached him. His reading had the very highest effect of art, but it was apparently entirely free from art. I never got at the heart of Wordsworth until I listened to Mr. Emerson's readings from the poet whom he had studied with such

loving insight. I can never forget the marvellous expression which he put into that little fragment, beginning:

> "'There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
> And islands of Winander!'

"I can see to this day, as I saw then, the solitary figure of the boy, blowing mimic hootings to the owls, and receiving into his soul meanwhile the moving picture of the scene about him. The voice was wonderfully sympathetic and interpretative, and I can quite understand the feeling of an English auditor of Mr. Emerson, who wrote concerning his reading from the 'Odyssey' at one of his lectures in England, that while he spoke, there were but two things in the room, the silence and the voice that broke it.

"With the few students who had the courage to seek his acquaintance Emerson spoke with a fatherly kindness, but in a manner characteristic of himself. If there were those who ventured to ask him very definite questions, I doubt if they received very definite replies. What he seemed to be anxious to do was to awaken the individual intellectual life and then to leave the man to find his own way. I remember that he spoke particularly of the impression which the scenery about Williamstown made upon him, and of the great importance which ought to attach to it from

the educational standpoint. Mr. Woodbury, in his very interesting volume on Emerson, has commented upon this visit to Williamstown, and has reported at some length the conversations which took place. It was in every way memorable for a good many men, and the recollection of the slender, quiet thinker, with his clear eye, his perfect poise, his beautiful courtesy and his freshness of spirit and thought, is, to me, one of the most precious memories of my college life."

Finally, as a background for the portraits of these distinguished men, it may not be inappropriate to quote, from the article which Mabie contributed to Harper's Weekly on "The Centenary of Williams College — 1793–1893," a paragraph in which, with a poet's eye and imagination and with the affection of a devoted son, he dwelt upon the subtle influence of the "surpassing loveliness of the scenery" and "the delightful atmosphere of the college."

"The valley, the hills and the sky," he said, "are a part of the curriculum of the college; and no student, however dull of perception, escapes their constant but unintrusive influence. The charm of the Berkshire country has been loudly exploited of late years, but it can never be described; it must come as the changes of the seasons come, silently distilled into the imagination and the memory. The spell of the shadows of the summer clouds on the summer hills lies forever on the Williams graduate, and calls him back to his Alma

Mater long after he has forgotten the tones of the chapel bell. Nor has human cooperation with nature in the making of the town and the housing of the college proved ineffective. It is not too much to say that there is no more beautiful village in the country than Williamstown, preserving as it does the old-time New England verdure and ripeness with the new time taste and generosity in college structure and domestic architecture."

CHAPTER IV

IN THE UNCONGENIAL LAW

WHEN the statistics of the Williams class of 1867 were published, it was found that no fewer than one-third of the members had declared their intention to make the law their profession. In this number were undoubtedly both Mabie and his chum Stetson. According to Stetson's recollection, Mabie's intention during the greater part of his college course was to study theology, after he was graduated, and to enter the ministry. In his senior year, however, uncertainty as to the wisest course to pursue seized him, and he finally chose the law. Stetson recalls also the curious fact that Mabie's father was willing at this time that his son should become either a lawyer or a clergyman, as he preferred; but he was resolutely opposed to his attempting to earn a living by literature.

Mabie's selection of the law as a career seems to have been the result, as is so often the case, of following the line of least resistance. Both by temperament and taste he was altogether unfitted for the active practice of the law, the very essence of which is an-

tagonism, contention and strife, all of which were repugnant to his nature. Moreover his mind, as is shown by his difficulty in mastering mathematics, had more of the quality of a poet than that of a logician. Finally, although the example of Stetson may have had weight with him, he appears to have decided in favor of the law because it offered something well-organized, concrete, definite, whereas to his inexperience a possible literary career, alluring as it may have seemed in a vague sort of way, was too chimerical to be considered seriously.

This hypothesis is borne out by his own words, as quoted by James MacArthur in the Bookman interview already referred to. "I was greatly lacking in confidence," he said, "and when I left college was still very young and immature — young, that is, for my years. I could not make up my mind to adopt literature as a profession, so I did what so many others have done under similar circumstances, I studied law, taking the course at the Columbia Law School."

Mabie took his degrees as a Bachelor of Laws in the spring of 1869, and was admitted to the New York Bar in May of the same year. He was then living and continued to live with his father's family in Tarrytown, whither, it will be remembered, the Mabies had moved from Brooklyn in 1864 on account of Mr. Mabie's poor health. He began his legal work in the office of Judge Thomas Nelson, at No. 55 Liberty

Street, New York. Judge Nelson was an old friend of Levi Mabie, who had a great admiration for him, and who was very glad to have his son in the office of so fine a man and so able a lawyer. Judge Nelson, whose home was in Peekskill, had charge of several large estates, and, although there was no partnership between them, Mabie was in a position to acquire considerable legal business through the association.

His heart, however, was not in his work. At that time the offices of The Evening Post, of which William Cullen Bryant, another Williams man, was the editor, were in a building that stood on the northwest corner of Liberty and Nassau Streets. That the editorial rooms of The Evening Post were within a tantalizingly easy view of the young lawyer's desk, would appear from a paragraph in the sketch of Mabie which was printed in the report of the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Williams class of 1867.

"He practised eight years," said this anonymous writer, who may have been Stetson himself, "in the City of New York, but his mind was not made for litigation or title-searching. It concerned itself with more beautiful things, and the story goes that he often neglected the making out of summonses and such like troubles, and passed his afternoons looking wistfully across a court into the editorial rooms of The Evening Post, while he read and reread 'Paradise Lost.'"

From No. 55 Liberty Street, Judge Nelson moved

his office to No. 160 Broadway, and Mabie went with him to these new quarters. The change of scene, however, did not bring with it any corresponding change in his attitude towards his profession. There are several of his friends who recall some of the incidents of those days. George R. Bishop, whose office was only a few doors from Mabie's, remembers that on several occasions he made visits to Washington, from which Mr. Bishop inferred that he was interesting himself in patent law. Many years later when these days were recalled, Mabie admitted to Mr. Bishop that even then he was reading more poetry than law, notwithstanding the fact that he was trying to be a lawyer.

Another of his legal friends of that period was James S. Greves, who recalls meeting him on Broadway one day and being accosted by the perplexed and discouraged young lawyer somewhat in this wise:

"Say, Greves, what is this profession of the law that you and I are engaged in? Where does it lead to? What does it amount to? I cannot make anything out of it! Can you?"

Possibly this encounter followed an experience in court which Mabie once had and out of which in later years he made a most amusing story when he was among his intimate friends. It seems that on one occasion he had to go into court and argue a legal question of some intricacy in the interest of a client. He prepared his argument with great care, arranging his

citations and his reasoning from them under half a dozen headings. On appearing in court he presented his points seriatim, in the confident expectation that they would prove to be convincing. To his dismay and even consternation the only comment which the judge made, at the conclusion of his argument on each of the points, was, "There's nothing in that." If it was after this or any equally disheartening experience in the courts that he met Mr. Greves, it is not surprising that he told his friend that he could make nothing out of the law.

The social instinct was strongly developed in Mabie, and it found free play in these years when the limited demands of his profession left him with abundant leisure and an unwearied mind. The social and literary life of Tarrytown centred in the early 'Seventies in a club called The Fortnightly, which had been organized a few years earlier and which met every two weeks during the season at the house of some member. The club numbered in all about sixty members, of whom thirty or forty were sure to attend every meeting. Like all properly regulated organizations of this class, The Fortnightly had its light and gay, even its frivolous, as well as its serious, side; which is probably one of the principal reasons why it lived to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in 1918, and still possesses an abundance of vitality.

Mabie became a member of this club in 1869, a year

after it was founded, according to the recollection of his old Tarrytown friend, the Rev. Dr. John K. Allen. From the outset he found pleasure not only in preparing his share of the papers on literary subjects that were read and discussed, but in contributing nonsense to the club paper, Once in a While, as it was appropriately called, because it could be published only when the editorial hopper contained a sufficient grist of nonsense of the required quality to fill its columns. Occasionally, too, a few of the more daring members ventured to write and produce a burlesque operetta, the music for which was original or eclectic, as was most convenient and effective. The early records of the club make the unexpected revelation that in one of these operettas called "Il Benjamini" Mabie took the part of the Priest, while the late Major Marshal H. Bright, the editor at that time of The Christian Work, was the Count in the same cast.

Mabie never lost his interest in The Fortnightly, even after his residence in Tarrytown came to an end. "For a number of years," writes Dr. Allen, "he was its first choice as speaker on its anniversary occasions, and its members eagerly anticipated these addresses. In the interval between his election in 1869 and the time of his death he had gained a high place in the world of letters, his acquaintance with literature and with men of prominence had become very large; and speaking in an informal way, as he commonly did on

these anniversary occasions, his addresses were rich in references to literary matters, to the men who were making literature, and to men of culture throughout the country. Any members of the old days who still survived were always his friends, and he was constantly making new ones. He was never too busy, never had too many engagements, to answer the call of the club; and never seemed to feel that he had so many new friends that he could afford to drop the old ones."

His social life during his bachelorhood was not confined, however, to Tarrytown. At this period Stetson, who had been graduated at the Columbia Law School and had been admitted to the Bar in the same class with Mabie, was living in the family of his uncle, William S. Hascall, at No. 116 West Twenty-ninth Street. Mabie was naturally often at the Hascall house, stopping there each morning, when the weather permitted, and being joined by Stetson for a walk down town. It was this association with the Hascalls through Stetson that determined for Mabie the two most important events that can occur in any young man's life — his choice of a wife and his acquirement of a congenial vocation fitted to his abilities. One of the other frequent visitors at the Hascalls' was Miss Jeannette Trivett, the daughter of the Rev. Robert Trivett, of Poughkeepsie, who was related to the Hascalls. Miss Trivett was accustomed to spend not a little of her time with them during the social season, often helping Mrs.

Hascall and her daughters to "receive" on New Year's day. Mabie met Miss Trivett at Mrs. Hascall's on some such occasion, the acquaintance ripened into friendship and then into affection, and, finally, on October 11, 1876, the two were married.

This venture into matrimony did not involve so great a "hazard of new fortunes" as the reader may think it did. Mabie's income from his profession was small, it is true, but young people were willing to live very simply in those days, and could and did do so without loss of dignity. He had not thought of giving up the law then, and might have continued in it for a further period, if he had not married. Sooner or later, however, he would have had to respond to the call of his real life work. The first home of the young couple was a house on Broadway near the André monument in Tarrytown; and it was here that their first child, Lorraine, was born, in November 1877. As his responsibilities, of which this little daughter was one of the weightiest, increased, he came to a gradual realization that the time had arrived when, if ever, he must do the work for which he was best fitted. He had matured slowly. He was thirty-two years old. He had been out of college ten years. He saw clearly that the path he was on led nowhere, that he must find the right one, and that when found, it would lead to some kind of literary work. He decided, therefore, that, while prudently retaining his law practice, he

would make a supreme effort to find an opening in which his taste for writing, for books and for literary matters generally, could find free play.

This momentous decision involved several changes in his mode of life, the most important of which was the transfer of his family, in the autumn of 1878, to Greenwich, Connecticut, where an old college friend of his, the Rev. Charles R. Treat, was the pastor of the Congregational Church. No little faith, patience and courage were required to make a fresh start under these conditions, but Mabie possessed these traits in abundance in his young manhood as well as in later years. The story of how, finally, as a result of these efforts, he secured a position on the editorial staff of The Christian Union, belongs to another chapter.

CHAPTER V

ON THE STAFF OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

DURING this time, after his marriage and while he was living in Greenwich, Mabie had made occasional visits to his friends the Hascalls in New York, although his friend Stetson had meanwhile married and had made a home for himself. Hospitable by nature and possessing a mind of unusual breadth and brilliancy, Mrs. Hascall made her home a social and intellectual centre that had no counterpart in the New York of that day. Her interest extended to all reform movements, and one was sure to meet at her home many of the best known men and women of her day. Among these was Miss Frances E. Willard, at that time the corresponding secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Mabie met Miss Willard at the Hascalls', and she at once became interested in furthering his ambition to escape from the law and to get some sort of work as a writer. One of her friends was Dr. Edward Eggleston, then at the height of his fame as the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "Roxy" and "The Circuit Rider,"

all of which were published between 1871 and 1878. Moreover he had been connected editorially with The Independent and with The Hearth and Home, and altogether was a personage of importance and influence in the literary world.

Miss Willard spoke to Dr. Eggleston about Mabie's desire to get a foothold in the editorial office of some periodical, and asked him to bear the young man in mind. She must also have suggested to Mabie that he write to Dr. Eggleston in his own behalf and that he make his acquaintance, if possible. Mabie followed this advice, as is shown by the letter bearing the earliest date of all those in the treasured letter-file which he kept throughout his life. This letter was from Dr. Eggleston, and was written from No. 130 Rodney Street, Brooklyn, on December 2, 1878, Dr. Eggleston being at that time the pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavor in Brooklyn. The formal address of this letter itself —" Hamilton W. Mabie, Esq., Dear Sir," together with the invitation in the last line to call, would indicate that up to this time the two men had not met. Dr. Eggleston wrote as follows:

" I am sure from your letters that you can succeed as a magazinist. You lack what all beginners lack, a practical knowledge of the conditions. No introduction of mine or anybody else is of advantage, but rather harmful. The main thing is to know *what* they want and how it is wanted to be done. A common-

place, *grocery* knowledge of the business is what is hardest for a man of gifts to acquire. Editors are always eager to get a young man who can do what they want done. He is a treasure trove. Such a man has not the advantage of a man of wide reputation — the name of the latter will often float a water-logged article. But otherwise his chance is just as good if he can offer what is wanted at the time it is wanted.

"I hope you will come to see me some day."

It is safe to assume that the invitation contained in the last line of this characteristic letter was promptly accepted by the would-be "magazinist." In the acquaintance that followed Dr. Eggleston must have been impressed both by the character of the young man and by his capacity, actual and latent, as a writer. For when, a few months later, in the spring of 1879, Dr. Lyman Abbott, the editor of The Christian Union, spoke to Dr. Eggleston of his need of a young man for some editorial work, Dr. Eggleston recommended Mabie as likely to prove just the person he required. What followed was related by Dr. Abbott in the biographical sketch of his associate published in The Outlook on the occasion of his death, as follows:

"In 1879 The Christian Union (now The Outlook) was an undenominational church paper. It had a department of church news which included personal ministerial items, at that time a usual feature of church papers. I wanted someone to write this department.

A friend recommended to me a young lawyer of his acquaintance, whose interests were literary, not legal. This young lawyer called. I explained my desire, and Mr. Mabie was installed as a member of our very modest staff."

Mabie was naturally greatly elated at this happy turn in the tide of his affairs. The association was one of which he might well be proud and from which he might reasonably expect great things. He closed up his law business — not an arduous and by no means an unwelcome task,— and began the work that was to bring him fame and a reasonable degree of fortune. The Christian Union at that time was a dignified, serious, influential weekly paper, with a large circulation and a long list of distinguished contributors. It was published by Ford, Howard & Hulbert at No. 27 Park Place, and the editorial offices were in the same building. Early in 1880, however, the paper moved up town to Washington Square and a few years later its headquarters were transferred to Lafayette Place.

The editorial staff was small. The names of Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott were bracketed as "editors," and Eliot McCormick and Mabie completed the staff. Mr. Beecher's weekly Plymouth Pulpit sermon and his "Lecture Room Talk" were features of practically every issue, except when his church was closed. Besides writing editorials and having general charge of the paper, Dr. Abbott conducted the Interna-

tional Sunday School lesson weekly. The outside occasional contributors in 1880, Mabie's first full year on the paper, included many of the best known men and the most brilliant among the women writers of the day — Philips Brooks, Edward Everett Hale, John Burroughs, Charles Dudley Warner, Edward Eggleston, Horace E. Scudder, Dr. A. P. Peabody, Curtis Guild and John G. Whittier; while among the women were Kate Field, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Susan Coolidge, Gail Hamilton, Sarah O. Jewett and Abby Sage Richardson. Mrs. Beecher contributed to the Home department, and a novel by E. P. Roe ran through many numbers. Altogether the paper had a rich and varied assortment of interesting reading. It was Mabie's mission to give it a noteworthy literary quality.

One of the first things that he did after making his arrangement with Dr. Abbott was to write to Dr. Eggleston, acquainting him with the news and thanking him for his good offices in securing for him this coveted opening. In reply Dr. Eggleston wrote to him as follows, under date of June 20:

"I am glad you like your place and glad you have it. My merit in the matter is small — I only gave Dr. Abbott my sincere judgment. Good results are only achieved by the conjunction of two factors — the man and the opportunity. How often is the one lost for the want of the other in this luckless chaos in which we

live! He ought to be glad who can now and then bring the two together and thus stand godfather to some good work."

When in the autumn of 1878, the Mabies went from Tarrytown to Greenwich they found comfortable accommodations in a boarding house. In the spring of 1880, this house having been rented, they were obliged to find other quarters, and accepted an invitation from a friend, a Mrs. Button, to spend the summer with her and her four daughters in the old family homestead which they occupied. The house was commodious and attractive, and stood on a commanding site on Putnam Hill, down which General Putnam is reported to have made his famous ride, overlooking a lovely valley towards Long Island Sound. The Button family enjoyed the companionship of Mr. and Mrs. Mabie and their little daughter so much and the Mabies found them so agreeable that this arrangement was continued until the spring of 1882, when Mr. and Mrs. Mabie moved into a home of their own. A second daughter, Helen Rockwell, was born to them in November of the same year. Mabie's affection for the members of the Button family, as will appear from occasional letters in the subsequent narrative, continued until the end.

For some time before his marriage Mabie had developed a deep interest in the Protestant Episcopal Church; and in the spring following his marriage he

became a communicant of the church of that denomination in Tarrytown. His breadth of view, however, in religious matters was marked even at this early period; and when he came to Greenwich to live, he devoted some of his leisure time from his own church to a Bible class for young men in the church of his old college friend, Mr. Treat. He continued this work, moreover, in which he found great satisfaction, under the Rev. George A. Gordon, who, a few years later, succeeded Mr. Treat.

The life-long friendship between Mabie and the Rev. Mr. Gordon dated from the summer of 1880, when the latter was about to begin his final year at Harvard. On being graduated at the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1877, Mr. Gordon had been ordained a minister in the Congregational Church; and after he took his degree at Harvard in 1881 he became the pastor of the Congregational Church in Greenwich. He and Mabie at once became warm friends; and that Mr. Gordon, who was seven or eight years the younger of the two, exerted nevertheless a profound influence upon Mabie, was frankly and gratefully admitted by the latter in after life. In 1909 Dr. Gordon celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as the pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, whither he went in 1884 from Greenwich. In reply to Mabie's congratulations on this occasion, Dr. Gordon, writing from his summer home, recalled some of the incidents

attending the beginning of their acquaintance in Greenwich, when the Mabies were living at Mrs. Button's:

From Dr. George A. Gordon

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE, August 26, 1909.

DEAR MR. MABIE,— I found it impossible to thank all my friends who wrote me at my twenty-fifth anniversary kind and golden words, but a very few I singled out of the throng that in time I might answer, and high on that list I find your honored and friendly name.

It is nine and twenty years since we met — August, 1880 — and I have gone over that event in thought many times. I recall the greeting at the Buttons' door — unusual in heartiness and depth, your responses to the wild sermon the next day on the text, "What is Your Life?" Then on Monday the day in New York, my first visit to that city, the hour together in Central Park and abundance of talk on literature and philosophy, and theology. The two weeks that followed I still look upon as among the most refreshing in my life. Mrs. Mabie, young and beautiful, with her dear daughter then a child and since admitted to the host of the glorified; her brother so urbane, the four [Button] sisters and their lovely mother and the dear sarcastic old cousin! I could paint every face and the whole scene.

Afterwards came the three years so significant to me and the wealth of friendships that have made existence forever rich. It is all gone, far away, but the memory of it abides, vivid, complete, precious. Hail and farewell, once more! Since then you have made your life tell upon the lives of tens of thousands; you have more than fulfilled the rich promise of those years. May your genius to illumine the mind and elevate the heart continue to the distant end, and believe that I am, with endless good wishes,

Affectionately yours, GEO. A. GORDON.

In response to a request from the writer that he should endeavor to recall and to portray his friend Mabie, as he appeared to him in those far-away Greenwich days, Dr. Gordon sent the following:

"Hamilton Wright Mabie, in 1880, when I first met him in Greenwich, Conn., was finding leisurely his vocation. He had abandoned the profession of law for which he was not intended; he was turning towards literature, and before his eyes the vision that was to lead him to the end of his days was already burning bright. My association with him from 1880 to 1884 was one of growing intimacy, and our friendship was affectionate and sure.

"Literature was to Mabie a vital thing. He had then made this great discovery, not new to the world but new to him, and grasped at that time by few of

our writing men. He was then getting his message — literature as the artistic expression of man's deepest thought and life; literature as the imaginative utterance of the ideals, hopes, despairs, sympathies, joys and sorrows of the soul; literature as the great carrier from generation to generation, from age to age, of the best that man has thought, felt, experienced — this was in those years the discovery of Mr. Mabie; this was the message that was slowly taking possession of his mind and to the service of which by pen and voice he was to devote his life.

"He was at that time acquiring the art of the speaker. It was not an easy task for him; but he knew no discouragement, resolutely improved every opportunity, and toward the end of the period of which I write he had mastered the art of coherent and impressive speech. He was fluent, abundant, eloquent, and the young people in Greenwich followed him with delight. Later, as we all know, he became an expert in many forms of address, and was known across the country as a lecturer on literary subjects. This testimony as to the difficulty of acquiring what later became second nature, should encourage others.

"His style at this time was too poetic, and he was aware of it. His writing was not mundane but celestial. He set himself to inform his imagination with exact knowledge and to temper his enthusiasm with wide reading and reading of the best books. One

could see the steady evolution of a more chastened style and a weightier judgment on the subjects upon which he wrote.

"His chief intellectual gift was sympathy. He could take another man's thought, look at it, live in it, speak of it, write about it, as that other man himself might be unable to do. A more sympathetic intellect I have never known. Hence he became an expounder of the poets rather than a critic, and the service he performed through his luminous appreciations it would not be easy to exaggerate.

"In this sympathetic quality there were together keen receptivity and creative treatment of what was received — a rare combination, but in Mabie one with the security and force of nature. Here, I imagine, was the secret of that touch of genius which we all felt in him.

"Personally Mabie was then, what he ever remained, one of the friendliest of men, one of the best of companions. Owing to distance, absorption in our occupations, in after years we seldom met, but whenever we did meet it was with the old feeling of affection. The young people of our country of taste and aspiration lost a rare guide and friend when Hamilton W. Mabie died."

Meanwhile Mabie was making good progress in his work on The Christian Union, and soon showed a capacity for something better than the writing of items

of church news. Dr. Abbott described his rapid development as follows:

"He did his work faithfully and well. His copy was always ready in time; he gave the paper performances, not promises nor excuses. It soon became evident that he took no interest in his department. Neither did I. I now wonder whether anybody ever was interested in it. It has long since been discontinued. Meanwhile, Mr. Mabie proving to be a willing worker, quite ready to give more than his contract called for, an occasional book was turned over to him for review. The reviews had quality, something which ecclesiastical gossip could not have. Presently he graduated from the gossip and became the literary editor. He began also to write occasional editorials, and, perhaps less frequently, contributed articles. Among the latter were some charming stories for children. He became an adviser whose judgment could be trusted in passing on manuscripts offered for publication, especially those of a literary character."

The first of these stories for children that was published under Mabie's name was entitled "A Piece of a Star." It appeared in the issue of The Christian Union for July 30, 1879. By the following year, however, he had acquired sufficient confidence in himself to venture upon the serious discussion of subjects of significance and importance in the literary

world. The issue for November 10, 1880, for example, contained an article by him called "An American Critic," which was an interpretation and appreciation of the creative qualities in the critical work of Edmund Clarence Stedman, as shown in his "Victorian Poets" and more especially in a recent essay in Scribner's Monthly on Walt Whitman. A few days later Stedman, writing from his down-town office, for he was then and for many years after a member of the New York Stock Exchange and literature was only his avocation, sent Mabie a letter, the essential part of which was as follows:

From E. C. Stedman

80, Broadway, New York, Nov. 17, 1880.

My dear Mr. Mabie,— * * * * It may seem odd to you that I should take occasion to compliment you upon an article so friendly to myself! But it is a fact that as I read your paper, and found it so close, analytic, transparent, and observed its excellence of English style, my first thought was "How admirably this is done! How satisfying to be criticized, even though unfavorably, by a man who can think and write like this!" I receive a great number of reviews and notices, constantly, but it is long since I have had one, like this, whose writer seemed to me to work with as clear and high a purpose as I try to entertain myself.

My second thought was one of gratitude — for I have had troubles of late and your words put more heart into me than the friendliest offices do at ordinary times. Lastly, I perceived how plucky and bold you were. This made me call to mind that I have never known a writer finally succeed who was otherwise,— who hesitated to speak in plain language the likes and dislikes of his intellect, the impulses of his heart.

You know me, I perceive, well enough to know that this is my objective view of the matter; that I should recognize these qualities if they had worked adversely to myself. But they have worked in my favor; and therefore I add to my intellectual belief that your future (with your health, youth, brain) is to be no obscure one, my feeling that I shall closely watch it — and that I trust our paths may not lie so far apart that I cannot profit by your companionship.

Sincerely yours, EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

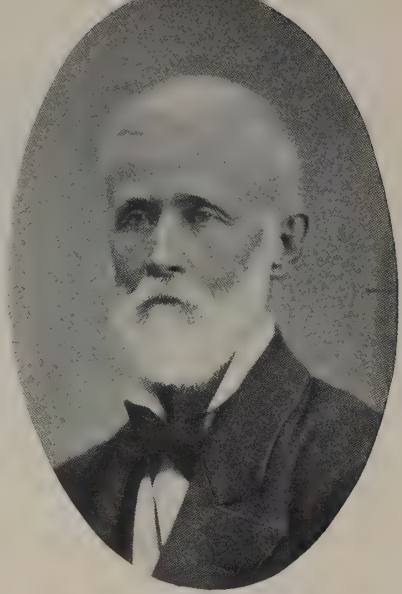
These words from a man of Stedman's position in the world of letters must have pleased Mabie mightily. And it may be worth while to pause for a moment in order to consider one sentence in his letter: —"I have had troubles of late, and your words put more heart into me than the friendliest offices do at ordinary times." In this sentence is reflected the dominant note in Mabie's philosophy of life — by cheer and encouragement and help to hearten his friends, and,

by ungrudging praise, when praise was deserved, to spur writers of merit, whether friends or not, to fresh endeavors and to higher achievement. The note will be heard again and again throughout his correspondence. "I have no respect," he said in a letter a dozen years later, to his friend Miss Grace King,—"I have no respect for posthumous appreciation."

Mabie's first public lecture was given in Greenwich, the subject being "Dr. Samuel Johnson and his Friends"—a lecture that he repeated elsewhere on numerous occasions. It was in Greenwich also, and at this period, that he wrote "Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas," out of which he made his first book. In the spring of 1881 he began to print these stories in the Young Folks department of The Christian Union, one every other week or so. The little volume containing these stories was published in October, 1882, by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. In 1900 the book was sold by Little, Brown & Co., who had meanwhile acquired it, to Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, who, through the friendship between the late Frank H. Dodd and Mabie, had become the publishers of his books, and who reprinted it in the autumn of the same year.

Mabie's paper on Stedman as a critic and other articles that followed it speedily made him known to the leading literary men of the city and brought him into friendly relations with many of them. During

SARAH COLWELL MABIE



LEVI J. MABIE

MABIE'S MOTHER AND FATHER

the year 1882 there had been some talk among a few of these men of the desirability of forming an Authors Club, and in the autumn the project took definite shape. In October of that year Mabie was invited to join half a dozen or so well-known men in founding such a club — Noah Brooks, Edward Eggleston, R. W. Gilder, the editor of The Century Magazine, Laurence Hutton, Charles de Kay, Brander Matthews and E. C. Stedman. He accepted the invitation, and thus became one of the founders of the club. Out of this beginning grew the organization which was incorporated a few years later and to which Mabie remained loyal throughout his life. The great annual event in the life of the Authors Club was the celebration of Watch Night on December 31; and, unless absence from the country or illness prevented such a reunion, it was the invariable custom of Mabie and his friend, Dr. Henry van Dyke, to dine together on that evening and to attend the Watch Night festivities. The last letter that Mabie wrote was, as we shall see, one in which he expressed his regrets at his inability to be present at the exercises that would usher in the year 1917.

A few months after the birth to Mr. and Mrs. Mabie of their second child, when they were living in their own home in Greenwich, Mabie experienced the first great sorrow of his life in the death of his father, in March, 1883, at the age of sixty-two. His

remedy for his grief was to plunge even more earnestly into the work which was so congenial to him and in which he could feel that he was making unmistakable progress. That his father could not have lived to see in the success he achieved a full justification for his change in his profession, remained a source of sorrow and deep regret throughout Mabie's life. It was in these years in Greenwich that he began to write for The Christian Union the articles that were to be gathered together and published in book form. He was finding great happiness in his home life, in his work, in his growing friendship with his editorial associates and in the prospect which the future held out to him. He was soon to enjoy the supreme pleasure of having his industry and his capacity publicly recognized.

CHAPTER VI

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

THE promotion of Mabie to the position of Associate Editor, with Dr. Abbott as Editor, of The Christian Union, came to him considerably less than five years after he began work on the paper. He had had no hint from any source that such a piece of good fortune awaited him, and was taken completely by surprise by the formal announcement. Dr. Abbott has told the story of how his usefulness to the paper won for him this honor:

"Although increasing work brought increasing responsibility, I am sure that he never asked for any official recognition. But he earned it. On the second day of January, 1884, after he had left the office I put his name with mine at the head of our editorial columns and explained that I did so in order to protect myself from undeserved praise. 'If,' I wrote, 'the editor is often compelled to accept in silence condemnation for words he did not utter and for opinions he does not hold, he is also sometimes compelled to accept in silence praise for industry greater

than he possesses and for services which he has not rendered. This is the more difficult silence of the two; and this is my excuse, if one is needed, for this personal tribute to my associate, whose name I this week place at the head of these columns with my own.' When the next morning Mr. Mabie arrived at the office, he found this announcement in the issue of the paper lying on his desk."

With the foregoing Dr. Abbott printed the letter which Mabie immediately sent to him in grateful acknowledgement of this public announcement of his new position on The Christian Union — a letter which, as Dr. Abbott intimates, is of no little value as an interpretation both of the writer's character and of the nature of the friendship that always existed between the two men. The letter was as follows:

To Dr. Lyman Abbott

New York, January 3, 1884.

My dear Dr. Abbott,— You have taken my breath clear out of me; when I saw The Christian Union this morning I could not understand what had happened to it or to me. When I saw the page proofs last night the first page looked innocent enough, and this morning I find it full of dynamite. You can hardly understand my complete mystification, and as that was my first feeling I express it first here. When I comprehended what had happened I recog-

nized your thought and touch upon it all and was more grateful than I can express. In fact, I am still quite overcome, and feel as if I had been suddenly pushed out of obscurity into something like fame. It is a public companionship of which I am proud, I can assure you, and it comforts me to feel that if my work has not entitled me to it, my regard for and devotion to you would afford a kind of subjective justification. I set this result ahead of me as a prize to be held by better work and not as a reward for work done. I prize the association and the place as stimulants to and opportunities for the rendering of that service which is the joy of life.

My dear Mr. Abbott, you have opened the new year auspiciously for me, and I shall try to make this advance an open door to greater service and higher usefulness.

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

No sooner had this announcement been made public than Mabie was in receipt of many congratulations. Stedman wrote to him on the 4th: "I have seen The Christian Union today, and must send you just a word of congratulation on your accession to *open* journalistic credit and responsibility. Dr. Abbott's tribute has been ably and honestly earned, and it is most handsomely rendered. There is not a writing man who knows you and your work that does not think

as I do." From Mr. Gordon, who was still in Greenwich, came these words of hearty good will: "I am delighted with that very handsome tribute to your influence in the C. U. from Dr. Abbott's pen in this week's issue. It does Dr. A. honor while it does you duty — i. e., pays what it owes. Those who know you best must think you most deserving of this public recognition. Health of head and heart to the editor of the C. U. and great prosperity to the paper." Dr. Franklin Carter, who, it will be remembered, was a professor at Williams when Mabie was an undergraduate, and who was at this time the president of the college, wrote in the same strain: "My heartiest congratulations on the promotion which has given your friends apparently more pleasure than it has given you. I am very glad that life runs successfully and that your knowledge of literature is finding so good a field for its exercise." And Helen Hunt Jackson wrote: "It was as gracefully worded a thing as I ever read — and true enough too, as anyone who has followed your work in the C. U. as closely as I have can testify." President Carter was only one of many Williams men to whom this evidence of Mabie's growing prominence as a writer was a source of gratification and pride: and one result of this feeling was his election, in this year, as an honorary member of the Williams chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Mabie's reputation, however, as a speaker, as well

as a thinker and writer, soon spread beyond the little circle of his New York friends, and made him welcome on occasions of more than local importance. In 1885 he was pleased to receive an invitation to attend and to speak at one of the Ashfield Academy dinners, the fame of which was beginning to extend from the Berkshires into adjoining states. Charles Eliot Norton and George William Curtis, who had their summer homes in Ashfield, organized these dinners in 1879, and Norton presided at them as long as they lasted — for twenty-five years. They were primarily for the financial benefit of the Academy in the village. But the high character of the men who spoke at them and the freedom of utterance which they enjoyed in the discussion of public questions occasionally gave even national importance to the addresses.

Mabie attended the dinner given in the summer of 1885, and spoke before a distinguished gathering. In a letter to his friend Mr. Gordon, who meanwhile had left Greenwich in order to assume the pastorate of the Old South Church in Boston, he described his experience, giving interesting glimpses of Lowell and Curtis and a rather remarkable full-length pen-portrait of Norton, and incidentally revealing the value of the discipline to which he had subjected himself in order to master the art of public speaking. The letter was as follows:

To the Rev. George A. Gordon

GREENWICH, CONN., Sept. 2, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. GORDON,— * * * I have just returned from a most stimulating week at Ashfield, Mass., with Dr. Hall, Lowell, Norton and Curtis. I had long talks with them all, and enjoyed to the full the free intercourse with these charming men. Lowell has a touch of worldliness, but is saved by grace of an insight which keeps him true in spite of temptations. He is a genuine man, rich in thought and knowledge and with sympathies quickly reached and beautifully responsive to the pathos of common things. Beneath the elegance of Curtis I recognize more clearly than ever a virile and perfectly loyal *ethical* instinct; he turns unconsciously to moral aspects and he values men according to their moral fidelity. He may make mistakes, but he is prepared to go anywhere and do anything for the truth as he sees it. I got much from him.

Norton I had long talks with and heard the old, old story of Agnosticism, but a good deal more too. He helps me by mutual irritation in one way, and by clearness in another. On the side of *art* and of *moral life* as shown *in art,* he is really strong; he has the culture and the imagination to rebuild for you a past epoch with wonderful accuracy and beauty of outline. His Agnosticism is somewhat put on — a kind of conversa-

tional edifice which he has put together so many times that he likes to do it now just for exercise and to show his hand. When he has laid the whole matter out one breathes a sigh of relief to find that the world-enveloping fog that promised to obliterate the stars resolves itself into a few gracefully curling rings of tobacco smoke, blown by a master of the art. I closed with him several times in good earnest, and found him frank in his admissions and disposed to let the ground slip from under him as gracefully as he piled it up. Altogether I like and enjoy him, and his little atheistic vanity disturbs me not at all. Dr. Hall gets fuller and clearer and more *religious* every year; the ethical element in his nature is steadily mastering him and will use him to noble ends.

I spoke with Norton, Lowell and Curtis at a great dinner last Thursday; I believe The Boston Advertiser of Friday contained a full report and you may have seen it. You will readily understand that my position was no easy one. When I rose to speak I was crowded between Lowell and Norton, and Curtis looked me right in the eye. The first moment was awful, but I said to myself that I had convictions and as much right to utter them as the best man living, and I was never more tranquil in my life after the first sentence.

I hope you are at the top of your physical condition

and that the new year of work is to be a fruitful year for us both.

Ever affectionately yours,
HAMILTON W. MABIE.

It was at this period that public discussion waxed warm over the rival merits of realism, naturalism, romanticism and idealism in fiction; and the publication of William D. Howells's novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," gave Mabie an opportunity to express his views on the subject in The Christian Union. The following letter to him from Stedman relates to this article:

From E. C. Stedman

45 EAST 30TH ST., Nov. 15, 1885.

MY DEAR MABIE,— I expected to see you on the evening of the Authors Club — thought you possibly might drop in for another of our prelusive (to use Browning's word) confabulations. Else I should have written at once to say that I had read your paper on "Silas Lapham" with great interest, especially as you had given me some forescope of its critical tenor. On some points I might debate with you, but I am thoroughly in accord (as every believer in the higher spirit of Art *must* be) with your appeal for imagination against a bald naturalism, not only in fiction, but in every form of ideal effort. Your argument, forti-

fied by Madame Necker's exquisite antithesis, is irrefutable; and nothing gives me so much hope of the near future as to see men like you of late bold in their protests, perfectly clear in their knowledge of our greatest and most instant want. "A Typical Novel," title and all, is by all odds the ablest and best sustained work I have seen from your pen. I feel the more content to cease my labors of a kindred sort, since it is very plain to me that you will continue, and excel, them. With all good omens, then,

I am fraternally yours, E. C. Stedman.

The next two or three years brought Mabie out of the sunshine and into the heavy shadow of a great anxiety over the health of his wife. In the spring of 1887 Mrs. Mabie developed an illness which compelled her to go to the Adirondacks, where, with her two daughters as companions, she stayed a year and a half. Thus left homeless and familyless, Mabie rejoined his old friends, the Buttons, and remained with them until the return to Greenwich of his wife and daughters, in the autumn of 1888.

His acquaintance with Miss Grace King, the New Orleans novelist, began at this time,— an acquaintance that soon developed into one of the most treasured of his literary friendships, ending only with his death. The correspondence began with a note from Miss King, to which he replied as follows:

To Miss Grace King

New York, April 11, 1888.

Dear Miss King,— Your very kind note gave me the most sincere satisfaction. When one who has been long brooding over thoughts which have for him some power of illumination, ventures at last with hesitation and diffidence to put them forth, such response as you were good enough to send me is more helpful than any other piece of fortune that can befall me. It proves the reality of the thought to another mind, and I must add frankly that there are no readers of my words whose recognition would give me greater satisfaction than the company of young readers among whom you belong. Nothing has given me greater hope for our native literature than the fresh and vital spirit which I find in much of your combined work; work full of charm to those of us who care for real books. I count myself your debtor for much that has given me present satisfaction and future anticipation. I suppose most people who venture to write at all nowadays are often regretful that the power of fiction was denied them; so instinctively does the imagination crave this form of expression at this particular time, and so large an amount of interest and personal force is revealed in the truest novel writing. I feel very strongly the necessity of a great

educational influence in this country; and a literature so close to our life that it shall touch us where we are most sensitive to the highest appeals will be of incalculable value.

I did not mean to burden you with so long a note, but my interest in your own work, in the fresh movement of thought of which it is a part, must be my excuse. I shall presently print a short article on Fiction in Scribner's Magazine which I hope will fall under your notice. And as you are interested in the interpretation of literature which is steadily becoming more clear to me, I shall venture to send you an article on Browning, in which certain aspects of the same general subject are more distinctly brought out.

Yours sincerely, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The appearance, a few weeks later, of her "Monsieur Motte" in book form, gave Mabie a theme for another note to Miss King:

To Miss Grace King

NEW YORK, May 26, 1888.

DEAR MISS KING,— When I received your kind note about my article, I had already read the successive chapters of "Monsieur Motte" in The Princeton Review, and was only restrained by motives which you will understand from telling you what I thought of

your work. Now that I have reread the story in book form, I hasten to give myself the pleasure which I have before denied myself.

Your story possessed me; its atmosphere is so pervasive that I found myself instinctively writing the book as well as reading it. It is a piece of life; full of freshness, strength and beauty. I felt its tenderness from page to page; the tenderness of the heart dealing with that which is the child of its insight and aspiration. A young girl's nature is always a sacred thing to a pure imagination, and I can think of nothing better to say of Marie Modeste than that you have filled us with reverence for her unfolding womanhood. The variety and distinctness of your characterizations and the marked dramatic impulse which inspires the story assure us that you have true work in you, and that your ideals will save you from the snares which beset the young novelists. I am sincerely glad in your success and I shall expect "Monsieur Motte" to be the beginning of a solid and noble work.

Yours sincerely, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

In reply to the foregoing, he received the following letter:

From Miss Grace King

NEW ORLEANS, June 6, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. MABIE,— I feel more and more thankful that I obeyed my impulse to write you — that first

time. To have the praise you give my little book is a compensation I never expected, never dared hope for. I might now be deprived of its noble encouragement if my heart had not told me to acknowledge my obligation to you. The obligation still remains, is increasing. Your Browning comes to me like an inspiration; it gives answers; it expresses, it explains, what I felt must for my own peace of mind be expressed or explained for me somewhere, by somebody.

If you knew what life down here in New Orleans meant, since the war; if your imagination can paint to you the bare facts, in the existence of what might be called ante-bellum parents and post-bellum children, — if you knew all that I know, had felt what I have felt, you would perhaps appreciate the first pages of your Browning more than you have done before, and find a significance in them greater than you intended.

Your endorsement of me therefore is peculiarly gratifying. I hope I may never give you the occasion to cancel it.

Believe me, with all respect,

Sincerely yours, GRACE KING.

A characteristic letter of the same date from John Burroughs, who had just published an article on Matthew Arnold's Criticism, described incidentally his method of doctoring himself for insomnia:

From John Burroughs

West Park, New York, June 6, 1888.

Dear Mr. Mabie,— * * * Any criticism is far less satisfying to myself, and I believe it is to the public, than any out-of-doors papers. It is not my proper field, but I cannot always get my fresh salt on the tails of the birds, but one can catch an author almost any time. But I can say this for myself, I always make a serious study of the man I write about, and work away at it till my thought on the subject runs clear.

I hope you and your wife are well and *in the country.* The world is very beautiful now. Indeed it has been so to me all the spring for I have been a day laborer in the field since the 1st of April, trying to win back my sleep, which has been very capricious for two years past. I am greatly benefited and life has a new zest. I am just beginning to know the sweetness of real labor. I believe it cures the soul as well as the body. How good the earth tastes to my hoe! Every drop of sweat I shed in the soil seems to come back to me as in flowers and perfume.

With sincere regards, I am,

Truly yours, John Burroughs.

In the summer of 1888 Mabie began the serial publication, in The Christian Union, of his picture of an idealized state of human nature and society, "In The

Forest of Arden," which, when issued several years later between covers, was to win a wide popularity. This fantasy was written in Greenwich while Mabie was living with the Button family. Serious though it was in its underlying purposes, one has little difficulty in detecting in the vein of charming sentiment that runs through it and in the lightness of touch and flexibility of style with which it was written, a reflection of the writer's buoyancy of spirits at the prospect of the early return from the Adirondacks of his wife, fully recovered, and of his children.

In a midsummer note to Miss King he referred to the serial appearance of " In the Forest of Arden " :

To Miss Grace King

New York, August 8, 1888.

My dear Miss King,— I am delighted that you find the " Forest of Arden " worth staying in for a few minutes each week. I have put the chapters into cold type with a good deal of trepidation. When one is dealing entirely with sentiment and imagination one has no judgment as to the quality of the work; it is simple and a word spoken out of the heart. I know that to a great many the whole thing must seem a piece of moonshine; but I have hoped that to a few the idea might be clear and helpful.

I do not intend to inflict myself upon you, but there is one other article of mine which I am sending you

because it deals with your art. When you have done with it will you please return the review to me; I have no other copy.

You have reason to feel honest gratification in the reception with which your story has met. I hear the best things said about it. I am especially delighted that its interior beauty is so widely recognized. It is certainly a book with a soul in it.

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

With the return of Mrs. Mabie from the Adirondacks, it was considered to be prudent that, for the sake of her health, the family should make its permanent home in Summit, New Jersey, which stands on the high ground adjacent to the Orange Mountains; and this change was effected in the autumn of 1888. In the following summer Mabie took advantage of the absence of his family for the season in the Adirondacks to make his first visit to Europe — a visit that he had naturally looked forward to for years with anticipations of the greatest pleasure. He was away about two months. Landing at Antwerp he made the usual sight-seeing journey up the Rhine, through some of the cities of Germany, into Switzerland, where to his delight he met Mr. and Mrs. Stetson, and then to Paris and England.

It was not until several years had passed that the Mabies built their own home in Summit at Fernwood

Road and Whittredge Place, in his study in the third story of which Mabie did the greater part of his more important literary work during the next twenty years. In the intervening period they had occupied a pleasantly situated house in the outskirts of the town. Summit, in 1888, was a town with a population of only about 4,000; later it became a city. It was not long, as will appear later, before Mabie made his influence felt in a variety of ways in the community. As early as the winter of 1889–90 he gave a short course of lectures on literary subjects in the Summit Academy. Invitations for him to speak came from different parts of the country, and his lectures soon became an important part of his work.

One of these invitations, evidently not the first from this source, was from Miss Louise M. Hodgkins, who had been professor of English Literature at Wellesley since 1877. To this Mabie replied as follows:

To Miss Louise E. Hodgkins

Summit, N. J., Dec. 28, 1888.

My dear Miss Hodgkins,— It isn't often that I have you on my conscience but you have been there of late a good deal and I was meaning this very day to get you into another and better place. Your letter came in the very rush of things, and each day as I took it up to dictate an answer I put it down for the pleasure of writing one with my own hand the next

day; and then came the next day with its rush and I just didn't. That is the whole story, and the failure to praise my Scribner article, flagrant as it was, had nothing to do with it.

Now you know that at heart I am good and always do in the end what you want me to do, and do it at the time. Having established this good reputation, I have no hesitation in asking, *must* I write on Carlyle or Geo. Eliot? Might I not take some such subject as Modern Criticism, or The Unconscious Element in Literature? Are these not alluring subjects and are you not dying to hear what I have to say about them? If I *must* choose between Thomas and George, I will stand by Thomas, or rather he shall fall with me. May will suit me, and Mrs. Mabie declares with great energy that she is coming too. I really believe she will get there this time and become a Wellesley devotee.

It really makes me homesick sometimes when I think of the college and of my friends there. I count it no small privilege to know Wellesley and to feel at home there. * * *

I am very busy studying Dante, writing at literary themes and editing a newspaper. Think of me leniently.

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

CHAPTER VII

A MEMORABLE DECADE

THE decade from 1890 to 1900 was a memorable period in Mabie's life — a period of both intellectual growth and of spiritual development. In the way of positive literary achievement he could look back at the end of the century, upon no fewer than nine books which he had published in this decade, volumes made up chiefly of his contributions to The Christian Union and The Outlook, together with a few essays which had appeared in other periodicals. It was in Summit that Mabie became acquainted with the late Frank H. Dodd; and, as has already been noted, it was through this friendship that Dodd, Mead & Co. became the publishers of his books. The first of these to appear was "My Study Fire," dedicated to J. T. M., the initials of his wife, which was published in August, 1890. A few months later the same publishers brought out a new edition of the "Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas," originally issued eight years earlier by Roberts Brothers.

With the copy of "My Study Fire" which Mabie sent to Stedman went the following letter:

To E. C. Stedman

SUMMIT, N. J., Oct. 23, 1890.

MY DEAR STEDMAN,— It is your misfortune to be "unduly exposed to literary persons," to recall Wellington's phrase. I suppose everybody sends you his or her new book. Now, I don't send mine because you are a shining mark, but because I want to take this way of expressing my great regard for what you have done. I fancy if most of the younger men should compare notes they would discover that each had had some help from you. I have more than once said my say about your work, but I wish I could find good occasion for saying how much I think all men who care for letters owe to the example of indomitable energy and high personal ideals which you have furnished.

Faithfully yours, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

In February of the following year he received from Aldrich a copy of "The Sisters' Tragedy, with Other Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic," which he had just published, and wrote as follows in acknowledgment of its receipt:

To T. B. Aldrich

SUMMIT, N. J., Feb. 26, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. ALDRICH,— I am your very grateful friend. No book with its author's name on the

fly leaf could have given me greater pleasure than that which came yesterday. For, between ourselves, there is no one who could have written this book save the friend who sent it. I am grateful for everything you print; it is so much gained and saved. Every line of it is pure poetry and goes straight to one's imagination. They say you are like the post-Elizabethan fellows. So far as music goes you can sit with them whenever it pleases you; but there is something in you which they lacked. This latest book delights me because without loss of melody a deeper insight pervades it. Am I wrong in thinking that there is something in these latest verses which reveals the poet's widening vision? I used to think that the perfection of your verse sometimes withdrew the attention from the range of your thought. But beauty is the best interpreter in the long run and the strength and compass of your work are becoming more and more clear. If I were writing to anyone else I should say frankly that by and by there will be a general discovery that our truest poet hid himself for a time behind so fine an art that while we saw the beauty we did not at first perceive the truth. Now, you will pardon these expressions of most sincere and honest delight. I could not have told you this, but why should I not say it to you, instead of saying it about you? You have the best years in your hand. May they be fruitful of just such work as this! Don't

bother to acknowledge this, but count me as one who knows gold when he sees it, and is therefore

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

To the foregoing Aldrich made the following characteristic reply, in which he freed his mind upon one point:

From T. B. Aldrich

57 MOUNT VERNON STREET, BOSTON, April 10, 1891.

DEAR MR. MABIE,— A while ago, when I got back from the Tropics, one of the few things which helped to reconcile me to the Frigid Zone was your generous letter. You made it possible for me not to answer it, by telling me not to; but I must, for my own satisfaction and in order to be able to sleep o' nights, place on record the unusual pleasure which your words brought to me.

It has been a difficult task to wipe out the impression naturally taken from my earlier verse, that I aimed only at being a "dainty" Lyrist. I am ill of that word! Every parrot in the land has learned it by heart, and if I were to write an epic as ponderous as "Paradise Lost" some motley little bird, stupidly swinging in his critical ring, would cry out —"How dainty!" Except now and then by a man like you the serious quality in my work has been wholly overlooked. (Think of a misbegotten son of Columbia

calling the "Monody on the Death of Wendell Phillips" "*charming*"!) However, I dream of better days. Your letter and the Tribune's review of "The Sisters' Tragedy" justify me in believing that my work will presently find better understanding. My verses *sell,* they have always been popular, but that isn't what I want. * * *

Faithfully yours, T. B. Aldrich.

In the same month in which Aldrich's letter was written Mabie published "Under the Trees and Elsewhere." In his prefatory note to the volume he called the book a collection of out-door studies and dreams, and expressed the hope that it might have as friendly a reception as did his indoor reveries, "My Study Fire." Among the "dreams" in this volume was "In the Forest of Arden," about which, as we have seen, he had written, in a vein of doubt, to Miss Grace King in the summer of 1888, when it was appearing serially. Published separately a number of years later "In The Forest of Arden" proved in course of time to be the most popular of all of Mabie's books.

As the years passed Mabie came to be more and more in demand at Commencement time in school and college, for he could always be depended upon to say something to young people of either sex that would be both graceful in form and stimulating in spirit. These activities were hinted at in a note to Miss Hodg-

kins, as she was about to sever her connection with Wellesley College:

To Miss Louise M. Hodgkins

SUMMIT, N. J., June 22, 1891.

MY DEAR MISS HODGKINS,— This is to say good bye just as you are leaving Wellesley. I have been rushing about among the colleges since I left you, and have now come to the winding up. If you have not seen Williamstown, make a break sometime and look upon a brother institution as near the standard of Wellesley's loveliness as coarser man can come. I bathe in the fountain of youth annually among these hills. This year they are a little damp for that particular form of recreation.

Now that you are going into Nirvana for a year I suppose you will neither read nor write letters. I make haste, therefore, to close this farewell in order that it may anticipate the first hour of obliviousness.

Yours sincerely, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

In September of this year, 1891, Mabie published his "Short Studies in Literature," in the preface to which he defined with characteristic clearness, simplicity and modesty, his attitude towards both his subject and his readers. His hope, he said, was that the chapters might "prove helpful to readers of books who desire to become students of literature." "These

studies," he went on, "are not critical but interpretative; they are neither expansive nor inclusive; they are mainly hints and suggestions." These "hints and suggestions" were embodied in a little book of two hundred pages, divided into no fewer than forty chapters. Anticipating that he might be charged with superficiality in treatment he added: "It is the inevitable limitation of a volume dealing with so large a subject within so small a compass that it must be, in a sense, superficial; if it shall lead any reader to that deeper study of books which opens the heart of literature, the reproach of superficiality will be gladly borne." This was Mr. Mabie's attitude throughout his life. He was content to point out the way to those who were seeking light,— to indicate the lines of investigation and study which might profitably be followed by those who were endeavoring to get at "the heart of literature."

Lowell died in August, 1891; and the December number of Scribner's Magazine contained a poem in his memory by Aldrich, "Elmwood," which prompted Mabie to write to him. The book mentioned in the postscript was "Short Studies in Literature."

To T. B. Aldrich

SUMMIT, N. J., Dec. 13, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. ALDRICH,— I remember hearing Mr. Lowell say concerning a certain poem that it left him

cold. Your lines in the current Scribner's have put me into a tumult. I suppose you are surfeited with letters of this kind, but poetry so rarely passes this way that when it comes I take off my hat though all the street remain covered. Your tribute to Lowell has found the note which expresses not only your thought but his nature; it has the breadth, the fullness and the substance which one associates with him at his best. I can think of but one word which fitly expresses my feeling about your poem and it is the word noble. The mantle has fallen on you, and the steady advance of your art in range of idea and depth of feeling shows that the gods have made no mistake. Live long and write much, and count me as one who saw the shadow of this present power and form before some others.

Yours sincerely, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

P.S. I am going to send you my new book. I don't believe you will like it and I don't want you to write me about it, but I shall send it all the same.

Mabie's reference, in the following letter to Miss Hodgkins, to his next book was to "Essays in Literary Interpretation," the most ambitious in subject of any he had yet attempted. It was to include essays on Rossetti, Browning, Dante and Keats. The Miss Bates mentioned was Miss Katherine Lee Bates, who

had succeeded Miss Hodgkins as professor of English Literature at Wellesley.

To Miss Louise M. Hodgkins

SUMMIT, N. J., Dec. 31, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— Let me devote the last quarter of an hour of the year at my desk to a brief letter in answer to your generous letter of the 13th. I was delighted when that letter came. I began to fear I had dropped below your horizon, and I meditated a note of inquiry to Dr. Steele. I am glad these are days of rest for you and that the long strain is over. I find Women's Colleges mighty interesting but too taut; if I lived in one I should become nervous shreds and tatters. I am encouraged by what you say about my book. Everybody who writes about it — and some very nice people like yourself and Prof. Everett have written about it — uses the word *insight* and that delights me. I am fearfully shy down in my roots and can stand a good deal of comforting.

The next book will be a volume of essays, including two or three of the things you have heard. I have just finished something on Keats which wrote itself. It is an attempt to separate John Keats from "Johnnie" Keats — the real man from the sentimental weakling which popular fancy has set up. Now and next I am going to try to paint what a deep and funda-

mental quality humor is in life and literature. There will be about eight articles in all and I suppose the book will settle my fate. People will make up their minds about me from it. So remember me occasionally in your petitions to the muses.

If Miss Bates wants me at Wellesley I shall certainly do my best to get there. Wellesley has been my good friend, and I am Miss Bates's good friend, and it is not solely a question of money. I had a very delightful time at Vassar the other night when I gave the Philolethian address and "received" the whole crowd later with the blooming president of the day. I also had a very good time on the 14th at Smith, when Miss Jordan gave me a breakfast. * * *

With all manner of good wishes for the New Year,

Yours sincerely, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

In the spring of 1892 the editorial offices of The Christian Union were at No. 30 Lafayette Place, only a few steps from the Aldine Club, which had been organized a few years earlier and which included in its membership the leading publishers, editors and artists in the neighborhood, with not a few authors. Although its primary purpose was that of a luncheon club, the Aldine soon began to play an important part in the literary life of the city through its dinners to distinguished writers. As will appear later Mabie became famous as the presiding officer on these occa-

sions. It was the custom also of the Aldine Club to give dinners occasionally at which the speeches and stories should be confined to variations on one theme. It was evidently with reference to a Sportsmen's Night at the Aldine that Frank R. Stockton, who had been the president of the club the previous year, wrote to Mabie from his home in Convent Station, New Jersey, under the date of April 12:

"I expect to be in the Aldine Camp on the twenty-first, with my rod, my gun, my whiskey flask and my ointment for spider bites. I am very sorry that we shall not see you there. Could not Dante be persuaded to rest himself in Purgatory for a day or two until you are ready to take him on to Chicago?"

Of the results of this visit to Chicago, Mabie wrote to his old friend, Mr. Gordon, of Boston. It is evident from this letter that in these years he was both a busy and a happy man. The book, to the appearance of which he looked forward with some anxiety, was of course the "Essays in Literary Interpretation."

To the Rev. George A. Gordon

SUMMIT, N. J., April 30, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. GORDON,— I was very sorry not to go to Boston early this month; but I was so pressed by work that I could not do it. I expect to be at

Wellesley June 6th, but by that time you will be away on your vacation. I expect to publish a volume of long essays in the autumn, to which I have given my best and closest work this winter. I hope you will like it, and I suppose it will settle the question whether I have anything to say worth saying.

In Chicago I gave two addresses: one on Dante which I tried to make a test of my thinking. Everything is so unsatisfactory the moment you have done with it that I am now all modesty about this venture, more elaborate and ambitious than any I have yet made. It is the thorn in all our work,— this instinctive measurement of what we do with what we would do. But it is the deepest satisfaction that life offers, — this clear perception that after our best endeavor to compass and express it, the best of it is always just beyond. Browning was right in holding that our imperfection is the greatest of the witnesses to the reality of perfection. To get at the bottom of anything would hint at limitation in God.

I have had a very busy and fruitful winter. There has been plenty of expression, but a great deal more of meditation. * * * I hail with delight every report of your growth. You are never long out of mind, and your life is one of my supreme satisfactions. To possess happiness in one's home and the opportunity of free expression — surely we ought both to be

deeply grateful. Remember me to the best of all your prosperities, and to your brother.

Affectionately, H. W. M.

The "Essays in Literary Interpretation" was published in November. The dedication read, "To my Classmates and Friends, G. Stanley Hall and Francis Lynde Stetson." Mabie's editorial associates sent a copy of the book to Mr. Gordon for review; and when the review appeared in The Christian Union Mabie wrote him a letter which is chiefly interesting for its frank acknowledgment of the stimulating influence which Mr. Gordon had upon him in the days, ten years earlier, of their close friendship in Greenwich:

To the Rev. George A. Gordon

New York, November 11, 1892.

My dear Mr. Gordon,— Your notice of my book has just come under my eye. I hardly know what to say about it. You have touched me very deeply. You have said the things I might have longed to have said about the book, but which I did not dare to hope would be said. And among all men you are the man from whose pen these words could have helped me most. This is a matter beyond gratitude; it is like a sudden disclosure of the objective reality of a thing you have long seen subjectively. It makes me feel

that I have not dreamed these things and that I had a right to say them.

You came into my life with a tidal influence years ago; you cleared, confirmed and strengthened my moral decision and my spiritual vision. I owe you more than I have ever told you or shall ever tell you. Now you have given me another mighty impulse, and I go forward with new definiteness of purpose and clearness of perception as the servant of the truth. In this fellowship there are no common rewards but there is love, which becomes in itself a new motivity.

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

One of the earliest of the dinners which the Aldine Club gave was in honor of Thomas Bailey Aldrich; and Mabie's increasing importance in the affairs of the Club is indicated by the fact that it was he who, in the club's name, sent the invitation to Aldrich:

To T. B. Aldrich

ALDINE CLUB, NEW YORK, Feb. 7, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. ALDRICH,— There is a very general desire among the members of the Aldine Club to extend to you the hospitality of the club by way of expressing our recognition of your place and work as a man of letters. I am commissioned, by way of giving voice to this feeling, to ask you to become the guest of the club at a dinner to be given some time next

month. I may say that the club is made of men interested in books either as writers, editors or publishers. We should gather about you the men whose presence would give the occasion the significance which it ought to possess. We should also invite other men whom you would naturally wish to have about you. I can promise you a most cordial welcome and the presence of a representative company of men. I shall be delighted if your friends in this city can have this opportunity of expressing their regard for you and their appreciation of the beautiful quality of your work. Of many of the poems which you have recently printed in the magazines, I can only say that they have reminded me of William Hunt's characterization of a vase once put into his hands: "it is one of those damned finalities." Of the earlier work you know what I think. Pardon this little outbreak of enthusiasm. I know no reason why a man of such power and artistic quality should not hear the truth about himself occasionally. I earnestly hope that this invitation will tempt you and that you will name a date, or dates, after the Fourth of March when we may have the satisfaction of welcoming you here.

Yours sincerely, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

At first Aldrich was disposed to decline this honor on the plea that he was not a public speaker. He finally accepted, however, and the occasion was bril-

liant, Aldrich's speech being an admirable one, despite his dread of the ordeal. Mabie presided. A few days later, under the date of April 6, he wrote to Aldrich:

"I had a charming speech to make about you at the dinner but I didn't make it. I cannot preside on such an occasion and make a decent talk. All the things I mean to say evaporate, under the pressure of the sense of being responsible for avoiding shoals and quicksands, and leave a residuum of commonplace. Some of the points I wanted to emphasize are made in an editorial in The Christian Union of this week, and I take the liberty of mailing a copy."

Having in the meantime changed its abiding place from Lafayette Place to Clinton Hall, Astor Place, The Christian Union in July, 1893, changed its name to The Outlook, which had been the heading over the editorials in the paper for many years. There was no change, however, in the ownership, editorship, or general policy and character of the paper.

Mabie's interest in the development of Miss King as a novelist increased as the years passed. In November, 1893, he wrote to her as follows:

To Miss Grace King

SUMMIT, N. J., Sunday, Nov. 12, 1893.

MY DEAR MISS KING,— I have been sitting before my library fire this morning reading Lowell's letters and thinking how completely the joy of life, for some

men and women, lies in the passionate pursuit of excellence. There is something pathetic in it from one point of view, something divinely encouraging about it from another. For some of us, even when made happy by all manner of affection, it is the great reality; we never grasp it, but we never despair of it. Of course you do not think your work discloses the art quality which I find in it; if it satisfied you, or if you could be satisfied, your work would not be what it is. There is a divine reality in art — the longing for the last touch of perfection — or it would not search our natures as it does, try us as by fire. One would really die to do one thing to the very heart of life and to the very height of power and beauty.

I am glad if my words about the "Balcony Stories" gave you any pleasure. I hope some day I shall have a chance to say something more at length. You have the genuine quality and that is happiness enough for you; I hope, however, you will have generous recognition as well. What I may call the "old lace quality" in you may defer popular interest a little. There is a touch of distinction in the things you have done which necessitates a certain education in those who appreciate it. Have you read Mr. Shorthouse's "Marquis de St. Palaya"? If you have you know what I mean. I disclaim any right to speak on such a matter from any standpoint save that of appreciation, but those of us who care for whatever is best ought

not to be slow or cold in our recognition. I have no respect for post-mortem appreciation. I was always impressed, when I met Mr. Lowell, by the opulence of his nature and the richness of his conditions; there was an easy prodigality in his talk which hinted at all manner of wealth. He was modest, simple and direct; but one felt that he was sufficient in himself. In his letters, however, one notes the craving for an excellence which constantly evaded him; a hunger for honest appreciation. How simple life is for us all whatever our conditions; just a long hunger for love and the power to do on the level of our ideals.

I did not mean to let Sunday get into my letter in the form of a sermon; but it is, after all, the thing we care for most deeply, and which makes us friends though we have hardly looked in each others faces. * * *

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The earliest of Mabie's letters of general interest to his Greenwich friends, the Buttons, was an Easter meditation written in March, 1894. It was also his invariable custom to send them a Christmas greeting; and the regularity with which, amid all his preoccupations, he remembered these ladies each Easter and each Christmas, is one of many evidences that might be cited of his loyalty throughout his life to the friendships of his early manhood. Of Mrs. Button's four

daughters, one married and became Mrs. Holmes. This earliest letter was as follows:

To Miss Annie Button

SUMMIT, N. J., March 23, 1894.

MY DEAR MISS ANNIE,— It always seems fitting when Good Friday falls on such a day as this; dark, rainy, with no gleam of sky or light. Then when Easter breaks clear and bright, I feel as if Nature had let herself into our thought and given us a visible illustration of the truth about the here and the hereafter. It seems to me that as the years go by, I find confirmation of my faith from some sources which did not feed the earlier generations. I believe science is coming to our aid mightily in several ways, and that the earth which once seemed only eager to receive the dead, will seem eager to declare that there are no dead; only empty graves. And every year brings the confirmation of noble living to the belief that such living is invincible. Hume once said that when he remembered his mother he believed in immortality. The pure, the unselfish and the aspiring, with us or gone before, have for me always a light on their faces not of earthly shining. I cannot think of the great company of the good without thinking of the eternity of goodness. Blessed are the dead when they *make* us think of immortality. * * *

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The Mabies spent the summer of 1894 in Debruce, in Sullivan County, New York, among the foothills of the Catskills; and from there Mabie wrote to Miss King. The story spoken of in the last paragraph of his letter was "A Child of Nature," which he did not get in shape for publication until 1901.

To Miss Grace King

DEBRUCE, NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1894.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— The article on "Union for Moral Action" stopped in New York and got itself printed last week, but your very welcome letter of July 30th travelled on and finally overtook me here. Later came a very pleasant letter from your mother which both Mrs. Mabie and myself enjoyed very much; not only for its descriptive passages (your mother inherits the story telling faculty from her daughter), but for its cordial hanging out of the latch string. It *is* very pleasant not only to have friends, but to have your friends express their friendship. * * *

It is two months and more since I came among these hills and escaped from the intolerable heat of this phenomenal summer. * * * I have given myself over to the coolness of the mountain brooks, to long tramps in the woods and to much mountain climbing. As a result I am fiercely energetic.

The news that you are actually writing that novel delights me. I know it is in you to do it with fresh-

ness of feeling and that intense sensitiveness to life which stirs me in all your stories. * * *

I have been writing a book this summer; a book on Nature; what we get out of nature for our own development. As usual, I thought the idea fruitful and I still think so; but in the working out the power has somehow gone out of it. I have tried to put into a personal form the story of my own intimacy with nature; a kind of love story. * * *

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

A month later Mabie published "My Study Fire, Second Series," dedicating the book "To Lorraine and Helen," his daughters. That he was making steady progress in his work and was winning recognition from those best qualified to judge of its value, would appear from the tone of a letter which Stedman sent to him, under the date of November 23, in which he said:

"I really can find, when 'entering upon my list of friends,' no other one whose heart + head, to put it algebraically, are quite so enviable as yours. You must get a lot of happiness out of life — assuredly you do, if health of body and temper and the practice of making others feel better and do better, have a reflex action. * * *

"I do read your essays. They always instruct me and always give me pleasure. I wish I had learned

your art of putting sound principles into one's own style — there is where the originality comes in — and especially of saying just what one wishes to say within an artistic and pleasurable compass. You have reduced this to perfection: in truth, I think you are now our literary *essayist,* to use the old word *par excellence.* Many a night I have read one or two of your papers, after my work, for sheer mental change and enjoyment. * * *"

Whenever any honor or distinction came to one of his classmates Mabie was quick to send him a word of congratulation and encouragement. In the following year, 1895, when John D. Teller, of Auburn, New York, was nominated for the Court of Appeals bench, Mabie sent him a letter wishing him all success in his campaign. The reference in the letter to Dole was to Sanford B. Dole, who was born in the Hawaiian Islands of missionary parentage and who had taken a partial course at Williams in the class of 1867. In 1894 he became President of the republic of Hawaii. The Hall mentioned was of course G. Stanley Hall, since 1888 the president of Clark University. Mabie's letter was as follows:

To John D. Teller

The Outlook, 13 Astor Place, New York, Oct. 2, 1895.

My dear Teller,— The class of '67 rejoices in your excellent chance of sitting on the Court of Ap-

peals bench, and, so far as it lives in New York, will vote for you to a man. Having devoted Dole to the presidential chair and made Hall the head of a university, we are anxious for judicial distinction. You and Stetson have done well for us at the bar * * *. I shall take great interest in the campaign on your account, and wish I could vote for you in every county in the state. I find it hard to realize that so many years have passed since we " distinguished ourselves in the halls of learning." I find I am still thinking of myself as a promising young man. I fear I shall never get beyond that stage. Meantime the success of the class is a kind of common property.

Yours cordially, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Of all of Mr. Mabie's intimate friends no one was closer to him than Dr. Henry van Dyke. The depth and the breadth of this friendship, which extended over many years, are scarcely to be measured. They may be imagined, however, from the tone of the letter in which Dr. van Dyke wrote to Mrs. Mabie placing at her disposal the letters which her husband had written to him. Under date of July 22, 1918, Dr. van Dyke reviewing this long friendship, wrote from Seal Harbor, Maine:

" The bond between your husband and myself was a pure and perfect friendship. It had no shadows and no concealments. It was good for days of joy and

days of sorrow. It lasted and it still endures, because the very heart of it was mutual trust and loyalty.

"Both of us having liberal ideas and conservative tastes, we yet found many questions on which we could differ joyously. Being without idols we never had any disputes on theology, and it was in religion that we had our closest converse. Life seemed to both of us infinitely worth while, and God was never far away. Many a time the serenity of Hamilton's temperament was a godsend to the storminess of mine. But the foundation of our faith and our joy was always the same; and it remains unchanged.

"Walking along these Seal Harbor trails through the woods and over the mountains this summer, where Hamilton was my first guide, I think of him with thankful heart, and miss him, and feel him near me. No need of spiritistic 'mediums' and 'controls,' and all that foolish machinery! The song of the hermit-thrush, the flower of the fringed orchid, the peace of the woodland twilight,— these bring me his comradeship, and the same old message of gratitude, cheerfulness and courage."

The letters that passed between Mabie and Dr. van Dyke were not numerous. They saw each other frequently and had little occasion to write. The one bearing the earliest date was written by Dr. van Dyke in November, 1895, when he was the pastor of the

Brick Church in New York, and referred to a volume of stories which he had recently published:

"My dear Mabie,— You must know how much I care for your sentence — not of condemnation — on my Little Rivers. I have just read three lines of it which Scribner has sent me. There is truly no man whose respect and liking for this little honest piece of work I would rather have than yours. I want to thank you for it, all the more because I believe you are too conscientious a critic to let a friendly feeling for an author make you praise a bad book, and at the same time you are too good a friend not to be ready to make all the needful allowances for the personal shortcomings of the man. Now this is a mighty comfortable and pleasant feeling, and I am gratefully yours."

Mabie had no gift for fiction as a vehicle for conveying his ideas to the public, and he made only one or two attempts in that direction. He was able, however, in at least one instance, to pass on to a distinguished contemporary, the idea for a story that proved in the hands of this master of the art to be practicable.

In February, 1896, Mr. Howells sent a copy of his new book, "The Day of their Wedding," to Mabie. In forwarding to the present writer the letter which he received from Mabie acknowledging the receipt of this book, Mr. Howells wrote: "The inclosed letter

refers to a story of Shaker life which Mabie gave me and which I used as a novelette called 'The Day of their Wedding.' I have always been very grateful to him for that story."

Mabie's letter acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Howells' gift was as follows:

To W. D. Howells

The Outlook, 13 Astor Place, Feb. 24, 1896.

My dear Mr. Howells,— I have read the story and I think it a beautiful piece of work, full of delicacy of feeling and of truth; reverential and tender. I did not realize how difficult the theme was until I saw your handling of it. Then I understood it. I can think of no one else who could have shown more clearly the possession of that tact which involves not only artistic instinct and feeling, but a clean heart and genuine purity. I am very grateful for a copy of the story with your autograph.

Yours sincerely, Hamilton W. Mabie.

With the publication, in the spring of 1896, of "Essays on Nature and Culture," which he dedicated to John Burroughs, Mabie began the proclamation, in a fuller and more systematic form than he had employed up to that time, of his philosophy of life as interpreted through nature, literature and art; two later volumes,—"Books and Culture," dedicated to Sted-

man, and "Essays on Work and Culture," dedicated to Dr. van Dyke, completing the trilogy. With the copy of "Nature and Culture," which he sent to Mr. Burroughs, went this letter:

To John Burroughs

The Outlook, New York, July 1, 1896.

My dear Mr. Burroughs,— I send you by this mail a book which I hope will not seem to you entirely inadequate; although now that it is done I am painfully aware of its shortcomings. I hope you will not take exception to the use of your name on the page of dedication. I could put no other name there. I wanted to add some words of my own, but nothing could add to the significance of the name standing by itself. I shall always be your debtor, and I count it an honor to associate you in any way with any book of mine. You opened the world of nature to me, and if I had known you earlier in my life, I sometimes feel that I might have said something worth while on the subjects which you *know* at first hand and which I can approach only through my instincts and feelings. Sometime during the summer I hope to see you; for the last two years I have had to make a complete surrender of my time to my work. But I am always in your society.

Yours sincerely,

Hamilton W. Mabie.

"Books and Culture" appeared in the autumn of the same year. In a letter to Miss King, Mabie called it a companion to "Nature and Culture," and added that the two contained about all the philosophy of art and life that he had been able to formulate. The reference in the last paragraph was to the great Sound Money parade on the eve of the election of McKinley over Bryan for the Presidency.

To Miss Grace King

SUMMIT, N. J., Nov. 1, 1896.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— It is a long time since you have heard from me; a long time since your very pleasant letter from the mountains of North Carolina reached me in the heart of the Adirondacks. While I have been anticipating autumn it has almost slipped through my fingers; the trees are fast baring their boughs, and one oak opposite my window keeps me in heart with its show of rich red leaves. * * *

I don't think you realize how much I am attached to New Orleans and what a home feeling I have about it — thanks to your bountiful hospitality. I hope the recent bank disasters have not touched you in any way. It has been a very distressing season financially. I hope the election will be decisive enough to settle some questions and get them out of the way. I suppose we shall work our way out of the muddle we are in, but I sometimes feel very blue about the immediate

future. Democracy, in the first real consciousness of the fact that everything is in its hands at last, will try no doubt to change by ballot some of the natural laws and modify some of the inevitable conditions of life, and will learn by experience that the limits of its power are sharply defined. All society must go through this stage and we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are actually in and may work through it sooner than England and Germany.

How are you getting along with The Story? I hope it is not sitting on your heart. I am always hearing pleasant and encouraging things said of your work, and every new reader of "New Orleans" joins in the chorus of praise which has greeted that book. You have every reason to feel that the quality of your work is understood, and it needs only to be understood to be valued. My little volume on "Books and Culture" is off the press and will go to you presently. It is a companion volume to "Nature and Culture," and the two contain about all the philosophy of art and life I have been able to formulate. Now I am bracing myself to try something more extended. It is a formative time and one would like to do something to make it comprehensible and give it a little impulse and direction.

New York was magnificent yesterday; the whole city in the streets and flags from end to end. I was in a procession for the first time and saw the people from

the one place where they can be seen — the middle of the street. New York is really becoming a great city; great to the eye and great in its activities. I saw this yesterday more clearly than ever and was lifted up in spirit by the sight of it.

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of "Books and Culture" which Mabie had sent to him, Dr. van Dyke wrote:

From Dr. Henry van Dyke

THE BRICK CHURCH MANSE, NEW YORK, NOV. 20, 1896.

DEAR MABIE,— Your last book of essays has been my after-dinner friend for nearly a fortnight now; and I want to thank you for the true and intimate pleasure it has brought to me, and left with me. It has the same qualities of insight and charm that belong to all of your work. But in this case I have rejoiced in them even more than usual, just because I know how often a man who writes charmingly and naturally and sincerely about other things, becomes unnatural and formal and pedantic when he writes about books.

This has not befallen you. You love books as simply and as sincerely as you love trees,— you are "True to nature, true to art." And I think the reason why you get at the heart of both, is because you feel

both as parts of something larger,— Life everlasting.

The chapters that I like best are the Imagination, Freshness of Feeling and Liberation from One's Time and Place. I have marked plenty of sentences apropos of our talk on style the other day. But they are all good in their place. A fine style is to be contained in cupfuls — it flows like a river. I thank you, dear Mabie, for this good and fine book.

Ever yours, HENRY VAN DYKE.

In reply to the foregoing Mabie wrote Dr. van Dyke as follows:

To Dr. Henry van Dyke

SUMMIT, N. J., Nov. 21, 1896.

MY DEAR VAN DYKE,— It was very good of you to write me your impressions of "Books and Culture" and I am much cheered by what you say. I have felt a good deal discouraged about myself this autumn because I have felt that so many men whom I care for personally care so little for my literary point of view. I have felt that I was not putting my interpretation vigorously and effectively; that I ought to change my style. But what you said confirmed the conclusion to which I was moving and to which my own constitution would probably have driven me; a man cannot change his style without first changing himself. I ought not to be discouraged for the country at large

shows me immense friendliness. I shall go on and do what I can to make people see the spiritual rootage of art; I cannot do anything else. But I am going now to try my hand at something more elaborate and with more distinctness of tone. I feel strongly that we need in this country just now a restatement of the functions of literature and of the conditions which are likely to produce it on a great scale.

I have had a fine time this week with Huntington, Newton, Grant, Rainsford, and a crowd of able men at the Church Congress at Norfolk. What a delight real men are, and how refreshing to have ideas playing about you! Then there were at Norfolk and Hampton those quick, appealing audiences that touch your imagination and let you out of yourself; and when that happens — when you really get rid of your infernal self and pour your heart out — what fun speaking is! * * *

Affectionately, H. W. M.

No one watched Mabie's progress in his literary work with more eager interest than the friend of his Greenwich days, Dr. Gordon, who wrote to him from Boston of his "Essays on Nature and Culture": "You have become a guide and teacher to thousands and your books must have in mind this large and ever increasing class. Every new book that you write

brings into view the fresh development of a new power. The ease and mastery of exposition, the fascinating unfolding of your thought, the fine way in which you drop it into the mind of your reader, is the note of the book before me."

When his intimate friends were in anxiety and sorrow, Mabie wrote to them out of a heart full of sympathy and affection. The following letter to Dr. van Dyke was written when his second son, Bernard, who had been ill, was thought to be beyond recovery.

To Dr. Henry van Dyke

SUMMIT, N. J., March 20, 1897.

MY DEAR VAN DYKE,— I do not know whether the note I sent to the house yesterday on receipt of your postal was forwarded to you or not; but I must send a further line this morning. In these great issues we cannot comfort each other, but the sound of friendly voices counts for something. We are all feeling for you and with you. I am sharing this experience as a friend deeply drawn to you must and can. It is almost as if it were in my own household. You must know that I have been drawn very near to you in these recent months after years of preparation; and now I am in the fellowship of sorrow with you. What an ultimate world of hope there is ever in our bitterest outcry: "God only knows what it all means." If God does

know nothing else matters in the long run. I wish I were with you, near you, could be of some use to you.

Yours affectionately, H. W. M.

When finally the expected end came, Mabie wrote to his friend as follows:

To Dr. Henry van Dyke

Summit, N. J., Sunday, April 4, 1897.

My dear Friend,— This day has been full of the sense of your trial and your consolation. As I listened to the Communion Service I thought also of those wonderful words in the Old Testament, "Thou art weary in the *greatness* of thy way." They have long been in my heart, so sublimely do they offset, and silence the voices of doubt and complaint. The hardness of life springs from its greatness; the splendid end towards which the earthly education moves is attested by the very rigor of the discipline. The greater the art the more arduous the discipline which brings us to its mastery. And I have found something for myself in my companionship with you. I have felt in this fierce light which beats not on but from the throne, how far below the line of immortal doing my thoughts and works are. If a little child can lead you I must go too. There is nothing, absolutely nothing for us but spiritual mastery. If we can only get that

somehow it will shine through any expression and activity.

I see that to-day as I never saw it before, and though I have a horrible sense of unworthiness I pluck courage to make another trial. "Blessed are the pure in heart," is only another way of saying "blessed are the children," for they bring us nearer the Father. That beautiful thought of Phillip Brooks about the heavenly and the human brotherhood comes to me again; the mystery of the two relationships. We go a little way with the children and another voice calls them; we plan one kind of life for them and God plans another. There is something wonderful in this sharing of parentage with God, and our own loneliness comes from the fact that we share our own lives with God. We dip into many things, have many works, form many ties; but how often something from beyond sweeps into consciousness and separates us from them all. Over the invisible line the other half of life suddenly summons us. I have seen many letters of Brooks in which he speaks pathetically of his loneliness, and all the time such wealth of sympathy and vitality are flowing from him! And to be spiritually great who would not pay the price of that sense of loneliness born of a passion for things which are still beyond our sight!

Pardon this long letter, but I must write out of such

a day as this in my spiritual experience; — I hope I may say, in my own spiritual growth.

Yours affectionately, H. W. M.

Up to this year the Mabies had passed their summer holidays in the mountains — usually the Adirondacks. By 1897, however, both of their daughters were old enough to be taken abroad, and the entire family, sailing from Montreal, spent the summer in England. For the next decade it was the custom of the Mabies to go abroad for the summer every other year. Then they allowed their foreign holidays to accumulate until 1910, when they were able to enjoy a vacation of six months in Europe. This proved to be their last trip abroad.

In December, 1897, Mabie experienced the first serious illness of his life — an attack of appendicitis. When in the following spring, he was fully recovered he wrote as follows to Aldrich:

To T. B. Aldrich

SUMMIT, N. J., March 13, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. ALDRICH,— You have probably forgotten the delightful letter you wrote me in December, which I shall always value as a bit of autobiography. When that letter came I was in bed with the first serious illness of my life. * * * Well, I was on a bed of pain when Mrs. Mabie read your letter to me, and

I found it distinctly better than any other form of alleviation. I loafed with no very distinct desire of any kind for six weeks, and then I went South and found myself again. By virtue of much idleness and copious draughts of Scotch whiskey, I am somewhat better than I ever was before.

Pardon these physical details; they are introduced by way of explanation of my long delay in acknowledging your very interesting comment on my Chap-Book article. I was greatly pleased by what you said; for the article seemed very inadequate to me. Moreover, no proof was sent me and it was full of those stinging little blunders which ally typography so intimately with profanity. I have some things to say about your work which I hope will not show more than the average critical blindness when they finally come to light. It took me a long time to see the reformatory poets in true perspective, but I have come to my five senses of late years.

Your work has steadily grown upon me. I am ready to insure it for several centuries. Mrs. Mabie has been rereading the prose stories this winter and they seem to touch the finalities of clear, sound, adequate style. You have more self restraint than any other man in our literature; you illustrate Schiller's thought that an artist reveals himself quite as much by what he rejects as by what he expresses. I thought the Shaw Ode distinctly noble in thought and dignity.

I was moved to write and tell you so, but I feared I should bore you. I am glad The Nation did not like it. The Nation gave me a dreadful stab last week, and I should like to believe that it sometimes blunders. * * * I fancy this letter will follow you somewhere where there are flowers and birds. Wherever you are, long life and health to you and more poetry for us! * * *

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

In the autumn of 1898 the "Essays on Work and Culture" appeared; and a month later the publication in a volume by itself of "In the Forest of Arden," which, it will be remembered, had originally been included in "Under the Trees and Elsewhere," took place. It was apparently in reply to a letter suggested by these two books that in December Mabie wrote to Dr. van Dyke a letter in which he expressed without reserve his indebtedness to his friend:

To Dr. Henry van Dyke

SUMMIT, N. J., Dec. 2, 1898.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— You must have known when you wrote that letter that you are giving me one of the greatest pleasures of my life. Nothing has ever been said about any books of mine that has touched me so deeply and that I value half as much as those words of yours. Nobody has ever given me so much

confidence in my vision of life or my ability to put it into words. In fact I have never before had a friend who has shared so completely my intellectual life and its spiritual background. You have rendered me the highest of all services, for you have made me realize myself far more clearly than before, and so you have helped to liberate me. And the highest quality of friendship is this silent uncovering of the depths of one's own consciousness; this invitation through intimate companionship in the best of one's nature. To share the ultimate aims, to come together in those faiths which give life its deepest meaning and thought its highest significance, is to build on eternal foundations. In this time when art has so little to nourish the soul our fellowship must be a doubling of individual force. If we can stand together for the best in ourselves and in life we can stir the waters of life for those who cannot, unaided, reach them. There must be healing in us for the sadness, and perplexity of the world, and so God bless you, my dear friend, and let us bear the irritable burdens and do the great work together in all loyalty and love.

Affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Mabie's great admiration for Kipling is revealed in a letter from him to Mrs. Kate Douglas Riggs, written in the following February, when the English speaking world was awaiting with almost breathless anxiety the

issue of his struggle between life and death in New York City:

To Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs)

SUMMIT, N. J., Feb. 26, 1899.

DEAR MRS. RIGGS,— When I came home on Thursday night and found your kind invitation for last Monday evening I was disconsolate. But I suppose Mr. Kipling's illness postponed the dinner, and now I am consumed with anxiety about him. Such vitality as his warms the whole world. Even when his matter does not appeal to me his immense healthfulness carries me along. In an age of lamenting pessimists his grip on life has a tonic quality. If he can only live! It seems as if we must keep him alive. * * *

This is the second time an invitation from you has found me in the South. Now I am going to stay at home and hold out my plate. * * *

Yours sincerely, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The Book Buyer for May of this year contained an article by Dr. Henry van Dyke in which Mabie's influence through his writings and through his lectures was analyzed and explained at length. Of his view of culture, as reflected in the group of books published in the three previous years, Dr. van Dyke said:

"Culture, as Mr. Mabie believes in it, and com-

mends it to all men, is at the farthest possible remove from the mere process of intellectual or aesthetic adornment. It is not a thing that may be bought and put on, like a diamond breastpin or a mantle of peacock's feathers. It is a clearer light on the eyes, a keener hearing in the ears, a more vivid color in the imagination, a quicker, freer movement in the mind, warmer interest in the heart. It is the result of entering into life's discipline awake, instead of passing through it asleep. It is man's coming to himself. In thought, it means emancipation from the slavery of prejudice and from the imprisonment of ignorant conceit. In society it means elevation above the vulgarity of fashion and entrance into the broader sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men. In religion it means a new birth into the life of the spirit.

"Mr. Mabie does not believe that this kind of culture is intended to be a monopoly. He believes that every man is capable of getting some of it, and that life has some of it to give to every man. Work educates. Nature is a university. Books live because they minister to life. The aim of schools and colleges is not to separate a learned class from 'the common herd.' It is to send out men who shall be able to utilize the undeveloped forces of culture, in every region, for the benefit of all mankind and the production of a noble manhood. This is the keynote of Mr. Mabie's teaching."

Mabie was deeply touched by this article, and wrote to Dr. van Dyke with reference to it:

To Dr. Henry van Dyke

SUMMIT, N. J., May 9, 1899.

MY DEAR VAN DYKE,— The longer I think of your article in The Book Buyer the more do I value the service you have rendered me. Mrs. Mabie's pleasure in it has given me as deep satisfaction as I have ever had from any kind of recognition. As I told you, it is the first time that any one has written of the books as the exposition of a group of ideas which constitute my philosophy of art and life on the side of expression. These ideas have been clear in my own consciousness, but they are clearer than before now that they are reflected back to me from your consciousness. One is so often praised for the things that are secondary in his own interest that it is immensely encouraging to be praised for the paramount things. You have done more than anyone else in recent years to give me courage and hope. I don't think one friend can do more for another. And then you are honest; that counts for a great deal. Your words are timely, too; for I have felt somewhat discouraged about my work of late. I find that it does not do to think much about it at any time. That you believe in my ability to do something for the aims I have at heart is a tonic which has done much for me. There

is surely nothing sweeter in this stage of life than a friendship based on a common loyalty to the highest things.

Affectionately, H. W. M.

In the following month he was gratified to receive an invitation to deliver the principal address at the unveiling of Zolnay's bust of Poe in the library of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the poet's death. In a letter to Miss King he referred to this invitation, and frankly expressed the pleasure which it had given him:

To Miss Grace King

Summit, N. J., June 19, 1899.

My dear Friend,— You have often been in my thoughts of late, and I wish I could look into the King home for a few hours. It has been very hot for two weeks and I have been giving Commencement addresses in a heavy silk gown and wishing I were in Iceland. I have still two more colleges to close. One of them proposes to make me an L. L. D., then I shall be two kinds of a doctor, and not one whit wiser than I used to be when you first knew me. I have just had an invitation which pleases me mightily. The University of Virginia has asked me to make the address at the unveiling of the Poe bust in October. This pleases me more than if Harvard had asked me to

speak on Lowell, because it is in the field of national literature, and I am glad to be regarded as standing for the literature of the nation. This is private until the University makes the announcement. That I should be asked to speak on the greatest literary occasion in the recent history of the South makes me feel that I have not loved the South in vain.

On Thursday of next week, the 29th, we expect to sail by the Königin Luise for Southampton, to spend three weeks in England and then go to the Continent, to be gone until the end of September. My girls have never been beyond England and I am looking forward to taking them up the Rhine to Munich, Dresden, Bayreuth, Innsbruck, into Switzerland, to your dear Paris and through Holland. My love to all the Kings.

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The Poe ceremonies took place on October 7th. The subject of Mabie's address was "Poe's Place in American Literature." The address was printed in the University of Virginia Magazine for December, 1899. Several years later he received from the University of Virginia, through Professor Charles W. Kent, of the English department, the Poe Centenary Medal, in recognition of his general interest in the literary life of the University and especially of his participation in the exercises attending the unveiling of the Zolnay bust.

Before sailing for Europe at the end of June, Mabie had gathered together from the files of The Christian Union and The Outlook and had published the first of his volumes of meditations on ethical themes — "The Life of the Spirit." He dedicated the book to Dr. George A. Gordon, who wrote to him, in acknowledging this courtesy: "I congratulate you that your life, in pursuit of its ideal, has been rewarded thus early with a recognition so wide and so weighty, and that a wonderful audience listens to your message, always ethical and yet set in living beauty upon our great and mysterious existence." "The Life of the Spirit" became one of the three most popular books in Mabie's list.

Thomas Nelson Page's "Santa Claus's Partner" was published in the autumn of the year, 1899; and Mabie's praise of the story drew from its author this characteristic letter:

From Thomas Nelson Page

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1899.

MY DEAR MABIE,— * * * I was brought up, reared, — why the deuce won't you literary fellows let me say "raised"! — to believe that the principal of a debt doubled every sixteen years and something. But my debt to you doubles every year. There are some things I dearly love, and one of them is appreciative words from a real literary man. If "Santa Claus's Partner"

pleased you and hit you deep, I think better of it than I did before, and I don't mind telling you I thought of it perhaps more highly than I ought to think before.

The only trouble is that confounded Dickens went and took up all the ground — every blamed square foot of it, and I was always running up against his corner stakes. I wish he had not done it. If I have grabbed a part of his land, I am sorry, for it was unintentional and I tried to avoid it; but when after I had finished my story I read his over I was a blamed sight sorrier I could not march in and grab the whole business. That Dickens was the worst kind of a robber — he has robbed posterity. If it had not been for him who knows what I might have written,— and yet I am glad after all, and I hope my little homestead has not altogether overlapped his broad acres; and I am glad you like my story and glad you told me so — for I value very highly your good esteem, both personal and literary, and I am always, with the warmest regards to all at your fireside,

Faithfully your friend,

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

Mabie's interest in the literature that Southern writers had produced and were producing was deep. A few weeks after the date of the letter from Mr. Page, he printed an editorial article in The Outlook, reviewing the literary activity of the South during the

previous twenty years and maintaining that the contribution to literature of Southern writers "of original gift and genuine art" in that period was "perhaps more important than that furnished by any other section of the country."

CHAPTER VIII

NON-PROFESSIONAL ACTIVITIES

MABIE'S activities during the memorable decade reviewed in the last chapter were by no means confined to his work as a writer and lecturer. Keenly alive to his obligations as a citizen and always eager to lend his help to any and every cause that appeared to him to be worthy, he soon found himself engaged in various enterprises more or less educational in character, to which he willingly gave the time and attention which only the busiest men are proverbially supposed to have in reserve for matters outside of their professional work.

Of all of these avocations the one that lay nearest to his heart, and the one in which he took the greatest pride, was his membership in the Board of Trustees of Williams College. This board consisted of sixteen members, eleven of whom were permanent trustees elected by the board itself for life. The other five members were elected by the alumni, one each year for a term of five years. In Mabie's day such an alumni trustee was eligible for reelection. He was elected an

alumni member of this board in 1895, and was re-elected in 1900 and again in 1905. With this enviable record of popularity with the Williams alumni, it is not surprising that he was elected in 1906 a permanent trustee by the board itself. He served as such until his death. The beginning of his friend Stetson's term of service as a Williams trustee antedated Mabie's by five years; he also became a permanent trustee.

Stetson was in London in July, 1900, when he received the news of Mabie's reelection to the board. Congratulating him, he wrote:

"My letter of Friday was written before the receipt of your delightful letter of the 28th of June, every word of which went straight to my heart. Thank you for your account of Commencement where I should love to have been with you. Every event of the day and of the week was in my mind and heart, and I am only too glad to know that everything was successful. Your election as Trustee and the vote that did it were no less gratifying to me than they must have been to you; and you deserved this much because you have much honored your Alma Mater by service and by achievement."

The service to which Stetson referred in this letter extended over a long period and was rendered in a variety of ways. The character and extent of this service were summarized in a paragraph which may be quoted from the memorial minute that was adopted by

the Williams Board of Trustees on the occasion of Mabie's death:

"The services of Dr. Mabie to his Alma Mater are inadequately indicated by any formal record of his membership in this Board. * * * From 1898 to 1915 he served upon the Executive Committee, and then, upon the reorganization of the committees, became chairman of the Committee on Instruction, and, therefore, a member of the Executive Committee as newly constituted. But this official service of more than twenty years was only one proof of a loyalty which was unwearied for almost half a century. Few graduates of Williams have been so constant in their attendance upon the gatherings of the alumni. Few were so widely and affectionately known. In his editorial columns in The Outlook he was constantly interpreting the ideals of Williams College and of Williams men. He understood the temper and traditions of the place, and no college could have a more gracious spokesman. In his personal relations with the members of this board Dr. Mabie revealed all the courtesy and charm of a sweet nature, and a friendliness which was the natural expression of his rich and deeply spiritual life."

In amplification of the foregoing Professor Bliss Perry, of Harvard, who was one of Mabie's associates for many years on the Williams Board of Trustees, writes as follows:

"I have been trying yesterday and to-day to recall

some special incident in connection with his service that might possibly prove of use to you. The fact is, however, that Mr. Mabie's value as an alumnus and trustee was not in any single act, or in the championship of any particular theory of college education or organization. What he did was to diffuse an atmosphere of genial good-will, of personal friendship, and of full comprehension of the complex intellectual and spiritual influences that make up the life of a college. I served with him on some important committees. He was imperturbably patient, deferential to opinions opposed to his own and endowed with rare wisdom in refusing to attempt the impracticable. He understood, as few of our alumni could, the long traditions of the place. He kept in touch with the faculty and the student-body. He was an idealist, as you know, and all of his public utterances, in Williamstown and elsewhere at college gatherings, lifted us to a higher level of feeling and purpose. But we looked upon him not as an exhorter to excellence, but as a friend whose high standards beckoned us to richer achievement. He was unwearied, for instance, in his recognition of any literary work done by the faculty or graduates of Williams. His interest in us, and faith in us, heartened younger men, even more than we realized. Perhaps he praised some of us more highly than we deserved, but we could easily forgive him for that. I look back upon him as a rich and full personal force. He radi-

ated sunshine. He did not strive nor cry. He did not get excited over petty matters. He used his ripe judgment and his intimate knowledge of men to make the work at Williams agreeable and fruitful and normal. We counted upon him each year just as one counts upon a long and beautiful June day, and we were never disappointed."

It was the custom of Mabie and Stetson to go to the meetings of the Board of Trustees and to Commencement together; and on such occasions they were well-nigh inseparable. Mabie was always a welcome speaker at gatherings of the Williams alumni; and a signal honor was paid him when he was selected to be the presiding officer at the luncheon following the formal introduction of Dr. Harry A. Garfield into the office of President of Williams, in October, 1908. There were no fewer than six hundred alumni and guests at this luncheon, the latter including Ambassador Bryce and Governor Guild, in addition to the presidents of all the larger universities and colleges in the country. Mabie was at his best in his introductions of the distinguished speakers on this occasion. His descriptions, moreover, in The Outlook of such academic festivals were noteworthy for both sympathetic insight and felicity of phrase. A similar occasion was in October, 1893, when the centenary of Williams was celebrated. The historical sketch of the college which Mabie wrote for Harper's Weekly, in

anticipation of this celebration, revealed his full understanding of the Williams traditions and ideals.

Before his election as a trustee the Williams authorities had placed on record their appreciation of his public services as a writer and lecturer by giving him the honorary degrees, first of Master of Arts and, in 1890, of Doctor of the Humanities, which is perhaps a fair equivalent for the cumbersome Latin phrase represented by the degree of L.H.D. At different times, moreover, he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Union, Western Reserve and Washington and Lee.

As the years passed during Mabie's residence in Summit and as his own daughters came to the proper age, the conviction forced itself upon him that one of the greatest needs, not only of the city itself, but of the neighboring communities, was a good school in which girls could be prepared for college. The solution of this problem fell in happily, moreover, with his firm belief in the theory that the thing best worth doing was the thing nearest at hand, if such service promised to be of substantial benefit to those among whom one was living. "There is no community so small," he said in one of his papers in "Works and Days," "that there is not room in it for the spirit and work of large-hearted and large-minded men and women; there is no village, no remote neighborhood,

which does not cry out for the inspiration and help of a great service."

It was to be his privilege to supply this inspiration and this help in various enterprises for the public good in Summit. Through his initiative, for example, the city was led to take over the property of the Library Association, of which he was a trustee and which was privately supported, and to form a public library. It was he, moreover, who took the lead in securing funds from Andrew Carnegie to provide for a library building; and from time to time he gave the library in all no fewer than five thousand volumes.

The local enterprise, however, in which he took the deepest interest and which occupied the first place in his mind and heart was the Kent Place School for girls. The first steps towards the development of this project were taken in 1894 by a group of men of whom he was one, the name given to the institution being due to the fact that the property which they acquired for this purpose belonged at one time to Chancellor Kent of New York. The first president of the Board of Directors was William J. Curtis. When, a year or two latter, Mr. Curtis resigned, Mabie was elected president of the board, an office that he continued to fill until his death. Throughout his life he gave a great deal of time and thought to the development of the school. Except on one or two occasions, caused by absence from the country or by illness, he

Mabie's Home in Summit

delivered all the Commencement addresses. At other times in the year, too, he kept in close and friendly relations with the school. It was his custom to speak to the girls on the first and last Sunday evenings of the school year and often on Sunday evenings during the term; and it was through these frequent informal talks that his influence had the greatest effect with the girls in the formation of their standards and ideals.

Under Mabie's direction the school prospered. While he was president of the board more than nine hundred and fifty girls were pupils at Kent Place, of whom two hundred and fifty completed the course and were graduated. Of these no fewer than one hundred and thirty-nine including Mabie's younger daughter, entered the various women's colleges, Wellesley, Smith, Vassar and others, where their records were high. It was his ambition to make Kent Place perform for girls the same service that the national schools like Phillips Exeter, Andover and Lawrenceville performed for boys. But great endowed schools of this type require generations of slow growth before they come to maturity and full usefulness; and such a development for Kent Place could not be brought about in the life-time of one man, however great devotion he might give to the task.

The last Commencement address that he delivered to the Kent Place girls was on June 7, 1915. The last message that he sent to them was a year later, during

his illness. A paragraph from that letter will illustrate his method of bringing home to them some simple lesson in character building.

"You have seen very little of me this year," he wrote, "though I intended to see a good deal of you. I have been going to school myself under conditions not nearly as pleasant as those at Kent Place; and I have been trying to learn some lessons which I supposed I had learned; willingness to give up my own way and learn not what I like but what I must. I have found out that going to school is just as hard as it used to be, that teachers are just as inexorable, and that it is not always easy to understand the value of what we are learning * * *. Going to school is simply preparedness for the hard, mysterious and wonderful possibilities of life. I suppose I have said this to you before. I say it again only because I have been learning it again. Don't be afraid either of pain or misfortune. If things are hard remember that education is hard in the exact proportion in which it prepares us for difficult and splendid things."

The plans of the present Board of Directors for the development of the school will follow the lines marked out by their late president. "No one," said Frank L. Crawford, the president of the board, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the school, "can ever adequately state what the school owes to Dr. Mabie. Most of you remember him personally. Most

of you know how he used to come down here at the beginning of the year, at the end of the year and oftentimes in between, and talk to the girls,— talk to them sometimes seriously and sometimes playfully, but always in the tone of the lofty spirit. He was one of the greatest optimists I ever knew. He always believed that the best was to come out of every difficulty, for the country, for the school, for all that he had to do. His optimism inspired everybody with whom he associated. * * * He left no successor. The mantle of Elijah fell on no Elisha. But we have done our best to take up his plans and follow them out as well as we can."

Another educational enterprise in which Mabie became deeply interested in this the busiest period of his life was the New York Kindergarten Association, of which he was the head for twenty-two years, presiding at all of the meetings of the Board of Managers and at the annual meetings, except when unable to be present through illness or unavoidable absence. The association had been organized in 1892 under the presidency of Richard Watson Gilder, when the Froebel kindergarten system of training children was rapidly gaining in favor throughout the country; and it was under Mabie's presidency that the greatest advance in popularizing the kindergarten took place in New York City. In reviewing his connection with the association and his

influence in carrying out the work during nearly a quarter of a century, the officers and managers placed on record, at the time of his death, the following minute as an expression of their personal grief and their sense of irreparable loss:

"He had the highest estimate of the kindergarten idea. He believed in the principles of Froebel and in the methods devised by him for their practical application.

"He also believed in the mission of the New York Kindergarten Association. He did not think that mission was fulfilled and the association ready to go out of business when its aim of securing the introduction of kindergartens into the New York public schools was accomplished. He recognized the further task laid on the association of upholding the kindergarten ideal and setting the highest standards of kindergarten work. He hailed with enthusiasm the teaching of teachers as a signally designated and officially recognized function of the association. He claimed no credit as the instigator of this splendid evolution of our service, although in fact he did much to inspire as well as to develop it. In its natural establishment his tact and his power of enlisting interest went a long way to secure the noble equipment which has made possible the association's Training School for Kindergartners and Department of Graduate Study now so conspicu-

ous and so unique among the educational opportunities our city has to offer."

Mabie was never a figure-head in any enterprise to which he gave the use of his name. His optimism, his breadth of view and his stimulating suggestiveness, united with his tact, his sanity and his sympathetic knowledge of human nature, made him accepted at once as a working leader. Thus he directed and carried through all the policies of the New York Kindergarten Association, doing a great deal more work than anyone could suppose him capable of doing, in view of his other engagements. It was largely due to his efforts that the late John D. Archbold was induced to give the association its present handsome and commodious home in West Forty-second Street; and it was directly due to his representations that Mr. Archbold was led to supplement this munificent gift with a further large sum to be used as a maintenance fund.

A member of the Board of Managers, who served for many years under Mabie's presidency, recalls the personnel of the board and his method of conducting its affairs in the following words:

"The board was composed of people who were very much in earnest and who represented various types of mind, among them that of the amateur in education, with much enthusiasm for the 'cause' and with unbounded faith that its triumph would solve all the prob-

lems of the future; there were also teachers, philanthropists, business men.

"We had educational theories to discuss and practical problems to solve, and we did not always agree, but our meetings were all the more interesting on this account and often even inspiring for the opportunity they offered our presiding officer, of which he made such fine use. Mr. Mabie brought to the board meetings a keen interest, much sympathy and sound common sense. He handled us — though I am not sure he was conscious of doing it — with much tact, and his unfailing sense of humor lit up many a discussion just at the point where it was about to become an argument. He was equilibrium itself.

"He was regular and very punctual, and the moment he took his place at the head of the table he gave his complete attention to the business in hand. No time was wasted, but there was no sense of hurry, and Mr. Mabie imparted a living quality to everything that happened. There was something in his warm and kindly interest which kindled in us the desire to do our best; and although he rarely expressed his own opinions, he patiently listened to ours, and there was something in his attitude that helped us to open the doors of our minds."

Apropos of one statement in the foregoing, not a few legends survive illustrating the skill with which Mabie kept the board to its serious work, while

relieving the occasional tension by a relaxation into a humorous observation which often resulted in a play of wits. Mrs. Kate Douglas Riggs, a charter member and vice-president of the association, attended most of the board meetings during his presidency; and, if their fellow members are to be believed, the verbal passages at arms between the two, when the word, the phrase or the idea invited to a brief indulgence in jocular comment, must have provided rare entertainment for the listeners. While the recollection of these matches of wits is vivid, they were too evanescent, too dependent on the mood and circumstance of the moment, to be recalled in detail or to bear transfer to the printed page.

The twentieth annual meeting of the New York Kindergarten Association took the form of a reception to Mrs. Riggs. No one could be more felicitous as a presiding officer on such an occasion than Mabie. The concluding paragraph of his address is here reproduced because, as Mrs. Riggs writes, "it gives a glimpse of the beautiful relations existing between Mr. Mabie and me as president and vice-president of the association." After describing the land of childhood, peopled by fairies and witches, heroes and giants, princes and princesses, where "the great adventure of life begins,"— a land, he said, the golden key to which is given to some, he ended his remarks with these words:

"We have come here to-day, not to honor — that is unnecessary — but to express our affection for and our obligation to our Lady of the Golden Key. She has never been far from the country of childhood; teaching children in San Francisco, speaking for them in New York, and in every part of the country through a series of charming, natural and affecting stories. She has now set 'Rebecca' on the stage, and has made herself an interpreter of childhood through all forms of literature. In the Luxembourg there is a charming picture of a little Maine village asleep in the moonlight, with a quiet stream flowing through the heart of it. What Mr. Ben Foster has done with the brush, our Lady of the Golden Key has done in the story and on the stage. She has given us the familiar and beautiful background of the New England farm and village, she has set a charming girl in our midst, and has held the kingdom of childhood open to a multitude of people."

The annual appeals for financial assistance for the Kindergarten Association which were sent out in Mabie's name occasionally drew unexpected replies. One of these was a characteristic letter from the veteran journalist, diplomatist and author, John Bigelow, then in his eighty-ninth year:

From John Bigelow

21 Gramercy Park, New York, April 27, 1906.

My dear Mabie,— I am myself the President and Treasurer and the rest of the officers of a kindergarten association at which there is a regular attendance of sixteen children and grandchildren whom it is very important to keep out of the street.

Unlike you and Trask I am too old to earn anything and too wise or lazy to worry about that. I have therefore little to bestow on other kindergartens in the way of charity except so much of a good example as you may possibly get a glimpse of with the aid of a lump of radium; and paternal advice which I always keep on tap for patient listeners. That is the only crop I grow that seems to become every year more abundant at a constantly diminishing cost for labor. I send you with this note a specimen of the latter which will show you that I am not exaggerating.

These I regard as good and sufficient excuses for letting the unfortunate children of the poor, who are rarely cuddled into idiocy by silly mothers who have never enjoyed their educational advantages; children to whom every street is a park and the hinder end of every vehicle a coach,— have a good time in their youth — as good at least as I had myself — instead of imprisoning them with a schoolmarm in a kindergarten during the very hours that the blessed sun and breezes of heaven are inviting them out to their school in

which lessons are taught which the wisest university professors can neither teach nor comprehend. It is from this class of pupils that our republic has always recruited its ablest and most useful servants.

Nevertheless in response to your eloquent appeal which my children, I dare say, will sell some day before you are as old as I am for many shekels; I enclose $5, as evidence for you to give your constituents of your assiduity and zeal as their President. If everyone as poor as I responds as generously to your appeal I should not be surprised to meet your kindergartnerines bearing you on their shoulders in procession through our public thoroughfares, an homage they are sure to pay you some day for that or better reasons.

Yours sincerely, JOHN BIGELOW.

When Mabie made his home in Summit he became a communicant of Calvary Church. In time he was recognized as a great layman, notable not only in his own parish but in the diocese and even in the national councils of the church, for his large-mindedness, his tolerance and his intelligence, and for the broad humanity which he brought to the discussion and settlement of all questions affecting the church. For sixteen years he was a member of the vestry of Calvary Church, and for eleven years of that period he was a warden. He soon came to be known as a wise coun-

sellor. He was always listened to with the greatest respect, and he early acquired a commanding influence in the affairs of the parish and later in the diocese.

In this larger field his influence was active, far-reaching and of high value in a practical way as well as in a sipirtual sense. At the request of the writer Bishop Edwin S. Lines, of the Diocese of Newark, with whom Mabie was closely associated in church work during many years, prepared the following brief review of his relations to the work of the diocese:

"I have a sense of great obligation and gratitude to Mr. Mabie, for he was most kind and helpful in the work of the church. With large and generous thought about religion and its supreme place in human life, he appreciated also the place of the church as religion organized and made effective. He loved his own church also with his whole heart, while entirely free from narrowness in his judgment of other churches and recognition of their service to the world.

"He identified himself closely with the diocese, holding a place upon its Standing Committee, which is the Bishop's council of advice, and serving as a deputy in General Conventions where his presence and interest meant very much. He was not unmindful of the details of administration, while maintaining the largest thought about religious movements and spiritual forces. He had much to do with the establishment of the Diocesan Church Club where he was al-

ways a most acceptable and helpful speaker, and also in the establishment of our diocesan paper as a means of giving information and awakening interest in church work. He was constantly asked to speak to congregations or church clubs in the parishes and he always answered the invitations when he possibly could. It was surprising that a man with so many obligations could go to so many meetings and with a message prepared with care and suited to the occasion.

"The diocese was proud of having as one of its representative men a writer of more than national reputation. He held a place of leadership among us with a large and generous church policy and an entirely practical judgment and attention to what are regarded as the less important concerns. He brought to us with free hand of the treasures of his experience and his studies and his words were always an inspiration, making for a larger and finer outlook in church life. He disliked ecclesiasticism, but he was always patient and kindly with those who differed from him, and what he said or did always made for peace and good-will. He lived out a rich and fine life here among us and we all owe him a great debt for the way he taught us and the way he led us into an appreciation of the supreme value of spiritual forces and into a better understanding of the mission of Jesus Christ and His Church."

Mabie's influence was by no means confined, how-

ever, to his own diocese. He often spoke in churches elsewhere. One such typical occasion is referred to in the following letter to him from Bishop H. C. Potter, of New York, written early in January, 1899:

"You have made me doubly your debtor: — first by your most characteristic and admirable volume of essays on 'Work and Culture' which I shall take with me to Cornell, where I am to have a quiet ten days, and read at my leisure, and then for doing me the kindness to give me a copy of your address at St. Andrew's, Harlem.

"I do not agree with you as to its relative value as spoken or in print, and I am more than ever satisfied after reading it that it will make a very valuable paper for circulation. I am taking the liberty of writing a brief prefatory note to it, for which I hope you will forgive me."

The address referred to by Bishop Potter was one delivered in the interests of the City Mission Society. The subject was "Service and Sacrifice: the Business of Humanity." At the request of Bishop Potter Mabie wrote out the address, the tone of which may be inferred from the final paragraph:

"No man's life is safe unless there is something of the missionary spirit in it; the spirit of one who is sent and behind whom there is a tremendous impulse. Such men are recognizable wherever they appear by their note of courage, their clear integrity, their power

of leadership. And no life is safe unless it has also something of the martyr in it; the willingness to sacrifice and suffer for others. The real cure for selfishness and pessimism is to carry the needs of the world in our hearts."

With reference to Mabie's power as an editorial writer on spiritual themes and as a lay preacher, Elbert Francis Baldwin, his associate for many years on the staff of The Outlook, writes as follows:

"Underneath an emotional exterior Theodore Roosevelt had a great astuteness. So underneath Hamilton Mabie's smiling exterior was a great earnestness. Perhaps this revealed itself most in the religious editorials, essays and addresses, expressing a spiritual nature which grew to be a dominating characteristic in his later years. Especially in the addresses there was no question about the fact that you were listening, not to a clergyman, but to a layman, to direct, simple, practical, unecclesiastical, unpietistic talk. No wonder that the clergy envied this speaker; some of them thought that Mr. Mabie ought to take orders. Bishop Potter himself once said 'Mabie, if I ever catch you out after dark, I will ordain you right then and there.'"

No complete record can ever be made of the scores and even hundreds of letters which Mabie wrote with his own hand in these busy years to young men and

young women throughout the country who were led by his published writings to appeal to him for advice, help and encouragement in starting them upon their literary or other careers, for which they felt that they were destined. To such an appeal he could never turn a deaf ear. For, recalling his own early manhood and the trials and difficulties he had to overcome before he found his life work, he had the deepest sympathy with those who were struggling to solve the same hard problem.

To one of these unknown correspondents, Miss Susan Rice, of Falls Church, Virginia, who had come upon "My Study Fire" by some chance, he wrote letter after letter during five years, commenting critically and encouragingly upon the stories she sent him. At last he wrote to her as follows, recalling his own similar perplexity and pointing the only way out:

"I wish I could tell you definitely what to do, but the problem on which you are working is personal, and can only be solved by yourself. The adjustment which you are trying to make is the greatest problem with which any of us have to deal, and we have to make it for ourselves. No one can make it for us. I believe that a sound life, the best habits of work you can form, faith in the best things that you can set before yourself, and the wisest use you can make of the best in your way, will settle the question for you. In my own experience it was a long, painful and very

depressing matter, but it was finally solved, and I believe it is in most lives. If your heart is entirely set on doing one thing, by all means do it, and do it with all your heart. Fidelity to one's ideals is, I am sure, the only salvation for one's soul."

Another instance is narrated by Miss Cora Marsland, who, while she was the head of a department in the Kansas State Normal School, at Emporia, and a regular reader of The Outlook, sent Mabie "some bits" as she calls them, which she had been asked to send him. "I felt," writes Miss Marsland, "that I should not burden him to return them, but he did, with gracious, helpful words. I thanked him for every word and back to me came this second letter," as follows:

"It was very good of you to send me so delicate an expression of appreciation of a service too slight to merit recognition at your hands. We all need so much help in this tremendous education we call life that I am persuaded that one of our chief duties here is to be of use to each other. The difficulty of really helping each other effectively lies in our necessary absorption in the work at hand and in our slight acquaintance with each other's needs."

From the Rev. E. B. Woodruff, Dean of Calvary Cathedral, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, comes evidence of a different sort but to the same purport. The incident concerned one of his intimate friends, a

young man who was then an assistant in a Connecticut parish, but who was dissatisfied with his methods of work. "He had to wait for the inspiration of some particular moment," wrote Dean Woodruff, "rather than to command his faculties when he should control his moods. The 'Essays on Nature and Culture' led me to suggest that Mr. Mabie could help him, and his editorials in The Outlook, afterwards gathered in 'Work and Culture' analyzed my friend's condition admirably. He wrote Mr. Mabie and had a wonderful letter in reply, which ended by inviting him to make an appointment to lunch in New York. My friend went down a stranger and Mr. Mabie took him to the Aldine Club and gave him several hours of his valuable time. He put my friend on the right track, and his ministry has been both scholarly and spiritual."

Such instances are typical and might be multiplied almost indefinitely. They carry their own comment as an illustration of the time, labor and painstaking care which Mabie throughout his life was willing to give to young men and young women all over the country, who were led by something he had written to seek his advice and assistance.

CHAPTER IX

LITERARY HONORS

THE last year of the nineteenth and the first year of the twentieth century were to be of the highest importance in Mabie's literary history — were, indeed, to mark the culmination of his purely literary career. For within a few months he was to publish his "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man," a work to which he had given his best thought in his maturist and most vigorous period; he was to deliver the Turnbull lectures at Johns Hopkins University on "American Poetry"; and he was to be honored for his service and achievements by a dinner at the University Club in New York by more than a hundred men representing the literary and other professional life of the city.

While these events were in the immediate future, however, his contributions to The Outlook continued to attract attention. One of these was an article on the work of George E. Woodberry, who for the ten years previous had been Professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia University, and who had recently published several volumes of poems and essays.

One sentence in the letter which Professor Woodberry sent to Mabie when this article appeared stands out with distinctness — his characterization of appreciativeness as "the most powerful motive to a literary career." Mabie was never chary of praise, when he thought praise to be due. Professor Woodberry's letter was as follows:

From G. E. Woodberry

The Century Association, New York, April 26, 1900.

Dear Mr. Mabie,— I was at home for a short rest when your paper in my behalf appeared in The Outlook; and now that I have come back to my usual world I want to thank you for it. There has never been any similar notice of my books, and I am glad my first exposition is of so generous a nature and pleasant to me and the friends who have kept me going through these years with hope and encouragement. I can only express my thanks to you and let you imagine the strangeness of the feeling to find that appreciativeness beginning which I have seldom really expected and yet which is the most powerful motive to a literary career. I began to feel it first in the response of my students, to which a good deal of the "Heart of Man" is indebted, and now it does not seem so hopeless as it did to reach the public. * * *

However these things may turn out, such attention as you gave me is a great help to one to believe in his

task, and I think it is a help to more than one. There is a kind of oppressive feeling in young writers, I think, that an American writer cannot produce anything that will receive attention, except in the new novel style: the attention which you gave me will hearten them to hope that all is not over for us yet; but you will know as well as I do the discouraging conditions for that sort of brilliant work which requires *spirit* as well as other qualities. To find an American praised as I have recently been is almost a sign of the times. I don't say it proudly for myself, but with a kind of general gratitude, in the hope that the long frost will break soon, and we shall have critics and poets again, as well as makers of stories and histories and text books.

You must interpret my egotism as generously as you have my other qualities, and let me go unscathed for this talk of myself.

Sincerely yours, G. E. Woodberry.

The publication of the Shakespeare in the columns of The Outlook extended over nearly the entire year 1900, beginning early in January and not ending until the first issue in December. The chapters, especially those treating of the "Poetic Period," evoked some comment from Mabie's contemporaries. Early in the summer, when he and his family were enjoying their first season at Seal Harbor, Maine, Dr. van

Dyke wrote to him: "It is good work that you are doing. And all the better because it is done so quietly, so smoothly, without strain, without explosion. Sky-rockets are for Coney Island! The crowd goes there now-a-days. * * * I hate to see an idea running around with a fire-cracker tied to its tail. It is a joy to read work like yours — calm, steady, self-confident, unassuming, with the charm of a lucid serenity lying over it, like the afternoon light on the river."

Occasionally, however, a friend raised a question as to the soundness of his literary judgment in some matter of detail. Such an instance was the following letter from Aldrich with reference to a statement in the paper on Shakespeare's sonnets:

From T. B. Aldrich

PONKAPOG, MASS., September 12, 1900.

DEAR MR. MABIE,— I have just been reading a charming paper of yours on Shakespeare's Sonnets, and one or two — I don't call them criticisms — things occur to me. You speak of the English form of sonnet as "surrendering something of the sustained fulness of tone of the Italian sonnet, but securing in exchange a sweetness, a flow of pure melody, '*which were beyond the compass of the original sonnet form.*'" Are you sure of that? I have always entertained the conviction that the Petrarchan form of sonnet, with its interwoven rhymes, its capacity for

expressing subtle magic, was an instrument as superior to the English form as the harp or the guitar is superior to the banjo, and I fancy that most workers in this kind of verse will agree with me. "The alternate lines rhyming, and closing with a couplet, gave the poet the command of some of the richest melodic effects within the reach of English versification." The sonnet that ends with a couplet misses *that fine unrolling of music* which belongs to the sonnet proper. The couplet brings the reader up with a jerk. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the couplet has the snap of a whiplash, and turns the sonnet into an *epigram.* To my thinking this abruptness hurts many of Shakespeare's beautiful poems of fourteen lines — for they are simply that. One must go to Milton, and Wordsworth, and Keats (in three instances) in order to find the highest development of the English SONNET. * * *

Sincerely yours,

T. B. ALDRICH.

Mabie expressed his gratitude to Aldrich for this friendly criticism in the following letter:

To T. B. Aldrich

SUMMIT, N. J., Oct. 1, 1900.

MY DEAR MR. ALDRICH,— Your letter was a friendly act of the most genuine and helpful kind,

and I shall gladly remember it as an expression of your interest. I have gone over the whole matter carefully and I have modified the passages you quoted so as to conform them to your general view. I have always regarded the sonnet form used by Shakespeare as legitimate, but I have not regarded it as a higher development of the sonnet. What I meant to say was that Shakespeare gave this form a place in our versification and that he secured with it effects which were beyond the reach of his *English* predecessors. I think that is true, but I made myself say that he was more musical than the Italians! Although a lover of Shakespeare's sonnets, I entirely agree with you as regards the superiority, in musical effects, of Milton, Wordsworth, and Keats. I am greatly indebted to you for fastening my attention on a matter which I had touched carelessly.

I fear the chapters on Shakespeare will seem very ambitious to some of my friends. As a matter of fact, they were conceived in modesty and born in humility of mind. I lost my heart to Shakespeare long ago; he seems very real to me; a good many people think of him as a shadowy creature; all the lives approach him from the standpoint of the expert. It was in my heart to tell the story of a poet as I read it, avoiding the questions and problems which make for intellectual acuteness, but not for comprehension, appreciation and love.

We had a beautiful summer at Seal Harbor and are in great form as regards health.

Yours sincerely, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The "Shakespeare" was published in October of this year by the Macmillans. The work was well received both by the general public and by scholars. Within two years a fourth edition was called for. In the preface which he wrote for this new edition Mabie defined his attitude towards his subject in these words: "In this study of Shakespeare it has been the endeavor of the writer to present the poet as a man, not as a series of problems associated with a name; to reveal the dramatist in the growth of his spirit, his thought, and his art by filling in the background of landscape, educational opportunity, social condition and race activity, which, in connection with his work, give his face distinctness of outline and feature." The demand for the book has been constant.

The regret of the true artist that his finished work was not better than it turned out to be, is again heard in the reference to the Shakespeare in the following letter to Miss King. The recent death of Charles Dudley Warner was the subject of the opening paragraph:

To Miss Grace King

SUMMIT, N. J., Thanksgiving Day, 1900.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— I have been meaning to write you for several weeks; ever since Mr. Warner's death. I saw Mrs. Warner a few days ago and found her very much absorbed by the experience through which she is passing, but quiet and self-controlled. She spoke particularly of the messages — letters and telegrams — she had received from you. The house seemed solitary without Mr. Warner; and yet I was not sorry that he had gone. He came to see me about ten days before his death, and he seemed so feeble that I feared he was slowly going to pieces physically. He was always so alert and spiritual, so well kept and at home in the world, that decline in him would have been unspeakably painful. He was gay, however, even then, and he has gone without any memory of eclipse of his mind or spirits. His affection for you and his admiration were deep; he was always talking of "Grace." What a fine thing it is that practically all our writers have been and are gentlemen: men of honor, breeding and charm!

I wish I saw you oftener; there are so many things I would like to talk over with you. I have been spending ten days in Virginia, where I seem to have many good friends. I had three days in dear shabby old Williamsburg: utterly run down at the heel and

out at the elbows, but with a blissful consciousness of past greatness. I saw many pleasant people, and made a charming collection of "old fashioned Virginia gentlemen"; delightful cranks, many of them; who cure gout with *more* Port and *more* Madeira.

In Richmond I was lulled and soothed with songs of the Confederacy, in a way that would have given you unmitigated delight. I sang the praises of Lee and Jackson — my Southern heroes — as I am singing them everywhere, and finding them everywhere accepted. I noticed, however, to my joy, that whenever I touched the great chord of nationality, Richmond instantly responded. Some day we are going to have a real and great nation here.

The Shakespeare will go to New Orleans presently and I hope you will like it a little. It ought to have been very much better, but —; I don't do things the way I want to. * * *

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

A week or so later, on December 4, 1900, the Aldine Club, which by this time had moved to the Fifth Avenue Building at Twenty-third Street, gave a dinner in honor of Mark Twain. Mabie was the presiding officer and was even more felicitous than usual in his introductions. In addition to Mr. Clemens the speakers on this occasion included Mr. Howells, Hop-

kinson Smith, Marion Crawford, Dr. Weir Mitchell, James Lane Allen, Winston Churchill and Brander Matthews. William W. Ellsworth has described the affair in his "Golden Age of Authors"; and it was to Ellsworth, as they were on the way home from the banquet, that Clemens declared that Mabie was the best presiding officer at a dinner he had ever seen.

A few weeks later he made up his usual Christmas package of books to send to the Kings, including a copy of Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea-and-Nay" and a copy, bound in calf, with illustrations, of his "Shakespeare." With the parcel went this letter:

To Miss Grace King

SUMMIT, N. J., Dec. 22, 1900.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— Your letter was very welcome. I should love New Orleans if I had a chance; if you were not so far away you would see me often. Next season I *must* run down to see the Cherokee roses and the Kings once more. We Northerners are not wholly bad; for one thing we are very fond of you Southerners and that is a saving grace. And then we really have some sentiment and plenty of humor! but even when you Southerners are all wrong you are delightful.

I am sending you a little package of Christmas books with my love. I do not care for the Shakespeare in

this form, but the illustrations were really too interesting to be lost and in order to save them a big book had to be made; five hundred calves were slain in order that the first edition might appear! It is gone; the dear public still believes in me. I want you to read the book. I tried to deal with the poet as a poet and not as a problem, and the critics have been surprisingly gentle with me. I am sure you will like Hewlett. It is the one book of the season that seemed predestined to be sent to you. There are cards in the title pages to indicate the destinies of these books and will you be sure and see to it that my love goes with each volume? * * *

Tell *all* my New Orleans friends that I have not forgotten them. I do not forget; that is one of my Southern traits. Merry Christmas and a new century of prosperity to the Kings and to the dear old city.

Affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Despite his habitually optimistic frame of mind and cheerfulness of spirits, which always served to buoy up his friends, there were moments when Mabie was depressed in the contemplation of his own work and in the realization of the difficulty of conveying his message effectively to those whom he was anxious to reach. He was in this mood when he received a letter from Dr. van Dyke, to which he replied as follows:

To Dr. Henry van Dyke

THE OUTLOOK, NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1900.

MY DEAR VAN DYKE,— Your latest letter to me gave me more pleasure than anything else which has come to me this year. I believe I am always down in my soul about myself and I manage to keep comfortable by resolutely keeping myself out of my mind. But a man cannot always live in entire objectivity, and I cannot avoid reckoning with myself from time to time. One of those times had come when your letter reached me. It really was a Godsend. I shall read it from time to time when I am in the depths about my work and am tempted to try and make myself all over again. Your friendship has been an invaluable help to me. Most of the people who cannot and would not escape the religious view of life have no real care for the art side of things; while the men who care for work on the side of conscience as expressed in beauty are indifferent if not hostile to religion. I have found in you a friend of the spirit and also a friend of the craft; you know when a thing is true in thought and feeling and you also know when it is right in form. That you think there is something real and sound in some things I have done has been the saving of my spirits. Your own way is so distinctly marked out by your qualities that I could hardly understand why you are ever in doubt, if I did not

know the tricks of the poetic temperament and the exacting demands of a man's ideals.

I am sending you a trifle by way of remembrance, and I send you herewith all the faith in you and your work and your future you need or care for, besides my love.

Yours faithfully, H. W. M.

The "Shakespeare" brought Mabie many letters of congratulation from his fellow-craftsmen. Among them was the following from Aldrich:

From T. B. Aldrich

Boston, March 7, 1901.

My dear Mr. Mabie,— If I were to ink all the thoughts that came to me while I was reading, or, rather, re-reading your Shakespeare, I should produce a volume as corpulent as your own, and probably inconvenience you by the bulk of my praise — and praise is a thing that should be partaken of more sparingly than either biography or criticism. I shall put my impression into a space better befitting its real modesty — and yours.

When Lowell printed his paper on Shakespeare he called it "Shakespeare Once More." At the time the apologetic quality in the title seemed to me eminently proper and becoming; for wasn't the theme a little threadbare? But since then a man in Germany, and

two more in England, and now one man in the United States, have proved the contrary. Your way of telling the story of Shakespeare's life makes the biography seem novel again, and your gloss on the plays and poems has the freshness of a new personality justifying new points of view. * * *

Ever faithfully yours, T. B. Aldrich.

In January of this year Mabie had received an invitation from President Daniel C. Gilman to deliver the Turnbull lectures on Poetry at Johns Hopkins University. This invitation was a high compliment and a gratifying recognition of the eminent position which he had acquired in the American world of letters. This lectureship on Poetry had been founded in 1889 by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, of Baltimore, in memory of their son Percy Graeme Turnbull. The first course of lectures on the foundation had been delivered by Stedman; and among the lecturers who, in addition to Mabie, succeeded him were Professor Jebb of Cambridge, England, Ferdinand Brunetière and Professor Woodberry, of Columbia. Mabie selected as his subject "American Poetry," and delivered the lectures in the following April.

Early in that month he had received from his old Williams classmate, Henry L. Nelson, who until recently had been editor of Harper's Weekly and who in the following year was to become Professor of Polit-

ical Science at Williams College, a letter inviting him to be the guest at a dinner which some of his friends desired to give in his honor. Nelson's letter was as follows:

From Henry L. Nelson

New Rochelle, April 1, 1901.

My dear Mabie,— It gives me great pleasure to invite you, in the name of a committee of your friends, to a dinner in your honor to be given at a date most convenient to you. I have reserved three evenings at the University Club, April 26, 28 and 29, but as the earliest of these will interfere with your lectures at Baltimore, I wish to leave the matter to you. Perhaps you would prefer even a later date than April 29, although I rather hope not, since I must be in Williamstown on May 3, and expect to be away several days.

The other members of the committee are Frank Stetson, W. D. Howells, Henry van Dyke, Andrew Carnegie and W. H. Mallory.

Yours sincerely, H. L. Nelson.

The date finally selected was April 29. The invitations to the dinner, which were sent out early in the month, made clear the timeliness of the honor that his friends desired to pay the guest of the evening:

"Some of the friends of Hamilton W. Mabie, of

whom the undersigned are a committee, desire to testify in an appropriate manner their appreciation of his service and success in literature, and they believe that many others will be happy to join with them.

"The completion and publication of his monumental work on Shakespeare and his appointment to the Turnbull lectureship at Johns Hopkins University make this a fitting time for the expression of the high esteem in which Mr. Mabie is held by his literary associates and his personal friends."

The dinner was given in the Council Chamber of the University Club, and was attended by more than a hundred men representing the highest literary and other professional life of the city. Dr. van Dyke presided, occupying for once the place that Mabie had made peculiarly his own. The speakers who followed Dr. Van Dyke and the guest of the evening were Stedman, Clemens, Dr. J. H. Canfield, the librarian at Columbia, who was at Williams for three years while Mabie was an undergraduate; Brander Mathews and Hopkinson Smith.

Two paragraphs may be quoted from the reply to Dr. van Dyke's opening address, for their value in keeping before the mind of the reader the modesty of Mabie's claims for himself as a literary man, and the clarity of vision with which, during the preceding decade, he had striven for the goal which was ever his objective, that of guide and teacher to those who

were seeking the best in life as revealed in literature:

"Over-generous, too generous things have been said by my good friend on my left and by the good friends who have written about the things that I have done. Now I am quite sure that what I believe to be a very sound sense of literary values and a saving sense of humor will keep me perfectly sane on that point. If I stopped to think,— as I can frankly say I never did, because it depresses me — of what I have done, I should claim simply this one service: I have not created any literature, but I think I may say that I have pointed other people — told other people where to find literature and how to recognize it when they came in contact with it.

"I remember when the Victorian Anthology appeared, one writer said very gravely that Mr. Stedman had stood in the house of fame, like a gracious host, welcoming everyone with a smile and allotting each man his place. Now I have stood far off, as it were, at the cross-roads, doing my best for Homer and Shakespeare, for Tennyson and Browning, for Hawthorne and Poe, for Mr. Stedman and Mr. Aldrich, and others of my contemporaries who are men of gift and grace. They have not needed the service, but it has been a joy to render it. If it has not been a service to them, it has been a service to those who by any word of mine have been made acquainted with the

leaders and the interpreters and the inspirers of our race."

A few days after this dinner took place Mabie wrote to Dr. van Dyke in appreciation of his friend's share in this memorable occasion: "This is my first chance to tell you how deeply I felt all your kind and gracious words last Monday night. You interpreted me to myself, little as what I have done deserved the generous judgment you passed upon it. The dinner was a kind of crowning of many friendships. I can never forget its beautiful affection nor lose the impulse of its recognition. I can guess how large a part you had in it, and I shall treasure it as another evidence of the love between us."

As soon as Mrs. Kate Douglas Riggs, who happened to be abroad at the time, received a copy of the newspaper account of this dinner, she wrote Mabie a letter of warm congratulation. Following is his reply to that letter:

To Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs)

SUMMIT, N. J., Oct. 23, 1901.

DEAR MRS. RIGGS,— Early last June I received a charming letter from you which filled me with joy and gratitude. There was no trace of an address upon it, however, and I knew of no way to reach you.

One of the pleasant things about that dinner was a beautiful volume which made a complete record of the

affair and was presented to Mrs. Mabie. In that book are preserved for all time the letters of the Good and Great, from the President of the United States up to the editor of The Atlantic Monthly.

Among those letters, which modesty forbids me to read, but in which Mrs. Mabie finds comfort, your letter holds a conspicuous place. Judicious persons who have examined the book are agreed that your letter is the most entertaining document between its covers. I certainly value it with the best,— and there are some good recommendations there, if I ever lose my job. Nobody could have written it but the author of the adorable Penelope, and it was like her to seize her pen on the other side of the Atlantic and write it. * * *

Yours sincerely, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Only one other incident of this period remains to be recorded — the publication in October, 1901, of "A Child of Nature." This story, or sketch, as the author preferred to call it, one of Mabie's few attempts to express himself in some form other than that of the essay or parable, appeared serially in the pages of The Bookman under the title of "John Forster." It was brought out in book form, with illustrations, by Dodd, Mead & Co. The dedication was "To J. B. H. and A. L. B. and to those who have 'gone into the world of light.'" These initials were those of the

two sisters still surviving of the four who, with their mother, were the intimate friends of the Mabies in their Greenwich days. Mrs. Button and her two other daughters were no longer living.

With the copy of "A Child of Nature" which Mabie sent to Mrs. Holmes and Miss Button went a letter in which he referred to the birth of the idea of this book in the old house in which they had spent such pleasant years together, and which had meanwhile made way for a new house not far from the site of the old one:

To Mrs. Holmes and Miss Annie Button

SUMMIT, N. J., Oct. 23, 1901.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,— I mailed you yesterday a special advance copy of the new book, the only one that has yet come from the printers. You will notice that the book is dedicated to you and I am anxious that the first copy should go straight to you.

I am afraid that it is a very slight affair, but it has old and sweet associations for me. Although written last February it was really born in the big sunny, upper room in the old house where I passed many quiet but very happy hours. The idea came to me there and I started to write the sketch, but it did not seem to write itself so I laid it aside for the future. I wanted to associate it with you as a suggestion of how much I owe to you all, of my gratitude for what your home

was to me in those difficult years when the shadow was on Mrs. Mabie, of my love for the old house and you all, and my sharing in your sacred memories.

The little sketch may be thin as a piece of literature, but it has one quality which makes it seem natural to associate it with you, with your mother, and Miss Lydia and Miss Fanny and yourselves: it is the picture of an unselfish, unworldly, beautiful spirit, unspoiled by the evil among men, of a pure heart and a stainless life. All these things and many more the old and the new homes stand for to

Yours affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

CHAPTER X

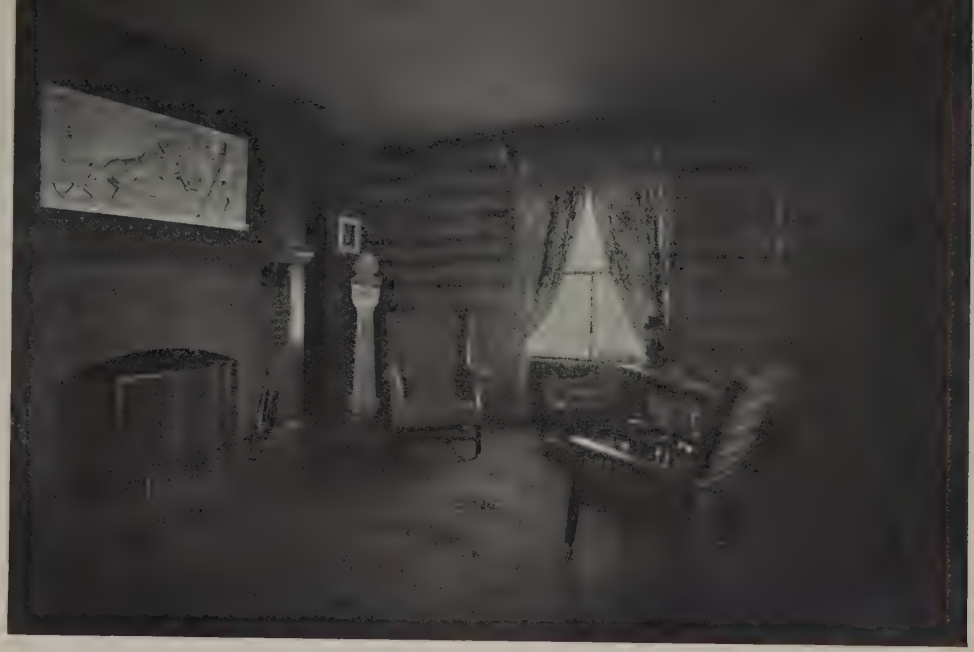
THE MIDDLE PERIOD

WITH the year 1902 there began what may perhaps be called the middle period in Mabie's life — the period following the culmination of his purely literary career, as described in the last chapter, and preceding the crowning event of his public activities, his mission to Japan as the representative of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

If anyone were to draw from the following pages the inference that Mabie was chiefly occupied during this period in writing and receiving an occasional letter, in making trips to Europe and in enjoying his summer holidays, when not abroad, on the New England coast or in the Adirondacks, he would be wide of the mark. For, like their predecessors, these were years of incessant activity in editorial work and in lecturing, with which must also be reckoned the extra-professional duties which Mabie had assumed, as summarized in a previous chapter. The reader should constantly bear in mind, moreover, that Mabie's editorial interests, especially during this middle period of his life, were by no means confined to literary matters.

He was a regular attendant at the weekly conferences of The Outlook editorial board, at which the policy of the paper on all public questions was discussed and determined. Literary matters were seldom or never mentioned at these conferences; they took care of themselves, under Mabie's general guidance. The topics considered were the large political, economic, or social questions of the day affecting the nation, the state or the city; and during the two administrations of President Roosevelt and the administration of President Taft, many such questions of the highest importance, it will be recalled, came up for discussion. "They interested him," says Dr. Abbott, "because they were human problems, because they concerned the life of his fellow men. It was this interest in life that made him the kind of literary critic that he was." Mabie's broad intelligence, wide acquaintance with men, sanity of judgment and freshness of spirit, made his views on these matters, and especially on all economic, theological and social problems, of both interest and value to his colleagues.

This period of ten years or so was broken by two events which brought Mabie in the shadow of a great sorrow,— the death of his mother and the loss of his elder daughter. It witnessed also the publication of numerous books by him, one of which confirmed, if it did not increase materially, his reputation as an essayist on literary subjects, and several of which, fol-



The Library in Mabie's Summit Home

lowing the bent of his mind in his later years, dealt with the spiritual side of life.

The first of the volumes in this latter category was "Parables of Life" which was originally published by The Outlook Company in April, 1902, and later taken over by the Macmillan Company. The book was dedicated to Lyman Abbott. It consisted of a thin volume made up of a dozen or so parables of a few pages each, designed, as Mabie explained in a letter written a decade or so later, to give courage and hope to those to whom the difficulties of life seemed well nigh insurmountable. Notwithstanding the fact that he looked upon the book as not altogether successful, it ultimately found a large audience.

Similar in aim, although more in the form of lay sermons, was the collection of brief meditations on ethical themes which he published in the same month through Dodd, Mead & Co., called "Works and Days." The book was dedicated to Mabie's Tarrytown friend, Major Marshal H. Bright, the editor of The Christian Work. All of these little papers had of course appeared originally in The Outlook.

Through all of these years Mabie continued to make frequent visits to educational centres in the South for the purpose of delivering lectures. One of these visits was to Spartanburg, South Carolina, at the invitation of Professor Joseph A. Gamewell, who was connected with Wofford College in that town. Professor Game-

well had been instrumental in securing Dr. Lyman Abbott and Dr. Henry van Dyke as lecturers in that section. "Each," he once wrote Mabie, "gave us a great message." A paragraph from the letter which Mabie sent to Professor Gamewell after his return reveals anew the breadth of his sympathies and his desire to nationalize his outlook on life and literature: "I love the South," he wrote, "and every time I touch its life I respect and value its friendship more. Its kindness goes to one's heart. It is a privilege to meet so many people whom one likes at first glance, and to have such access to the homes and minds of a great section. It has long been my aim to enter into the life of the whole country so far as my ability permits, and to help on, by pen and voice, that mutual understanding which means the purest and richest and most powerful national life in the future."

A month later Mabie received from Aldrich a note of acknowledgment for a review that had appeared in The Outlook of a collection of his short stories. "You have been so persistently good to my little book," he wrote, "that I did not know how to thank you, and consequently have not tried to. The instinct to steer clear of attempting to accomplish what one is unable to do, belongs to the wisdom of mature years. It plainly has been pleasant to you to say all these pleasant things about 'A Sea Turn,' and my advice is for you to keep on saying them. It is the last call to dine

on any fresh fiction of mine. I shall never make another collection of short stories. If I produce anything further of the sort, I shall quietly add it to my ever incomplete 'complete works.' * * * "

The Mabies spent the summer of 1903 in Europe. A letter which Mabie sent to his old Summit friend and neighbor, Ernest Dressel North, who was then in London, will give an idea of the pleasure which this holiday must have brought to him and his family:

To E. D. North

INNSBRUCK, Aug. 21, 1903.

MY DEAR ERNEST,— Your letter was most welcome. It came like a touch of reality in our Venetian week, when we had to pinch ourselves to make things seem real. We had Hopkinson Smith's gondolier for the week; a splendid fellow in white duck from head to foot, with a crimson sash about his waist. We did all the usual things and many others which Luigi knew about because he had been trained by Hopkinson. We had rooms on the Grand Canal, the moon was at the full, there was singing every night till midnight; in a word, it was grand opera for a week, and we doubt if there is any real Venice.

Then we came back to the North, spent a night at Belluno, with a delicious dinner in the garden. The next day we made the first part of the drive through the Dolomites — of all our great drives this summer

the most beautiful. At Cortina we found friends and spent five charming days; a valley of indescribable loveliness, far from railroads, with no "German trippers." With our usual good luck we celebrated the Emperor's birthday there and saw the peasants in their costume. On Wednesday we came here; the close of the drive being even finer than the beginning. Our hotel is in a large garden on the hillside overlooking the city, and the snow-covered hills are simply tumbling on us.

Here we have also fallen on our feet, for a Passion Play is being given by the peasants in a neighboring valley and we expect to see it on Sunday. Next week we hope to spend at the Hotel Bellevue in Munich; the following week we plan to go by way of Frankfurt to Bremen, sailing Sept. 5th on the "König Albert." I hope to shake hands with you in dear old New York on the 15th or 16th. It has been pleasant to feel you in London, and I wish with all my heart our paths might have crossed. We all send our love to Mrs. North. This note is written under very adverse conditions, but I hope you can decipher it.

Yours faithfully, H. W. M.

Soon after his return from Europe Mabie received a letter from Mrs. Riggs in which she announced in a characteristic manner her emancipation from Penelope and the publication of "Rebecca":

From Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs)

DANSVILLE SANITARIUM, Sept. 29, 1903.

DEAR MR. MABIE,— I am sending you a different kind of a book this time! After three Penelopes and the Goose Girl I determined to forsake the first person singular; though apparently my public wants this and nothing else, if we can judge by their impassioned appeals to take Penelope anywhere, so long as she goes somewhere!

I intend, however, to be mistress of my pen, such as it is, and not allow it to govern me entirely. So I broke away from the enticing ease of Penelope and wrote "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." I do hope you will like her, for it doesn't seem really worth while to write a book that you don't like! (This *seems* simple, but is really quite subtle and nice!) * * *

It is a nice book, but the great trouble is that it has to be read quite through to get the whole effect of the quiet little life-picture. Of course now that you are no longer simply a man, an essayist and an editor, but a reviewer, nobody can hope for this treatment.

I have been here (save for an interval of two weeks) all summer, but hope to emerge October 15th. * * * My love to you all.

KATE DOUGLAS RIGGS.

In the following month Mabie's "In Arcady" and "Backgrounds of Literature" appeared, both being

published in book form by The Outlook Company and being taken over later by the Macmillans. "In Arcady" consisted of a series of fanciful pictures of the passage of the seasons and of the parallel periods in the life of man. It was illustrated by Will H. Low and was dedicated to James Lane Allen. Four of the eight essays in "Backgrounds of Literature" treated of Emerson, Irving, Whitman and Hawthorne and their environments physical and spiritual; the other subjects were Wordsworth, Goethe, Scott and Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." The book was dedicated to Lawrence F. Abbott, who since 1891 had been president of The Outlook Company. The letter which Mr. Abbott wrote in recognition of this dedication is interesting for its reflection of the unusually cordial relations, personal as well as professional, which always existed between Mabie and his editorial associates. Writing from Montclair under date of November 16, Mr. Abbott said:

"My dear Mabie,— If I may drop the 'Mr.' outside of working hours — this is the first quiet hour I have had since its publication to look over 'Backgrounds of Literature'— not as a publisher or editor, but as a book-lover and friend of the author. I have just been turning over the pages, examining the pictures and reading snatches here and there. It is a delightful book and I am proud to have my name appear on the leaf where you have done me the honor

of placing it. I am especially glad of the friendship of which the honor is the token. Believe me that as time goes on I want to do all I can to make the workshop we occupy together a source of comfort and help to you in the inspiring work you are doing in teaching men and women to seek out and recognize 'the best that has been thought and said in the world.' For what you have thus taught me in personal intercourse as well as by your writing, I shall always be your indebted friend."

On the day on which he received this letter Mabie delivered the principal address at the ninety-ninth anniversary of the founding of the New York Historical Society, the special occasion being the laying of the corner stone of the new home of the society in Central Park West. He took as his subject "The Genius of the Cosmopolitan City," his thesis being that a city like New York had a spiritual individuality just as distinct as the genius of the greatest man who grew up in its shelter.

In the letter which he sent to Mabie, on receipt of "Backgrounds of Literature," Aldrich expressed his high opinion of Emerson as a poet:

From T. B. Aldrich

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Nov. 24, 1903.

My dear Mr. Mabie,— I did not send you enough "thanks in advance." Your herald, playing so softly

on his trumpet, misled me. It is a charming book. Though the paper on "The Lake Country and Wordsworth" ranks first in my liking, I wish that all your backgrounds had been American. Salem, Old Cambridge on the Charles, and Danvers are still to be painted by you, I trust. Your essay on Whitman is full of sense and sanity, it seems to me, though I did not fully agree with all you said about him. I wish you had set Emerson in his quality of poet a little more in the foreground. The last ten or twelve lines of the Whitman paper might have been written by Emerson. At his best, no other American poet, to my thinking, comes near him. However, it is a matter of personal taste. If we all were of one mind the world would be the poorer. Meanwhile I should like to have everybody like your book.

Yours sincerely, T. B. Aldrich.

At Easter-time in the following year he wrote, in his customary meditative vein, to his old friends Mrs. Holmes and her sister:

To Mrs. Holmes and Miss Annie Button

New York, Easter, 1904.

My dear Friends,— I was much struck by an old legend told in the service this afternoon. A vision of Christ once appeared to an old saint, crowned and with a scepter and saying, "Worship me." The saint

was falling on his knees when something arrested him, and he looked at the hands held out, "No," he said, rising; "I cannot worship you. The Lord does wear a crown and bear a scepter; but he is always known by the scars in His hands. Your hands are smooth." And Satan immediately vanished!

I could not help thinking how far reaching the legend is. The Divine thing is not the power and glory, but the suffering! We remember all the pleasant things we have shared together; all the pleasant days we have enjoyed together; but when the great days come, which send us, by their associations, down to the foundations of things, we think of the sorrows; in them our lives have come most closely together, through them we know each other best, by them we are bound immortally one to the other. Our joys always seem to us foretastes of Heaven; but I suppose that the real glimpses come through our sorrows, and that without sorrow Heaven would have no foundation. If God had also to suffer, this must be true. But how the heart does long for a little pure joy, without sorrows from the past or fears for the future; just a little play spell in the long school of life! I believe God sympathizes with all human feelings and doesn't expect or like us to be superhuman saints. Having given us such capacity for suffering, he must be tender with us while we suffer; as we are tender with children, even when we know that in a little while they

will be happy. Well, we have been children together a long time; we have played together and we have wept together; and all the time we have had the same Father and been in the same home.

Most affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The M. Wagner referred to in the following letter to Miss King was the Alsatian, Charles Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life." Miss King's mother had died in the previous December.

To Miss Grace King

SUMMIT, N. J., May 13, 1904.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— I was very glad to get your note or, rather, your very full letter with its report of the family and of your plans. I have been very anxious to hear from you, but I hesitated to write again, feeling that when you felt like writing you would do so without any suggestion from me. I have thought of you often realizing what you are going through, and wishing with all my heart that I could be of some use to you. The solitude of life is sometimes appalling. When Miss Nina comes to New York she must let me know in advance. It is a constant regret that we are always away in summer and cannot put our own roof over our friends. Miss Nina will find Chautauqua cool if nothing else. I have declined many invitations to go there in recent years because I will

not work in vacation. I shall certainly take every step to see M. Wagner when he comes. I am about writing to him. I am looking forward also to M. Brunetière, who comes in the autumn.

I had a delightful letter from Madam Blanc a day or two ago. Her interest in my books has been a great encouragement and she is making friends for me in France. I spent a delightful afternoon with her last summer in a garden overlooking Paris.

The story will probably clear itself up when you are rested. I am greatly interested in it. I continually hear your works spoken of with admiration by people who know what is good in writing. I believe there is a race soul, and you are certainly right in saying that the way to develop it is to bring the individual soul to the right kind of self-consciousness.

I am so glad my book reached your mother before she went; she could not know how much she interested me nor how deeply I valued her interest in me. She was one of those spirits who make us aware that immortality is not an inference but a fact. I remember many talks with her which made me feel her vitality, her courage, the vigor of her nature, the warmth of her heart. She taught me much about the South. In fact, in nothing have I made greater advance than in my recognition of the sorrows, the heroism and the immense reserve of energy in the South. There has come a great change over the whole North in the mat-

ter of trusting the South. Personal admiration there always was, recognition of charm of temperament, but of late years there has come a new sense of brotherliness, of sympathy, of a desire to stand by and help. I had a charming visit in Charleston three weeks ago; everything in full bloom and everybody full of kindness. Out of that old tragedy beautiful things are visibly coming.

We leave our house next month and go to Seal Harbor, Maine, for the summer. I shall probably be in New York until July and return for a part of August. Spring has come at last after the longest winter in everybody's memory, and we are reveling in the first burst of foliage. Do send me a line occasionally and let me be of any possible service. With love to all the family.

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

In a letter written in December of the same year to Miss King Mabie gave his opinion of the author of "The Simple Life": "M. Charles Wagner spent a delightful day with us not long before he sailed and we talked much of you. He was evidently greatly disappointed not to see you. We found him full of individual quality and interest; a man standing resolutely and fearlessly on his own feet. His doctrine is not novel, but it is presented by a fresh voice, it fits the need of the time as if it were a special revelation.

There is so much kindness, generosity, nobility in the world; but what tumult, haste, crowding of life with things!"

Mabie's interest in the progress of education throughout the country was the natural complement of his interest in literature. This interest found expression in many ways — in articles and in editorial comment in The Outlook on the various questions arising from week to week regarding school and college management; in his service as trustee both of Williams and of Barnard colleges; in frequent visits, usually for the purpose of delivering addresses, to this or that college, school or educational convention; and, in a word, in furthering the cause of learning wherever and whenever the opportunity to do so presented itself.

In his editorial work relating to educational topics of national scope he often applied for advice and assistance to his friend, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who, in 1901, became the president of Columbia University. It was the custom of The Outlook to publish in midsummer each year an educational number reviewing the progress that had been made in this field during the previous twelvemonth; and occasionally Dr. Butler prepared this review, or indicated to Mabie the subjects that called for discussion and the lines that might be most profitably followed, with suggestions as to those who would be best able to supply the articles treating of the different aspects of the

subject. The letters that passed between the two related mainly to these editorial matters, with an occasional variation, as will be noted elsewhere. Thus on assistance to his friend, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, as he then was: "I have just read your address on the Kindergarten, and I think it so admirable in its sympathy and in its criticism that I am going to put the substance of it into an editorial. I presume you will not object to its further use in that form; it exactly voices my own views."

Again in April of 1904, he wrote to Dr. Butler: "As the time approaches for our annual editorial survey of the educational work of the year, which we ought to have in hand the beginning of the last week in July, our thoughts turn fondly to you. Last year you could not do it, but we are hoping that this year you may be able to find the time to dictate 1500 or 1800 or 2000 words after your old fashion. You gave us a fairly good substitute last year, but not so good as the original authority. Hence, in one of those numerous hours of leisure which come to you, with your facility in massing and interpreting facts, could you not dash off, with the aid of a stenographer, a comment on the educational work of the year and let us have it by July 20? In consideration we shall probably want to endow Columbia University!"

Early in October of the same year Mabie, referring to the coming celebration of the one hundred and

fiftieth anniversary of the founding of King's College, ended a letter to Dr. Butler with these words: "I think I told you I meant to attend all the services at the end of the month, and to do so as a trustee [of Barnard College], for the sake of being sure of a *seat* as well as the satisfaction of wearing beautiful clothes."

In February of the following year, 1905, Mabie's mother died at the age of eighty-one; and a few weeks later he wrote to his Greenwich friend:

To Mrs. Julia Button Holmes

Summit, N. J., March 11, 1905.

My dear Mrs. Holmes,— I meant to answer your kind letter at once, but so many things crowded upon me that I have not had the time to even acknowledge the notes I have received. We are always sure of your sympathy in any deep experience as you are sure of ours. I cannot mourn for my Mother; I can only be glad that she has been spared increasing infirmity and that her brave, generous, delightful spirit has at last full spread of wing. Do we realize what it must be to awaken some morning and find a word for every thought and a happiness for every longing and the fetters all gone, and the dear familiar faces still dear and familiar and no fear in the heart of loneliness, no dull burden of anxiety!

Our thoughts are with you all the time in these days

and we stand ready to be and to do all that in us lies. Our memories and hopes and prayers are with you daily, as they have been these many years. * * * I have found myself, after all these years, utterly unable to stop praying for Mother; now I am praying for them all with a new sense of joy. Why not? We are only in different rooms, we may still help them; who can tell how near they are to us?

Affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

When Easter came he sent his usual letter, accompanied by a copy of Dr. Abbott's book, "The Other Room," dealing with questions of immortality, to Mrs. Holmes and her sister:

To Mrs. Holmes and Miss Annie Button

SUMMIT, N. J., April 6, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,— I hope the little book by Dr. Abbott, which I am sending you, will interpret Easter to you with fresh feeling. I have the feeling that the mist about us, which prevents us from seeing the enduring realities, is so thin that if it were parted for a moment, we should be startled to find the spiritual so very near. I am going to send you also a little volume of sermons by Dr. Shipman, which puts this aspect of life with wonderful clearness and simplicity. If we could only hold what we really believe, how

much easier life would be! If we could realize day by day that all that ever lived are living, that the household is intact however widely its members are scattered, that life is the reality and death only a phase or change from one condition to another, we should not cease to be lonely at times, but we should have the joy of a certain reunion in our hearts. All these things are true, or nothing is true; and that is incredible. It is a great help that the noblest spirits here always believed the best things of life; it makes one understand the relation of character to faith, and that relation is itself one of the proofs of immortality. I feel that the great mood of Easter is to have the sense of belonging to a great undivided family, of which much the larger portion are far beyond us in strength and joy. Dr. van Dyke always speaks of the life beyond as "the great vacation." * * *

Affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The following summer was passed by the Mabies in Europe. An idea of the places they visited and of some of their experiences may be had from a letter which Mabie sent from a village in the Black Forest to his friend North, then in London. The holiday spirits of the writer are reflected in his occasional lapses into burlesque German.

To E. D. North

TITISEE, July 22, 1905.

DEAR ERNEST,— Were haben so phar gegomen with finest wetter und great good spirits. We have had one hot morning,— Sunday, a week ago yesterday. We went to the Russian Church, and between the heat and the incense we nearly suffocated. But the singing was glorious. All the other days have been beautiful, specially those on which our journeys have befallen.

We left Paris on Wednesday morning on the rapide and had a most interesting journey to Strassburg. When we passed Bar-le-Duc I my hat off-tooken. A town that produces a jelly, like a nation that produces a sauce, is to be treated with reverence. Strassburg delighted us. There were the storks in their nests on the chimneys just as I saw them in childhood, and at noon St. Peter passed in front of the great clock and the cock crowed just as I imagined he would. When things really come true years afterward, what a feeling of youth comes over one!

On Thursday we came to Freiburg with its lovely surrounding hills, its noble cathedral and its university. The Swabian corps at the university were holding their fiftieth anniversary, and the town was full of old boys in bright yellow caps. Yesterday they all came here with a band and their wives, and we saw a crowd of

university graduates have a festivity. I heard the speeches, we all heard the music, and oh, Ernest, with mine own eyes I saw the Bier; otherwise I had not believed how great it was.

Saturday we came here, a magnificent road through the defiles of the Black Forest, and here we are in one of the most charming places imaginable. The garden is dense and full of lovely retreats with chairs and tables; the lake has hills about it, and those hills are with black pines and evergreens ge-covered. The depth and silence and duskiness of the woods are so impressive that we got all the religion we needed and all there was here out of yesterday morning. We intend to drive most of the way through the Forest to Baden, where we shall emerge into the world again. We are going to one captivating place where in five years only three Americans have been and two of them last week. Of it I will not tell; it shall be for my very few sacredly ge-cherished.

Were haben no letters (briefen) from you, but hope for one when once again our mail we get. We have to your wife from Paris ge-schreiben. Remain well; keep a good hope that by and bye you may once more see the dear old Hoboken. Cherish your wife — such women are not in Germany. Here is beautiful scenery, delightful hotels, much politeness, but oh! so much foods and beer!

Leben sie wohl! HAMILTON W. MABIE.

In September, soon after his return from Europe, Mabie published another of his volumes of brief meditative papers entitled "The Great Word"— Love and the part that it plays, or should play, in life. The title was taken from Browning's lines,

> "Think, when our one soul understands
> The great Word which makes all things new,
> When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
> How will the change strike me and you
> In the house not made with hands?"

In his writings and in his correspondence he recurred again and again to this theme. Thus, a number of years later, in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of his "Authority of Religious Experience," which Dr. Charles L. Slattery, rector of Grace Church, New York, had sent to him, he wrote:

"I have read nothing so convincing as your comment on compulsory confession and it is interesting to note how strangely Bergson reinforces your preface by suggestive discussion of 'Change in God.' That God should not be compelled to sacrifice humor to omniscience has always seemed to me one of the impertinences of human logic. It is a great comfort to feel that God is not logic, or, rather, that the Divine logic is large enough to provide for the easy play of the higher forces. Chesterton says that the

trouble with the Puritans was that they were logical in an illogical world. They were also moral in an immoral world: using the word immoral as signifying our neat and rigid little black and white scheme of the Divine government. The old lady who said: 'We are in the hands of an all wise and unscrupulous Providence' was on the track of a truth of tremendous significance.

"I hope that it will come in your way some day to discuss the one real fatal heresy — the lack of love: and show it not only devastates life but retards the discovery of truth and defeats the very vision of God. There are many things I would like to say about your book, but this 'thank you' is already too long."

The appearance at this time of Mrs. Wharton's novel, "The House of Mirth," led Mabie to write to the author; and in reply he received the following letter:

From Mrs. Wharton

The Mount, Lenox, Mass., October 14, 1905.

Dear Mr. Mabie,— Your letter was a great surprise and pleasure to me. We all know, in our trade, that there is no happiness like that of having one's inmost intention divined and interpreted by the reader: Every writer gets so many pages of praise — especially in these days of literary optimism — to one of understanding!

And so, of all the kind and encouraging things you say, the one that best pleases me is your reference to my poor Lily's "core of integrity," and, next to that, your telling me that I have held the threads firmly and gathered them up at the end with some semblance of the inevitableness that the *real* novelists manage to put into their work. If you could measure the width of the gulf that I always see between what I aim at and what I accomplish, you would understand what help you have given me in finding time to write these few lines. * * *

Sincerely yours, EDITH WHARTON.

During the winter of 1905–6 deep concern was felt by both Mr. and Mrs. Mabie because of the slowly failing health of their elder daughter, Lorraine. Despite all the care that was given to her, under the advice of skilled physicians, she lost ground steadily. The family passed the summer of 1906 in the village of Essex, on Lake Champlain, returning in the early autumn to Summit, where Lorraine died on September 23, at the age of twenty-eight. The blow was a heavy one for Mabie to bear. In many respects Lorraine was like her father — in her love of beauty in every form, in her discriminating taste, in her literary sense, in the warmth of her friendships and in her gentle, affectionate nature. Father and daughter were most companionable, and he felt her loss keenly.

One of Mabie's helpful companions during the trying days of the summer at Essex had been the Rev. Dr. Edward T. Carroll, rector of St. Ann's Church in Amsterdam, New York; and to Dr. Carroll he sent the following letter, "very beautiful and characteristic," as Dr. Carroll justly calls it, shortly after the death of his daughter:

To the Rev. Dr. Edward T. Carroll

SUMMIT, N. J., Oct. 2, 1906.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— I cannot tell you how much you and Richardson and Newell helped me to carry my cross last summer. It was not that we talked much about it, but that I knew you understood and were helping me with your thoughts and more than your thoughts. I knew that Lorraine could not live, and I had intense anxiety about the great strain to which Mrs. Mabie was subjected. I could not say much to her about either of these matters, and in my great loneliness your presence was a Godsend.

Lorraine fell asleep painlessly at the end, after three wonderful days when we knew the angel was in the house. The solemn exaltation of it all was almost greater than mortal strength could bear. I had heard the cry with which she came to earth, and I heard the cry with which she entered heaven, and both were equally awe inspiring; for each took me into the very presence of God.

Mrs. Mabie has gone through these strange days not without great sadness, but with beautiful constancy of faith, for ours is a "radiant sorrow."

With affectionate thoughts of you both,

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

His friends were quick to send him their sympathy in his grief. One of these was Henry M. Alden, the veteran editor of Harper's Magazine. As has already been intimated, Mabie had an alert eye for the achievements in the field of literature of his fellow alumni of Williams — men of the type of Bliss Perry, Rollo Ogden and Mr. Alden, and always regarded it as a duty as well as a privilege and a pleasure to call public attention to their books. An article which he published in The Outlook about Mr. Alden drew from him this reply:

From Henry M. Alden

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, Nov. 26, 1906.

DEAR MR. MABIE,— I have so many grateful acknowledgments to make to you that I hardly know what to begin with: except to find the source and sum of them all in your great, generous and tireless heart. There I will begin and end, dear friend of many years.

One thing in particular in your Outlook article about me I wish to especially thank you for — your refer-

ence to my books. Next another thing in that article strongly appealed to me — as something which I have often felt like saying myself, when a point is made of a man's sensitiveness to publicity: How about the man, just as sensitive, who accepts the penalty of publicity?

I have thought often of you during the last few weeks and always with the deepest sympathy, prompted by sincerely affectionate regards.

Faithfully yours, H. M. Alden.

The appearance of Owen Wister's novel, "Lady Baltimore," led Mabie to make some favorable comments upon the book, in acknowledgment of which Mr. Wister wrote to him, the final sentence of his letter being: "Do you remember lunching with me once at the Philadelphia Club and intimating that the cowboy was not the only kind of person in the world?"

Several years earlier, in June, 1902, Mr. Wister had written to Mabie as follows with reference to his cowboy and the men he typified as portrayed in "The Virginian":

"If the Virginian is a reality, he embodies something I have felt the throb of far and wide in our land — the best thing the Declaration of Independence ever turned out. He is the same creature who was the volunteer on both sides in the Civil War — the son of the soil, whose passion and intelligence and char-

acter made him able at last to fight battles almost without need of captains, and then to disperse among his fields when it was over as simply as if nothing had happened. That is the fellow I mean; and the plains brought him again to perfections only latent in civilization. I don't know how he will stand the strain of the future. With trusts to unman him and populism to turn him into a beast of destruction, his clean, splendid self-respect is in danger of being polluted on all sides. Our first century bred men the world had not seen before, and I begin to believe it was all too good to be true. We have lost our innocence without gaining knowledge, and daily grow in resemblance to everybody else.

"But I'm glad you like the picture I have tried to paint; and it is both rare and delightful to have one's meaning followed and taken as you do. * * *"

One of the books which brought him frequent letters from persons who had derived from its pages fresh courage and new vigor with which to face life, was "In the Forest of Arden." To one of these correspondents to whom the book had brought a peculiar inspiration and a sense of refuge, and who had written him to that effect, he sent the following characteristic letter, with its ever-recurring note of the need of mutual helpfulness:

To Miss Edith Brownell

PINEHURST, N. C., March 8, 1907.

MY DEAR MISS BROWNELL,— It was very good of you to send me so gracious and helpful a note about "The Forest of Arden." I am sometimes tempted to think that I have greater claims than Mr. Wagner to the leadership of the movement towards the simple life: my book preceded his by several years. But I am willing he should stand for the simple life; I should like to stand for the richer life. In our preoccupied age we need to help one another to keep the vision of the ends of living clear; so many things come in to blur it. I think the events of the last two years point to the Forest of Arden as the refuge for the sane; so many people have gone mad and committed such useless crimes. Idealism of the true kind is, after all, not only the most beautiful but the most real interpretation of life. With sincere gratitude for your kind words, believe me,

Very cordially yours,

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The death of Madam Blanc formed the theme of a letter which, a week later, he sent to Miss King:

To Miss Grace King

SUMMIT, N. J., March 17, 1907.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— I want to send you an Easter

greeting. I know how much the day will mean to you, and you will understand how much it will mean to us. You will think of us as we shall think of you.

The cable had brought the sad news of Madam Blanc's death before your letter came, and I was very grateful for the setting of the closing scene which you supplied. I saw her only once in two years and her letters were infrequent, but I felt as though I knew her well and was always drawn to her as to a dear friend. She was the embodiment of all that was best in France: character, intelligence, breadth of view, charm of mind as of manner, and a certain ripeness and repose which had their roots in an old and deep civilization. Mrs. Mabie was speaking the other day of the largeness of her view, shown in her insight into our life, her ability to get at the soul behind conditions so different from those in which she had been bred. She was rare and, as you say, she was great; the first woman in the France of today. No European has interpreted us with such a fine sympathy, nor has any given such a sympathetic version of our inner life. It is not easy to think of Paris without her, and I can understand how great a sorrow her going has brought into your life.

We were in Richmond a week ago and I spoke at a meeting called to decide on a memorial to General Lee; a great privilege which I counted one of my special pieces of good fortune. Death has come very

near us all; shall we not call it Life, freedom, the break of day for our loved ones? The more one holds to the hope of immortality, the more real does it become; and its real foundation rests in this growing experience. My love to you all, my loving remembrance of your undivided family on earth and in heaven.

Affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The same Easter season brought Mabie, from the rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York, gratifying evidence of the helpfulness of his writings:

From the Rev. Dr. Percy S. Grant

7 WEST TENTH STREET, NEW YORK. Easter Even, 1907.

DEAR MR. MABIE,— I must send you my Easter greetings. Your sorrow these last months has been an unhappiness for all your friends and you have been constantly and affectionately in their thoughts.

But I have something special to thank you for. My father, after two years of invalidism, died last October. He was a fine, manly type; but old-fashioned enough to wish my mother to be with him all the time. This my mother was only too anxious to do; but in the course of months the anxiety and strain told on one no longer young. How do you think she pulled herself together when often she seemed near a collapse? Not by reading the Bible, or her son's ser-

mons or poems; but by reading favorite passages in your volumes. My only surprise is that she *read* your books — I thought she knew them by heart. What happened in my father's home is an example of your influence and your value to your time. I tell you this to cheer you for a moment, if, in the midst of all the Easter joy, you still find yourself looking backward.

With warmest best wishes,

Yours most sincerely, PERCY S. GRANT.

The Mabies spent the summer of this year abroad. While in the Isle of Wight they visited Hallam, second Lord Tennyson, and Lady Tennyson, at Farringford. Of this experience Mabie wrote to his friend North as follows:

To E. D. North

BONCHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT, September 7, 1907.

MY DEAR ERNEST,— * * * The second week of our stay here is drawing to a close in lovely weather. We have seen all parts of the island, and think Bonchurch much the loveliest; indeed, except Pallanza and Lake Maggiore, we have seen nothing lovelier. The towns are the usual little English watering places, but the country is exquisite in the richness of its foliage and flowers and in the delicacy of its detail. I have got acquainted with some people here and been in gardens which will make me homesick all my life.

Yesterday we had a charming time at Farringford. On arriving here I sent my card to Lord Tennyson and got a telegram the same day inviting me to luncheon the following day. I went to Freshwater by train and had a welcome which made me feel at home at once. I saw the house thoroughly, smoked in the great chair in the big library upstairs where the great talk used to go on, saw the manuscripts, the autographs and all the memorials, and walked all over the place. I lost my heart to the whole family; to Hallam who is a fine fellow, to Lady Tennyson, who is the charming Mary Boyle of the biography grown to middle age; and to the boys — Lionel, Aubrey and Harold — dear, wholesome English boys.

They insisted on another visit and yesterday we all drove over on a perfect day — the whole length of the Island. They took us everywhere and showed us everything, and gave us a charming luncheon and asked us to come again. Aside from the interest of the house, it is a beautiful English home, and the sweetness and simplicity of the family life seemed to us quite in the spirit of the place. I wish you and Mrs. North could have been with us.

Your letter was most welcome. Our thoughts are turning homeward. I feel like a new man and have already written five articles by way of letting off steam. * * *

Yours faithfully, H. W. M.

The death of Stedman in January, 1908, prompted Mabie to print an editorial about him and his work in The Outlook. With reference to this article Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of The Century Magazine, wrote him: "I can't help dropping you a word of hearty thanks and congratulation on your admirable editorial about Stedman. It was so full and satisfactory that hardly anything seemed left to be said. I can't seem to make out the possibility of things going on without his generous help. It's discouraging to know how few of his countrymen were really acquainted with his poetry, but his best is sure to last, and perhaps poets are refound in time by the lack of contemporary appreciation."

The memorial meeting in honor of Stedman was not held until a year after his death. Gilder presided, and it was Mabie's privilege to deliver the principal address before a distinguished assembly, his subject being "Stedman as a Man of Letters."

With the passing of years Mabie's increasing sense of his indebtedness to his old college friend, Stetson, for the things that count for the most in a man's life, found grateful expression. Thus in the spring of 1908 he wrote to him as follows, his signature recalling the intimacy of their years together at Williams:

To Francis Lynde Stetson

New York, April 23, 1908.

My dear Frank,— You and Shakespeare were very sensible when you put your birthday in the forefront of April. You have both been very good friends to me; I don't see how I could have got along without you both. You have contributed so many things to my happiness that I could not put them down in the compass of a note. I have more than once told you that, so far as I can see, meeting you was *the* special providence in my life; almost all the important things that have come to me — wife, work, opportunity — came through you. I lay this big wreath at your feet with gratitude as capacious as the benefit. I have cared for you more every decade and never so much as today; and it is my constant prayer that you may out-live me. You have made life worth while for a great many people, and the rich returns of honor and affection which are coming to you in these later years, are the harvest of your own sowing. Long life and more honor to you!

Affectionately, Ham:

The following summer the Mabies were in the Adirondacks. The reference to the "Journal," in the following letter, was to The Ladies' Home Journal, to which Mabie had become a contributing editor in 1902. Through his articles on books and authors and

literary matters generally he reached an enormous audience of young people, who were entirely distinct from those with whom, through The Outlook, his books and his lectures, he had been in touch.

To Mrs. E. D. North

Ausable Club, August 28, 1908.

My dear Mrs. North,— This section is so beautiful that it takes a whole season to find all its secret places of loveliness and quietness. I really doubt if any ten miles in this part of the world holds so much and such varied beauty. The very sky has a nobility of its own, and we cannot recall such cloud effects anywhere except in the English Lakes. One very attractive feature of the life here is the Sunday quiet. There are no rules, but there is a general sentiment against golf and games, and a heavenly quietness rests on the valley.

And I have found here a religious service, natural enough and devout enough and simple enough to be in the key of the woods and mountains. The little Chapel opens on all sides to branches and birds and is practically an out-of-doors altar. The old Rector — eighty-six — is a visible peace, and the rector in charge reads the service and preaches as if the spirit of the God of the woods and mountains were in his heart, with the Christ who loved the flowers and the

fields. Our Sundays have been a delight to us, and I hate to think of going back into a church again.

We have wished for you many times, for we are sure you would enjoy your soul here. It was good of you to read my screed and send your comments on it. Of course character is the root of every virtue and strength. I was, however, dealing specifically with the question of the kind of books young people ought to read; and I have found that the only way to help the Journal readers is to be specific and point out the exact steps to be taken in any field of education or life. * * *

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

He published comparatively few books in these years, and those he did publish were of spiritual import. One of these, brought out in October, was "Christmas Today," a slender volume in which he contrasted the world of the Syrian herdsman of nineteen hundred years ago with the world of today.

References have already been made in earlier chapters to the persistency and painstaking care with which Mabie, as a young man, sought to master the art of public speaking. The following letter to a dramatic reader and teacher of dramatic expression, shows how broad a comprehension of the fundamental principles of the art he had meanwhile acquired:

To Miss Katherine Jewell Everts

New York, Dec. 23, 1908.

My dear Miss Everts,— Your letter was the best gift of the season, and I am bound to tell you that you greatly overrate what I have been able to do for you. Nobody can do very much for us; all the real things of life we do and must do for ourselves. All that I have done has been to see what you have done and tell others about it. I have reported what I have seen.

I suspect that Heaven will be largely a state of expression: the dumb will speak! You have the gift of speaking in many ways. It is a beautiful and perilous gift, and I have taken the liberty of telling you so. To keep such an eloquence as you command absolutely sincere by making every word match a reality, and never to let speech run beyond real and deep feeling — that is your problem. You have not been spoiled so far, and I am not afraid that you will be. The practical problem in your case will, I think, be a simple one: a little good steering will settle it. * * *

Yours faithfully, Hamilton W. Mabie.

The opening of the new year, 1909, was an unusually busy period for Mabie. Early in the month he wrote to President Butler of Columbia inviting him to speak before the new club that had been organized in Summit the previous autumn — The Athenaeum.

The club, he said, had proved to be a great success: "Four hundred people tumbled in, head over heels, and a lot more want to come in. Our aim is to present serious discussions of serious subjects by men who know what they are talking about. At our next meeting I think Horace White is to speak on Lincoln; in February we expect Booker Washington, and we very much want you for the second Thursday in March, the 11th. As I told you, the audience is really worth talking to." He was one of the leaders in the movement to organize the club and was its president for five years, until it was in good running order.

A week or so after the Stedman memorial meeting at which Mabie, as has already been mentioned, delivered the principal address, the Poe bust, by Edmond T. Quinn, was unveiled in Poe Park, Fordham; and he was again the speaker at the memorial meeting held in New York University after the ceremony of unveiling, his subject being "Poe at the End of a Century." The date of the meeting, January 19, 1909, was the one hundredth anniversary of Poe's birth.

It was also his privilege to deliver the historical address on the occasion of the international celebration at Fort Ticonderoga, in July, of the three hundredth anniversary of Champlain's discovery of the lake bearing his name. His address followed the addresses of Ambassador Bryce, President Taft, Governor Hughes and Ambassador Jusserand, his subject being "Cham-

plain in History." He described the occasion in full in a letter to his friend North, who was abroad. The reference to Skylands was to the summer home in Rockland County, on the New York-New Jersey boundary line, of the Stetsons, where the Mabies were always welcome guests.

To E. D. North

AUSABLE CLUB, July 27, 1909.

DEAR ERNEST,— * * * After you sailed there was nothing to do but to leave Summit, and we left. A week at Skylands was a very pretty interlude between work and play. Then I proceeded to become the guest of the State in New York at Albany and was borne to Ticonderoga on a special train. There the President, Governor Hughes, and the British and French Ambassadors joined Me and the celebrations began.

The afternoon at Ticonderoga was great. To look up into the faces of 5,000 people on the hillside with the great and good around you, and the lovely landscape enfolding you, was quite an experience. * * * After we had all spoken and the crowd had cheered itself hoarse, we — the performers at the International Show — took a special steamer and went up the Lake. It was a lovely afternoon and the Lake was enchanting. The President, the Governor, Mr. Bryce, Monsieur Jusserand, and I were in the pilot house with the oldest pilot on the Lake and his joy in his guests was

delightful to see. We had a very interesting time, pointing out the historic points to the Ambassadors and telling stories. The President is a master hand at that business, and I lost my heart to him; no airs, perfect simplicity and sincerity and the natural dignity of a strong, self-reliant nature. His smile is captivating and when it fades it is like sunlight fading off a granite foundation. Congress is discovering the foundation. M. Jusserand really embraced me by way of saying thank you for what I said about France. We were lodged in the beautiful Hotel Champlain that night.

The next morning was superb, and in the afternoon we had a great review at the Army Post of Regulars and English regiments. The great parade ground stretching to the lake, the smiling water, the Green Mountains in Vermont, 5,000 people on the benches, 20,000 on the edges, the brilliant English and Highland troops in the distance, the bands playing,— the whole scene was magnificent. I happend to be with the Bryces behind the President and saw the splendid spectacle at every point. When the Red Coats came up, the band playing " The British Grenadiers " everybody rose, uncovered and cheered. It was very moving when we remembered the old fights, and Mr. Bryce trembled with emotion. The addresses by the President and the Ambassadors were up to the level of the occasion, and Mr. Root quite surpassed himself.

There were thousands of Frenchmen from over the border and their faces kindled when Jusserand dropped his English and spoke in French. We had a great dinner that night with some noble speaking, two members of the Canadian Cabinet making eloquent addresses. The beauty of the landscape at every point, the nobility of so many of the men of three countries who have fought on the Lake, the distinction of the speakers and the great notes of race fellowship and peace struck everywhere, gave these festivities a beauty quite beyond any exercises I have ever known. And I have written too long I fear, because they seem to me so significant of the new age. It was a great happiness to have two such men as the President and Governor speak for us on such a historic occasion. Moreover, I had one of the best times of my life, for everyone was in the gayest mood and the talk was worth going a thousand miles to hear. Then we had such splendid gentlemen in uniforms to give color to the flying hours. * * *

We have a sporty golf course and I play twice a day, generally with Admiral Stockton who is great fun. Little news from Summit; why should there be, when you and I are absent? * * *

Yours sincerely, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

In the autumn of 1901 Mabie had visited Berea College, of which Dr. William G. Frost was the Presi-

dent; and was deeply impressed by the work which the college was doing for the people of the mountain sections of Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and the Virginias. On his return he wrote to Dr. Frost, under date of November 27, "The spectacle of your work, your speech and your self-denial, and the raw material of life upon which you are working, filled me with something like envy. I shall not rest until I have been able to do something for Berea."

Apparently the conditions which Dr. Frost had to meet grew more and more difficult year by year, for in October, 1909, we find Mabie writing to him in a sportively admonitory vein not usual with him:

To Dr. William G. Frost

SUMMIT, N. J., Oct. 2, 1909.

MY DEAR DR. FROST,— I have been intending to write you with my own hand, but I have been away a great deal for the last three months, and now I must have recourse to a bit of stenography.

I did not like your last annual report which I read the other night, because it seemed to me that there was a note of despondency; and despondency is not your note. Somebody must have got into your shoes, and I suspect it is a very tired and overworked man who has been keeping at it a great deal longer than he ought. Looking at the matter from a purely selfish point of view — that is to say, from what Berea Col-

lege can make out of you — I think it is your bounden duty as a man, a Christian, and a brother, to get rid of that tired man at once. Put him out to grass. He is an interloper. I have forgotten what the endowment of Berea is; but whatever it is, you are far and away the most valuable asset of the college. It has had altogether too much income out of you; the percentage of return has been usurious. It has been very immoral on your part to pay it, and outrageous injustice on the part of the college to take it. Now, as you value the college, take care of that asset. Six months or a year devoted to rest will double the value of that asset for the next ten years. That is what you owe to the college. You owe something to your family, and a little to your friends. Speaking for them all, I want to press the hope that you will look at yourself impersonally, and then you will understand that your prime duty is to get right out to grass and stay there indefinitely. The loss of time won't be worth reckoning when you get back to work. This is not an impertinence, it is a piece of the Vox Populi.

Faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

With the usual package of books which Mabie sent to Miss King at Christmas time, went a letter recalling the days when, under her experienced guidance, he first became acquainted with New Orleans, adding: "A flood of change has swept us all into another

world since then, a world in which we can never feel quite at home, since so many dear and familiar faces no longer make it homelike and warm for us. 'They are all gone into a World of Light,' to recall one of the most beautiful lines in English poetry, and we can think of them as safe beyond the storm of years. I like to recall these vanished faces at Christmas time, and to pay them the tribute of special remembrance; and so I think of your beautiful home as I first saw it and your dear mother, who was one of the most interesting women I ever met; your brother, with his quiet courtesy. I wish to join you in the festival of remembrance and to warm myself again at your fireside."

Few things gave Mabie more pleasure than to meet and to talk to school boys. It was his custom to make one or two visits each year to Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, for the purpose of speaking to the boys in the Mercersburg Academy, of which his old and highly valued friend, Dr. William M. Irvine, was the headmaster. In February, 1910, after one of these visits he wrote to Mrs. Irvine:

"It does me good to go to Mercersburg and get into the atmosphere of your home, so full of simple faith and brave endeavor, and to look into the faces of the boys. It makes a man take vigorous account of himself when he stands in that chapel, and shake all the pretense and ignobility out of his nature and try to be

absolutely and unaffectedly honest with himself and those boys. He feels as if any touch of rhetoric and any artificial tone would lose their attention and alienate them. Nothing short of transparent sincerity will satisfy him. You and Dr. Irvine are doing a great work in the school; it is a very hard work, but you have the unrivalled opportunity of making men; and there isn't a better or more satisfying thing in life."

The longest and the last sojourn the Mabies had in Europe was in 1910, six months. Two letters written in this period, both addressed to old friends, will give the reader an idea of the rare enjoyment which Mabie always got from foreign travel. The first shows how completely the mystical charm of Capri got into his soul:

To Mrs. E. D. North

Capri, April 8, 1910.

My dear Mrs. North,— If we ever return to Summit, I shall perhaps be able to give you some faint impressions of the spell of Capri, but I doubt whether we shall ever leave the island. There is magic here; the magic of wonderful color, of splendid moulding of hills, of an atmosphere full of illusions of distance, of that element of mystery which we so rarely get at home. The island of the Sirens is in full view and

they are still singing. The place is full of stories of people who have fallen under their spell; of the Englishman who came over from Naples to spend the night and stayed fifty years and now lies — the mortal part of him — in the little churchyard; of a young and brilliant writer on the Post who came for a little rest and lived here until his last penny was gone and he died in a hospital. We have some friends here who lead a "charmed life"; they came for four days and are completing their sixteenth year!

The few English and American families are of the best sort and live at ease in a world of magical beauty — no talk of business or school committees; but books, music, nature! We are all a bit intoxicated; you might expect it of me, but even Mrs. Mabie has succumbed to the spell. I wish you were here; you would understand; some people would not. It is enough to say to you that the island looks on the Bay of Naples to the north and on the sea to the south, and the coast from Sorrento, buried in orange groves, to Salerno lies in full view. I did not know that the world could be so beautiful, so ravishing as this old, old Mediterranean shows it.

The M — s have lived here so long that they know the people intimately and they have initiated us. The girls speak the language freely, have lived with the fishing people and made friends with everyone. They

have put us on the inside of things. The resident families have called on us and we have had tea with them, and we are absurdly at home after a week. Don't be surprised if you hear that we have done some crazy thing; if we never go back you must come and see us every summer. * * *

The American Consul here (salary reduced last year from $15.00 to $10.00) is a scholar who is devoting himself to a history of the later Roman Empire and knows the last detail about this part of the world. A grandson of Wordsworth has a beautiful villa; Chas. Coleman, the painter, and Mr. Vedder are also resident here. But I must stop talking about Capri; it's those seductive Sirens! You can sit still here and simply look and behold! You are twenty-five and you can't understand where the years have gone!

Mrs. Mabie has probably told you about our week in Naples and our deep interest in Pompeii. We have been among the mountains at La Cava; why has nobody ever told me about the mountains of Southern Italy? We spent a beautiful day with the Greek temples at Paestum, and under that sky and with that sea flashing between the columns we felt the poetry of the old mythology.

We made the drive from Salerno to Sorrento in two days, with two days at the Cappucini at Amalfi, where you live in fairyland. * * *

We are all well, only a little touched in our minds.

I am off with Mr. Andrews to see his olive farm. If we never go home, do come and see us.

Yours here or there, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The other letter, addressed to his friend Stetson, recalled Mabie's first visit to Europe, in 1889, when he was so fortunate as to meet Mr. and Mrs. Stetson in Switzerland:

To Francis Lynde Stetson

DIJON, July 23, 1910.

MY DEAR FRANK,— Your letter was most welcome and came very opportunely; the reports of the illness following the Alumni luncheon had made me anxious about you. I hope the reports were as far beyond the facts as such reports usually are. I had a letter from Bishop Lines, giving such an enthusiastic account of Skylands that it made us all homesick. What a beautiful place it is and how generously you have shared it with your friends! We have often wished this summer that we could spend the Sundays in Skylands; I find myself more and more grateful for the quiet of our Sundays at home.

You had a great combination for July 4th, and you must have had some good talk. You have been constantly in my thoughts since we entered Switzerland. I heard "Weggis" called in the bull-frog tones of twenty-one years ago, and I saw the Jungfrau as we

saw it on that wonderful night when the moon unveiled it. We stopped here day before yesterday to break our journey to Paris, and yesterday I saw the house in which Charles the Bold was born. That took me back to the winter of our sophomore year when we read history so enthusiastically. Those old Dukes had fine names and none of them seems to have been afraid. I especially like Jean sans Peur, whose fine tomb is here.

We had a good deal of rain in Switzerland with some splendid days; and we harvested most of the great views. The weather is now warm and clear, but the rains in Western Europe have been torrential. * * *

Yours affectionately, HAMILTON.

In March, 1909, Theodore Roosevelt became a member of the staff of The Outlook as special Contributing Editor, and continued to occupy that position for more than five years, until June, 1914. "During that time," says Lawrence F. Abbott, in his "Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt," "he was in a very real sense a member of our staff. He made his office with us and he regularly attended our weekly editorial conferences." His association with The Outlook had one curious result. Stetson had often spoken of the parallelism that had run through his own career and that of his friend Mabie. They were

both born in New York State; were graduated in the same class at Williams, studied law and were admitted to the bar together; practised law in the same city; were both communicants of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and occasionally met as deputies at the General Conventions of the church; had both been presidents of the Alpha Delta Phi Society, and were both trustees for many years of Williams College. When, one day, Stetson came to pay his friend a visit and saw the name of Theodore Roosevelt on the door of a neighboring office, he recalled the fact that Grover Cleveland had been a member of his own law firm in the interval between his first and second administrations. That he and Mabie should have been associated in their respective professions with two ex-Presidents of the United States, struck him as an amazingly odd coincidence, especially in view of the other parallelisms in their careers.

Through this editorial association Roosevelt became well acquainted with Mabie, who referred to him in terms of enthusiasm in his Christmas letter to his Greenwich friends:

To Mrs. Holmes and Miss Annie Button

SUMMIT, N. J., Dec. 22, 1910.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,— It does not seem possible that Christmas is at the door again, and that we are on the threshold of 1911. That old hymn about time " bear-

ing all its sons away" is getting impressive; whether we like it or not we are borne along on a stream that runs faster every decade. It is much happier to like it and get the good of ripening years and use the freedom of life than to inwardly protest and feebly try to hold on to that which has done its work for us. Youth is a matter of the spirit, and the spirit is immortal.

We celebrated Christmas in good old Outlook fashion, and Dr. Abbott's 75th birthday at the same time on Monday evening. He is stepping lightly and radiantly along with a clear, strong mind, a beautiful spirit of peace and faith, and a gentleness and courtesy of manner which make him very dear to us. Mr. Roosevelt is great fun; a warm hearted, affectionate, companionable giant, who makes everybody that knows him his friend; as unlike the newspaper pictures of him as I am unlike Tim Sullivan. No office could be more interesting than ours, and none filled with a finer atmosphere of mutual devotion to the higher things of life. * * *

With affectionate good wishes from your old-time and all-time friend,

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

This reference to Dr. Abbott reflects the respect, the admiration and the affection which Mabie always had for his chief, his intimate association with whom

through a long series of years he regarded as one of the most important and helpful influences in his life. When he wrote the foregoing letter, he was sixty-five years old. His spirit was still youthful, his hope buoyant. He could not, however, fail to recognize the changes that were taking place, with the passage of the years, in himself and in his friends, and he read a deep spiritual significance in those changes. This thought found expression in his Easter letter to the same friends of his early manhood:

To Mrs. Holmes and Miss Annie Button

SUMMIT, N. J., April 15, 1911.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,— Wouldn't it be delightful if we could spend Easter together! One of the hardest things in life is the necessity of being separated from your friends. We have to learn to live together in the spirit and that is one of the ways in which we put on immortality. One of the great interests of life, as I have discovered in these later years is this beautiful transformation through which so many people are visibly passing — putting off this mortal and putting on the immortal. This is what is going on when we notice how people are refining as they get older; which is only a way of saying that the earthly is giving place to the heavenly, and they are getting ready for the next stage. Love is after all the great and convincing evidence that we are already in the immortal life. It

does not for a moment stop when they whom we love vanish; it follows and stays with them. And it makes our hearts ache because it is so great and there is so little room for it here and now. So friends are together in eternity while they are separated in time, and we are all of one immortal household here and there!

Affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The Mabies passed the following summer at Hyannisport. While there Mabie received a letter from Stetson inclosing one he had received from Dr. Asa H. Morton, who in 1910 had been appointed to a professorship of theology at Williams, and in whose views both Mabie and Stetson, as trustees of the college, were naturally interested. Mabie's reply was as follows:

To Francis Lynde Stetson

HYANNISPORT, MASS., Aug. 2, 1911.

MY DEAR FRANK,— I am very glad to have seen Dr. Morton's very interesting letter. He has evidently made a tour of the whole field of philosophy during his absence. I was greatly interested in the view of art as a kind of middle term between the spiritual and the material; an idea which is not new but which has special significance just now when people are so dissatisfied with materialism because they cannot get the satisfactions of the spirit out of things; and I was also interested in the evidence of increasing emphasis on

social religion. Of course religion does not begin until there is someone to be religious, and in the New Testament the expression of religion is almost wholly social. Christianity is all afield in the Apostolic times; no temples, altars, only the ever widening touch of the healing hand on men and women. Of course organization had to come, but I suspect that the real centre of religion ought always to be out-of-doors. And I suppose the doctrine of the Trinity came because it wasn't possible to think of a solitary God.

Affectionately, HAM.

CHAPTER XI

AMBASSADOR OF PEACE TO JAPAN

THE crowning event in Mabie's life of service occurred in the years 1912 and 1913 when, accompanied by his wife and daughter, he spent six months in Japan, delivering lectures on American Ideals, Character and Life, as the representative of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. In the winter and spring of 1911 and 1912 Professor Inazo Nitobé, of the Imperial University of Tokio, a leader in educational affairs and an authority in Japanese colonial history and policy, had delivered a series of lectures on Japan in American universities and before other organizations. Professor Nitobé's lectures were published in book form under the title, "The Japanese Nation: Its Land and Its People"; and in the preface to the volume the author gave to Hamilton Holt, of New York, the editor of The Independent, the credit for originating the idea of an exchange of public men of note as lecturers to the people of Japan and America. "When the plan," says Professor Nitobé, "had developed to a certain degree of feasibility, the task of carrying it into effect was accepted

by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, in whose hands the idea took the more practical, if less ambitious, form of an exchange professorship, and he interested certain typical universities to join in putting it into effect. After the enterprise was fairly launched, the responsibility for its continuance was passed on to, and made a part of, the work of the Carnegie Peace Endowment."

In pursuance of the policy thus outlined the executive committee of the Carnegie Endowment, of which Elihu Root was chairman, in May, 1912, authorized Dr. Butler, Acting Director of the Division of Intercourse and Education, to invite Mabie to go to Japan and deliver a series of lectures as the representative of the Endowment.

Two principal reasons influenced Dr. Butler and his fellow trustees in selecting Mabie for this important mission. In the first place he possessed an admirable platform presence and manner,— a personality that of itself was sure to win from the outset the interest and sympathetic attention of his Japanese hearers. Moreover his tact, his wide experience as a speaker, and the not unimportant fact that he always had something worth while to say, equipped him for any emergency that was likely to arise. In the second place he was considered to be an ideal representative of the literary and other cultural life of America. For years the Japanese point of view in considering the United

States and its people had been either political or economic; and it was thought to be highly desirable to send to Japan a lecturer who could present the other side of American life — its intellectual and artistic aspects,— who, in the official phrase, could "interpret the American as he is and as his origins and history exhibit him." And it was felt that this result could be accomplished far better by a gentleman of address, general culture and taste than by a lecturer renowned only, or mainly, for his scholarship in some special field. A third important qualification for this undertaking which Mabie possessed was summarized by ex-President Taft who later said of him: "No one could have been selected who was a better embodiment of the spirit of international brotherhood."

Having accepted this commission, Mabie went to Hyannisport for the summer in order to prepare his lectures. These, ten in number, with one on "The American in Art" added from the pages of The Atlantic Monthly, were published by the Macmillans in the autumn following his return from Japan, under the title of "American Ideals, Character and Life." In his preface he explained that the addresses were delivered to audiences of unusual intellectual alertness and remarkable knowledge of the English language, but which were largely unfamiliar with American history and institutions. "No attempt," he added, "has been made to do more, on the historical side, than to

sketch with a free hand and in large outline, the development of the American people, bringing into view only those events which have contributed to that development and disclose and interpret the American spirit."

While thus occupied Mabie found the time to send to his friend Stetson a letter on a theme far removed from the work upon which he was engaged — the attitude of the poets, from the earliest times, towards nature. The "little essay" which prompted Stetson's letter was called "Theocritus on Cape Cod," and had appeared in the current number of The Atlantic Monthly. Brander Matthews included it in his "Oxford Book of American Essays," published in 1914. In it Mabie had discussed the Sicily and the Sicilians of the time of Theocritus from the point of view of the Cape Cod of Thoreau.

To Francis Lynde Stetson

HYANNISPORT, MASS., August 11, 1912.

MY DEAR FRANK,— Your letter gave me the greatest pleasure the publication of that little essay has brought me. I did not expect that it would interest many people, but it gave me the chance of saying some things about poetry. After Aeschylus, in whose mind there was an Oriental strain of love for the vast and vague, the Greek poets dealt with Nature only in its beautiful or familiar aspects, its details, so to speak.

This was still more true of the Roman poets, to whom Nature was of interest chiefly in its relations to man. Some of them, like Lucretius, had big philosophical ideas about Nature, but had none of our feeling. Through the Middle Ages the loneliness of life and the isolation in castles and little villages with wild, unoccupied tracts of country between, combined with the belief in all kinds of evil beings in woods and mountains, estranged people from Nature, save in gardens and cultivated places. When Petrarch proposed to climb Mount Ventoux for the sake of the view, everybody protested against so rash and incomprehensible a plan. The feeling for wild Nature — the Alps, Scotch Highlands, and Wales — does not appear in English literature until Gray's letters. People dreaded those aspects of Nature which today attract us most. But I didn't mean to write a lecture; I meant to say that I shall be more than glad to spend Friday night at the Essex Hotel in Boston, arriving about six thirty. * * *

Affectionately, HAM.

Mabie did not complete the writing of his lectures until after his return to Summit, as appears from the following letter, with its reference to the "Parables of Life," published ten years earlier, to Mrs. Jennie L. Sawyer, who was connected with the public library in Hammond, Indiana:

To Mrs. Jennie L. Sawyer

SUMMIT, N. J., Oct. 6, 1912.

MY DEAR MRS. SAWYER,— I am the more grateful for your kind note because I have always felt that the "Parables" are not quite successful. I console myself with the thought that they were written simply to help people, and however much they fall short in art they seem to have given some people more courage and hope, and that is after all the most important matter.

I greatly enjoyed breaking into my vacation by speaking to the librarians of Cape Cod not long ago. I found them very responsive, and the sea was quietly making us know it was under the windows. I am preparing some addresses to be given in the universities of Japan this winter, and your note gives me a little more courage in facing a unique and important experience. Thank you.

Yours sincerely, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The Mabies were not allowed to start on their long journey to Japan without several manifestations of the good will and affection in which they were held by their friends. The Japan Society, of which Lindsay Russell was the president, gave a farewell dinner in their honor at the Hotel Astor on the evening of October 22, at which several hundred guests were present. President Butler of Columbia presided, and the speakers, in addition to President Butler and the guest

of the evening, were Dr. van Dyke, Dr. John Finley, Talcott Williams, Hamilton Holt and the Japanese Consul General, Y. Numarro. It happened, moreover, that a meeting of The Athenaeum was held in Summit just before they were to start for Japan; and after the address an informal reception was held to give their neighbors an opportunity to bid them good-bye and to wish them a safe return.

They left Summit on election day and sailed from San Francisco on November 15th. The steamship touched at Honolulu, and in a letter written at sea a few days later to his friend Stetson, Mabie described his experiences there. The Dole mentioned was Judge Sanford B. Dole, who had been president of the Republic of Hawaii for several years. Rowell was William E. Rowell, a classmate of Mabie's; Emerson was Dr. Nathaniel B. Emerson, president of the Hawaiian Board of Health; Gulick was the missionary, John T. Gulick, of the Williams class of 1859.

To Francis Lynde Stetson

S.S. Chiyo Maru, At Sea, Nov. 26, 1912.

My dear Frank,— I am trying to accustom myself to the idea that we have lost a day. We have crossed the 180th degree and Monday the 25th has disappeared! When we went to bed last night it was Sunday, and now it is Tuesday morning! We are four days out from Yokohama, and so far we have been

sailing through quiet semi-tropical days. You will be especially interested in hearing about our day at Honolulu. We arrived early and were met on the pier by Dole and Rowell and motored until noon. It was a magical day; raining, sunshining and rainbows in every direction. We went to the Gorge of Pali where the wind was a solid wall which we could not stand against. The view is wild and lonely — mountains, lagoon, and ocean. We went to Pearl Harbor, and everywhere saw stately palms and hedges ablaze with the crimson Hibiscus (if that is the correct spelling).

The University Club gave me a luncheon at which over a hundred men were present, representing many colleges. The Williams men were at the table with me to the number of eight or nine: Dole, Rowell, Emerson of '65, Gulick, and others. Jennie and Helen lunched with Mrs. Dole in their bungalow on the beach where the great white rollers come in precisely as you expect to see them. After luncheon we went to the Aquarium where there is a wonderful collection of gorgeous, tropical fish, and then Dole had arranged a fine display of surf swimming for us, both canoe and board riding. We left at four wreathed, after the Hawaiian custom, with garlands of flowers. Dole is evidently the first man in the islands and impressed Jennie and me as a fine, strong, kindly personality; a distinguished man of probity and courage. He has a lot of white hair, but a clear young eye, and a vigorous

physique. Mrs. Dole is an attractive, cultivated woman. They have a charming home in the city; half tropical in its surroundings and crowded with books and pictures. Their bungalow opens on three sides, looks as if it were made of mahogany; and, with a beautifully appointed table, loaded with tropical fruits, and the sea at the foot of the hill, gave one an impression of an earthly paradise. * * * Altogether our day at Honolulu was one of novel experiences and of overflowing friendliness.

Our love to you both,

Affectionately, HAM.

When their steamship was three days from Yokohama, wireless messages of welcome began to be received by the Mabies. "When we dropped anchor in the harbor of Yokohama," wrote Mabie, "a committee came on board, and twenty reporters crowded around us. Our photographs were taken — they have been taken a hundred times since,— and we were driven to one of the great banks, taken to the directors' rooms, waited upon by the officials, and served with tea and delicious confectionery. Half an hour later we were driven to the railway station where we took the train for Tokyo. On our arrival at the capital we were met by a large company of people, and were taken in a motor to a suite of rooms in this hotel which were

filled with flowers. From that moment we have never been allowed to forget that we were the guests of the nation. Every hour has been full and everything has been done for us."

The formal welcome took place a few days later at a large luncheon given at the house of Baron Shibusawa, "a leader," as Mabie called him, "not only in finance, but in all movements for the public welfare and for international peace." "The gardens," he wrote, "were still beautiful and gave us our first glimpse of Oriental loveliness in a series of chrysanthemums, azalea and dwarf-pine gardens, with charming tea-houses. Then we were taken to the entertainment room and saw the Geisha dancing, which is a part of every hospitality in a Japanese house."

Then, in the following week, came a dinner, given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the Japanese fashion, although the Mabies were provided with piles of cushions on which to sit. "The room," continued Mabie, "was lovely, beautifully proportioned, with exquisite matting — we were all in soft slippers; shoes are never worn in Japanese houses,— and with screens along the sides that filled you with envy, and with a delicately starred ceiling. The master of the feast sits at the end of the room, the guests in rows on either side, with a little lacquer table before each guest. The dinner was served by noiseless girls, who

seemed to glide over the matting, serving innumerable dishes in lacquer bowls and cups, and who danced in lovely costumes after the feast."

Mabie had been in Japan only a short time when he wrote at length to Dr. Abbott, for his information in the editorial conduct of The Outlook, with reference to a cabinet crisis that then disturbed the politics of the nation. As regards the attitude of the leaders among the Japanese towards America, referring particularly to the agitation in California on the subject of Japanese immigration, he wrote:

"I have inquired in every direction, of all sorts of people, and I can get but one opinion — that there has never been the slightest foundation for the idea that Japan has ever thought of fighting us. I believe that scare has been manufactured out of nothing, and I am sure we can safely deride and condemn it. If they felt like fighting the conditions would make it suicidal. As a minister said not long ago Japan might as well commit hari-kari as fight the U. S. They seem, on the other hand, to have a real sense of gratitude towards us and to be grieved and confused by what they think has been a change of feeling towards them. * * * They seem to me to be conscious they are carrying a heavy load, and they are anxious about the near future in the East. They are sensitive rather than aggressive toward us."

For the holidays that in Japan last over New Year's

the Mabies went first to a hotel in a "wildly beautiful place," as Mabie called it, "in the mountains, with noble views of Fujiyama at one end of the gorge and of the Pacific at the other." From here, a few days before Christmas, he wrote to his friend North:

To E. D. North

MIYANOSHITA, Dec. 23, 1912.

DEAR ERNEST,— Christmas day after to-morrow and we are nine thousand miles from home! We don't like that combination. I am writing just before dinner and you are still asleep this morning! You are on solid ground, and we had four earthquakes the first week; one while I was having a very interesting talk with Count Okuma, the most interesting man in Japan, when the house groaned for a moment, and one at night when a gentle sigh seemed to come from the earth, as if it was tired of staying in one position. You have mumps and measles; we have been drinking boiled water and leaving out uncooked vegetables because there was cholera here and there (it seems to have disappeared). You are on New England Avenue and we are near the shrines to Buddha. We are far from home and we shall be homesick thinking of you day after tomorrow.

I wish I could give you any impression of the beauty of the things that have been done for us. For instance, the Kokka Club, which includes the foremost

artists in Japan, gave us a dinner. They met us at the bottom of one of those flights of stone steps that climb, under mysterious pines, to ancient temples. At the top, on the edge of the hill, Tokyo twinkling with lights below, stands the club house among old, old temples; not a nail in it, nor a touch of paint; exquisitely beautiful woods, soft mattings, screens of lovely tone, ceilings delicately starred in gold. First we had ceremonial tea according to the ancient ritual. Then in our slippers we went upstairs: a half dozen artists sat on the floor surrounded by bowls and jars, and made rapid studies to show us how the brush work is done here. It was a striking picture: that little group of painters, the larger group of dark interesting men sitting or standing around in the dress of Japanese gentlemen.

Then came the dinner in a long room of wonderful beauty. Helen whispered to me again and again; "Oh, if this could only be painted"; — the long rows of men on either side, the Master of the Feast at one end and we at the other, the beautiful little lacquer tables, the multitude of exquisite cups and bowls, the noiseless girls coming and going in their brilliant kimonos. In the middle of the dinner the President moved across the floor, bowed low before me, and announced that I had been made an honorary member of the club (the third in its history), presented me with a beautiful certificate in a beautiful box, made by

The Mabies in Japan

members, and put the button in my coat. The menus were all individual and were gathered up and presented to me. I shall send you one when we get back to Tokyo. They escorted us with lanterns to the head of the steps and we went down through the pine groves and temples to the carriage and drove home through the picturesque streets, and felt as if we had been in fairyland. * * *

We are here for the holidays; a wildly beautiful country of mountains, with Fujiyama towering in the distance. Hot springs everywhere; streams of hot water pouring down the great ravines and foliage of indescribable richness in consequence. The mountains are laced with walks; how I wish we could take some of them together!

My love to both of you and the happiest of all years to you.

Affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Christmas at this resort and a ride down the mountain through a snowstorm were described in a long letter which Mabie sent to Miss Julia E. Bell, to be read to her Sunday School class in Greenwich:

"We expected to have a lonely Christmas, but there was a company from all parts of the world in the picturesque hotel and we had a merry dinner, two cablegrams (one from the Summit club, The Athenaeum) and many letters from home, so we were not too home-

sick. We were snowed in for two days, and were carried down the mountain when we left in three 'rickshaws, one man to draw and two to hold back. They ran all the way down through the snow, and it was an exciting ride. Then we spent two weeks at a most fascinating old place on the Pacific — Kamakura. We had a New Year's eve dinner and three very unpleasant shocks of earthquake. We have had six since we came, and do not care for them. The Japanese dread them; one never knows when the big one is coming."

After the New Year's holidays, Mabie began the delivery of his lectures at the Imperial and other universities and at the secondary colleges and schools. In the elementary schools instruction is given entirely in Japanese. In the secondary schools, including colleges, high schools, higher commercial schools, normal schools and technical and foreign language schools, the study of English holds a foremost place, no fewer than six hours a week being devoted to it throughout the entire course of five years. Boys, therefore, enter the universities with a reading knowledge of literary English as illustrated by "A Tale of Two Cities," Irving's "Sketch Book" or Franklin's Autobiography. At the universities and before the higher commercial colleges Mabie could therefore give his lectures in English without the aid of translation. When he spoke to popular audiences, a translator was required,

which more than doubled the time of delivery. In all about eighty addresses were made in Japan, Korea and Southern Manchuria, whither Mabie went for a brief visit.

One of the most interesting incidents in the sojourn of the Mabies in Japan was the audience which the Emperor and Empress gave them at the palace in Tokyo. Mabie described the ceremony as follows in his letter to Miss Bell:

"We had private audiences. The Palace grounds are very large and beautiful, in the very centre of the city, surrounded by an ancient wall and moat, two and a half miles in circumference and overhung with pines. We were received at the great entrance by a group of delightfully polite gentlemen of the Court, whose manners and English were of the best, and were conducted through endless halls to a beautiful waiting room. The Palace is in pure Japanese style and has all the elegance of their wonderful simplicity.

"Presently other gentlemen came, and I walked through more halls. The size and beauty and stillness of the Palace were very impressive. The floors are covered with wonderful rugs, and two or three rooms are furnished in the European way, so that ambassadors and other foreigners can be comfortable. Soon I arrived at a smaller room of very lovely decoration in which the Emperor was waiting. He stood surrounded by handsomely uniformed gentlemen in wait-

ing. Dead silence in the room,— everybody like a statue. When I remembered that the young man waiting for me represented the oldest reigning family in history — twenty-five hundred years,— and that his ancestors have been worshipped as semi-divine by generations, and when I felt the stillness of the place and the sense of remoteness from the world, I realized that I was in the heart of old Japan.

"I made a very low bow at the entrance, bowed again half way up the room, and a third time when I reached the Emperor. He held out his hand and grasped mine cordially; expressed his pleasure in meeting 'so distinguished an American,' asked what scenery I liked best, how long I was to stay, said he thought I must be working very hard, and hoped I was taking good care of myself. I expressed my gratitude for our reception in Japan and told him our plans for travel. Then I retreated in good order. More halls followed and then the most beautiful room I ever saw in any palace — the 'Hall of a Hundred Flowers,' looking out on a great garden. Here Mrs. Mabie and Helen were waiting. I was taken first into the famous Peony Room, dimly lighted, perfectly still. Here attended by two ladies stood the Empress. I made three more bows and we shook hands and had a little talk of five minutes, and I saw Mrs. Mabie and Helen make their courtesies and disappear into the royal presence. As I think of it and remember

the wonderful silence it seems like a dream of fairy-land."

Early in February Mabie wrote again to his friend North, giving further details of his experiences.

To E. D. North

Tokyo, Sunday, Feb. 2, 1913.

My dear Ernest,— I have been trembling on the verge of a letter to you for at least three weeks, and now comes your note of January 4th, acknowledging the note I mailed the day we landed more than two months ago! How far we are from home! It is a lovely, early April day, as many winter days are here. We have been to the English church and walked home through a park of those ancient pines that seem to be always whispering of old Japan. We are curiously at home in this vast wilderness of a city. We talk about "dear old Tokyo," crowded with people and shops and signs that are all novel. We seem to be simply enveloped with friends; the official Japanese, the people of the universities, the bankers and leaders of the Japanese world, the Embassy folk and the missionaries. They are all dropping in, inviting us to drive, sending us things, making plans for us; it is all we can do to keep up with the procession.

I am speaking in the three universities here, at the colleges, schools, at missionary meetings, and literary clubs. The university authorities send their motors

for me and wait in a body to receive me; and there is always tea and confectionery. Before the first lecture at the University of Tokyo, the university gave us a beautiful luncheon; four presidents of the universities, two members of the Ministry, the Mayor of Tokyo and other prominent people present. They expected two or three hundred and the biggest hall was packed; at least nine hundred. The audience cheered at the beginning and recalled the speaker at the end. Then we got into our motor, which was filled with flowers, and the students lined up and cheered us. It was very like being President. I expected a great falling off after the first lecture, but every lecture has had the same big audience and the same cheering crowds wait outside. It is a great relief to me to find that the boys understand me.

We have done so many things that I have not time to record them. The English Speaking Club gave us a dinner; they expected forty and they had to shut off the applicants at something over two hundred. A granddaughter of one of the Court nobles danced a very old historic dance "to welcome Dr. Mabie." Bishop McKim, who has been here forty years, told me it was the first time in the history of Japan that such a thing had happened. Prince Katsura, the Prime Minister, gave me a dinner of about twenty men of great prominence and afterwards took me off for

an hour's talk; a powerful, vital man. We had a delightful dinner at Baron Goto's and I dined there again on Friday. He is regarded as the strongest man in the Empire after the Premier and is called "the Roosevelt of Japan."

At last we have an Ambassador and we dine at the Embassy tomorrow night. I am also intimate with the "big business" men and I have four small dinners in the near future given me by the Bankers' Club, the Bank of Japan (which is like the bank of England), the Chamber of Commerce and the City of Tokyo. Helen said yesterday, "Can you ever be an ordinary person again and go down on the 8.15 train and have nobody pay any attention to you?" I told her I could do it tomorrow, for this experience is one of the accidents of history.

Last Sunday night I went with Bishop McKim to a Confirmation in a little room in the slums and saw a church born! It was the most impressive thing I have seen in Japan. The Bishop is a dear, and so is "Cecil, Lord Bishop of South Tokyo," with whom we dined last Tuesday; a charming, simple earnest English gentleman; university man and gentleman all over, and as simple as a child. Bishop Harris is expected soon. The Athenaeum cablegram was lovely.

Our love to you both.

Faithfully, H. W. M.

A few weeks later, while he was on a steamship bound for Korea, Mabie wrote to Mrs. North:

To Mrs. E. D. North

S. S. Bingo Maru, Mar. 20, 1913.

My dear Mrs. North,— Your letter, received two or three days ago, made me feel as if I was sitting by your fire and had just been handed a cup of tea; it was delightful. In Japan whenever you go — to an Army post, a university, a factory, a school — you are taken at once to a reception room and tea, sponge cake and confectionery are at once brought in, and there is a little address of welcome to which you make a proper reply, everybody standing. I am so accustomed to be met at the station, to be welcomed and to make a little speech that I suppose I shall do it in Summit, to the consternation of the commuters. I shall become polite if this discipline is continued until May 10th.

I left Mrs. Mabie and Helen in Nara Monday morning and came to Kobé where I spoke in two colleges morning and afternoon. On Tuesday I went to Osaka, which is the great manufacturing town of the Empire. They were all at the station, and the Governor's carriage was waiting for me and was at my door until I left yesterday noon. In the evening the City gave me a dinner; the Governor presiding, a delightful man, son of Okubo the great statesman

who was the Governor's right hand in the difficult days of the Restoration. The missionaries were there in a solid body. There is so much evil report of America through our infernal sensational newspapers and the European press that when a man stands up and makes America clear in her intellectual, moral and spiritual life, their joy is touching. * * *

The missionaries gave us a little party one evening and warmed our hearts. Bishop Tucker is their delight and they are all Christians together. Some of the Buddhist temples there are superb in size and decoration; everything splendid, not a touch of the tawdry; noble columns of wood, great golden roofs — cathedral effects. In the temples and palaces we have seen the big pictures; many of them are superb. Some of the rooms are painted on all sides. Yesterday afternoon one of the foremost collectors in Japan opened his house to me and I saw a wonderful collection of Kakemonos of every period. There we sat — half a dozen men and looked at pictures all the afternoon, and every man was an expert. My guide knew every picture and gave me a rapid characterization of the different schools and methods. I wish you could have seen the tea-room with the slides open to the garden. Such exquisite harmony of detail makes you ache with the sense of the possible perfection of things. A bamboo vase, irregular in shape, held a rose, another a flower, a spray, a few leaves; it was a

ravishing poem; the masterpiece of one of the masters of flower arrangement.

And now I am sailing down the Inland Sea bound for Korea and Manchuria. * * * I have promised not to go tiger hunting, but Dr. Nitobé and I are off for a spree and we are like boys on a vacation. Don't worry about me; this Arabian Nights winter won't harm me; my head is exactly the size it was when I left, but my heart is much bigger. No more race prejudices for me; when I realize how our country is misunderstood through sheer ignorance, I dedicate the rest of life to the vision of the brotherhood which must come, now that the world is becoming a neighborhood. My love to Ernest.

Yours faithfully, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Writing in April from the same hotel in the mountains in which he had passed the Christmas holidays, Mabie, in a letter to his friend North, gave his impressions of Korea and Southern Manchuria:

To E. D. North

FUJIYAMA HOTEL, MIYANOSHITA, April 26, 1913.

DEAR ERNEST,— Here we are again in this wildly beautiful place and my work *in* Japan is done, though my work *for* Japan has only begun; and this is my last Japanese letter to you. There have been times when you two have seemed to belong to another world,

so far away have you been and so remote have seemed the chances of seeing you again. But we sail on Saturday of next week (May 10th) if all goes well, and now the distance grows less.

Many of the most interesting experiences of the winter have come during the closing weeks. I think I sent you a few words from Seoul. At Mukden I saw a Chinese city, and Heaven help the man who has to live in one. There I saw a Llama temple and felt for the first time that I was in Heathendom. I think I must have said something about it to you before.

Since my visit to Gettysburg I have not had so thrilling a day as the day I spent at Port Arthur. I was met at the station by the Governor General and his staff in uniform. I spent the day as his guest, met a group of officers at luncheon in his house, was driven around and saw the points of interest, with the story from a man who was in the heart of it; and wound up at the Naval Club, where there were large models of the naval fights, which were explained to me by the Admiral who made the first attack, smashed a good part of the Russian fleet and was blown up by a mine at the end of the day. The Governor General is a fine old boy; a good linguist; rode across Siberia alone when he was a young man; and was in command at the closing battle at Mukden. He was delightful to me; came over to Dalny to attend a luncheon given me by the Consul, and presided at a

dinner given me in the evening. My three days' sail on the Yellow Sea was an unbroken pleasure of exquisite harmony of sea and sky, and I had two perfect days on the Inland Sea.

I passed two days in Kyoto before coming north. On one of these days Helen and I went by rail to a village twenty miles distant in order to come down the river through the rapids. It was to be a quiet little excursion. On arriving we found the provincial and local authorities waiting in frock coats and high hats. We made a little procession, and when we reached the highway, I found they had given the children a holiday and twelve hundred were drawn up on either side. I got out and walked bareheaded through them while they bowed like corn when the wind plays on it. Arriving at a beautiful hillside H. and I planted trees; then I stood under a cherry tree in full bloom and spoke to fifteen hundred people. After that we had lunch in a beautiful house in a lovely garden. When we went to the river to take the boat, the children were standing in ranks on the sloping banks and I felt like Lohegrin. They banzaied in a mighty volume, and I stood up and bowed until a bend of the river carried us out of sight.

We sail May 10th on the Shinyo Maru of the Japanese line; a fine big boat, sister to the boat on which we came. We shall be due in San Francisco May 26th and shall spend three or four days at the Hotel

Stewart. Please send a line there. I do not know when we shall reach Summit. We may spend two weeks on the Coast. I am in receipt of urgent invitations to speak on Japan in California. I cannot decide until I reach San Francisco. The Anti-Japanese agitators have stirred all Japan as we should be stirred if Germany tried to exclude us simply because we were Americans. There would be no trouble about restriction of immigration; it is the discrimination that hurts. * * *

Please get the fatted calf ready.

Yours affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Five days before he sailed from Japan Mabie wrote to his friend Stetson about Williams College matters, the anti-Japanese agitation in California, the death in Rome of J. P. Morgan, and his preparations for departure.

To Francis Lynde Stetson

YOKOHAMA, May 5, 1913.

MY DEAR FRANK,— Your letter was a great joy to me, though I have only time to acknowledge its receipt. We sail on Saturday and shall be due in San Francisco on the 26th. I shall probably be able to attend Commencement on June 25th as usual. If we prolong our stay a week or two on the Pacific Coast, I might be too late; in that event I will send you my

impression with regard to the selection of Trustees. I sincerely hope that we can keep Lefavour. He is one of our few educational experts.

This country is behaving well under provocation from the California Legislature. It does not object to restriction of immigration; it does object to discrimination. There are many things to say on the legal aspects of the situation, but there is nothing to say in defense of the manner in which the subject has been approached. The Japanese have been deeply hurt and they are as proud and sensitive as we are. I have talked over the situation with members of the Ministry; they are taking a very wise attitude and are trying to keep the people from intemperate speech or action. From many points of view the whole business is most unfortunate; and the Californians are acting with a blind disregard of the future prosperity of the Coast. Any man out here who looks ahead a few years cannot fail to have a sense of great things to come. Great issues are at stake; but California sees none of these things.

You will feel the disappearance of such a tremendous constructive force as Mr. Morgan. I thought The Outlook struck a fine note in its treatment of his personality and career. I had a very interesting trip to Korea and Manchuria. I thought of what was happening here when we graduated — the restoration of sovereignty to the Emperor after eight centuries of

divided authority — when I was called up from Tokyo by telephone day before yesterday and requested to come to the Palace on Friday to receive a gift from the Emperor. We are already loaded with gifts after the Japanese fashion. We are all well. The strain of the winter has been great, but it has been so interesting and novel and stimulating that I have hardly been conscious of fatigue. But it will be mighty pleasant to see you again. Our love to you both.

Affectionately, HAM.

Japan is incredibly beautiful in May; wave after wave of flowers is sweeping over the country: plum blossoms, cherry blossoms (great billowy masses), azalea, wisteria.

The gift from the Emperor referred to in the foregoing letter was a cloisonné vase bearing the Imperial crest. Two days before they sailed a farewell dinner was given in honor of the Mabies by the Advisory Council of the Japan Society of New York, Baron Shibusawa presiding in his capacity as chairman of the council. The assembly represented the highest political, diplomatic, commercial, industrial and intellectual life of Japan. Before his departure Mabie gave an interview to a representative of The Japan Advertiser, in the course of which he likened the intellectual curiosity of the Japanese and their eagerness to learn everything possible about foreign countries

to the same traits in the English of Elizabeth's time. In the same interview he uttered a word of warning regarding Japanese educational methods, which seemed to him to result in pouring more information into the minds of students than they could hold or digest, and in securing from them too little independent mental activity and cooperation with the teachers.

It must be obvious to every reader of the foregoing pages that the Japanese, in their private as well as in their official capacities, left nothing undone to make Mabie's visit full of honors and in the highest degree enjoyable. All the arrangements were in the efficient hands of three representative men, to whom he dedicated the book which he published later describing some of his experiences and observations — Tsunejiro Miyaoka, Inazo Nitobé and Eijiro Ono, whom he characterized as his "wise counselors and loyal friends." Of these the first-named was an attorney-at-law, with offices in Tokyo who at one time was Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, and who was the correspondent in Japan of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. As already noted, Professor Nitobé had lectured in the United States. Dr. Ono represented the Bank of Japan. An expert in the history, literature and art of the country, S. Nakano, was Mabie's constant companion as guide and interpreter.

From the steamship which was bearing him to the United States Mabie wrote to his friend Dr. van Dyke, summarizing the results of his visit and giving his plans for the summer:

To Dr. Henry van Dyke

S. S. Shinyo Maru, May, 1913.

My dear Henry,— I have heard of you, but nothing from you since I said good-bye to you in the Grand Central Station. Since that time enough water has gone under the bridge to float a navy. I must have spoken about eighty times to all kinds of audiences, on all sorts of occasions; sometimes with an interpreter, often without one. How much my audiences have understood, I don't know; they have been so polite that they have seemed to understand everything. I am not sure that those who failed to understand lost much that was valuable. I have seen Japan, Korea and Manchuria. I have sat on my mat and eaten Japanese dinners, and I have progressed as far as the twenty-third course in a Chinese dinner. I have been treated like a Prince of the blood and have simply lived on special privileges. I know a great deal more than I did, and I hope I shall live to tell some of our ignorant fellow-countrymen what I have learned. * * * We expect to spend the summer in Seal Harbor, but I suppose you will run off to Europe. Meanwhile I

am homesick for a sight of you when we get to New York in June. My love to you and yours.

Affectionately, H. W. M.

The result of Mabie's visit to Japan gave complete satisfaction to the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment. They felt that he had entirely justified their selection of him as a man of letters and of broad culture, who could interpret the spirit of the West to the leaders of thought in the East. It was a task not without difficulties, for, as Yoshio Nitobé, a son of Dr. Inazo Nitobé, pointed out later, "though addressing himself to audiences that could only partly follow him, he could not lower the standard of his diction and style. In the selection of his subjects he had to use the utmost wisdom, and in their presentation he had to adapt his English to the linguistic capacity of his hearers, without doing violence to the subject or to the hearers."

Mabie, however, had one qualification for this undertaking which probably no other American possessed to the same degree — intellectual sympathy. The Japanese of all ranks were quick to comprehend and to appreciate at its full value this quality of mind and heart — a quality which from the outset gave him the Japanese point of view and made him a welcome guest on every occasion, academic or social. Mr. Aimaro Sato, the Japanese Ambassador to the United

States in 1917, put his finger unerringly on this trait when, in recalling Mabie's visit to Japan, he said: "His winning personality which in itself was a master-key to any social circle, along with his firm conviction that 'the heart of a race opens to those who approach it, not with distrust and suspicion, but as members of the same great family,' made him peculiarly acceptable to the Japanese people. Naturally he won unfeigned admiration wherever he went, and formed lasting friendships with Japan's foremost thinkers."

Mabie's visit to Japan had a marked influence upon the remaining years of his life. He returned to the United States with the firm conviction that his own countrymen were more in need of enlightenment about the Japanese than Japan was in need of information about America. As a consequence he felt that his work for Japan, instead of being finished, had only just begun. Thenceforth he took advantage of every opportunity, in the pages of The Outlook and in lectures everywhere, to make the Japanese point of view and the real feelings of the Japanese towards the United States clear to his American readers and hearers. No sooner had he arrived in San Francisco, after a seventeen days' voyage from Yokohama, than he wrote a long letter to his chief in charge of The Outlook, Dr. Abbott, going over the whole ground of the controversy created by the anti-Japanese legis-

lation in California and analyzing the local situation as he found it on his arrival. On this latter point he said:

"The sentiment in the State behind the legislation is that of the labor unions and of the small farmers. Capitalism has worn its worst face in California and labor unionism is wearing its worst face here. It is tyrannical, and indifferent to any except immediate interests, and the workingmen are helpless in the hands of their leaders. A workingman told me this morning that getting a job in California depended not on your employer but on the leader of your union. There is no considerable competition between the members of labor unions and the Japanese. They are in different fields of work, but the Japanese worker is a foreigner, and the other foreigners who have already got in wish the door shut in his face. * * * The Japanese farmers are in competition with the small farmers because they work harder and they work better and they live more economically. They are being opposed precisely as the Jews are opposed by the Russian small farmers, because they are abler men."

Mabie spent the summer of 1913 at Seal Harbor reading and correcting the proofs of his lectures delivered in Japan on "American Ideals, Character and Life," the book being published in the following October. Soon after the return of himself and his family to Summit, he was the principal speaker at a meeting

of The Athenaeum when he gave his neighbors an account of his stewardship, his subject being "Our Japanese Hosts." There was a great outpouring of his fellow townsmen to hear him, and the affair took the form of a "welcome home" that had never had its counterpart in the city. He spoke at length of his experiences. The three great characteristics of the Japanese were, he said, passionate patriotism, daredevil courage and all the skill there is. He sketched the modern history of Japan since American men-of-war opened the country to outside influences, and maintained that as we had entirely changed the life of Japan by that act, we were under obligations to give the Japanese all the help possible in their new status in the world. Moreover, we were in a better position to do this than any other nation, because the Japanese were the only people in the world that have really liked us.

Mabie's report to the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment of his observations made during his visit to Japan was dated December 15. In conclusion he gave this picture of Japan:

"It is sincerely friendly to the United States and eager to understand its institutions and the spirit of its people. Of all modern countries it is most receptive of ideas and methods other than its own. It has a genius, not for imitation but for assimilation. It has patiently and enthusiastically followed for half

a century the noble maxim of the great Emperor and has 'sought knowledge wherever it can be found throughout the world.' Having a highly developed civilization of its own, it has not hesitated to test, change or discard its traditions and customs. It has had the courage of the pride which is eager to see and to accept the higher aim and the better way. It has as much to teach as to learn, but it is more eager to receive than to impart knowledge.

"The whole nation has been at school for sixty years, and it is more and more matching science and skill against material resource and physical power. Its entire modern development has been forced upon it from without and it is eager for a long period of quiet growth, in order that it may not only deepen and broaden that growth but nationalize it. It is eager to find itself,— to use a current phrase.

"Japan has gone far and will go farther. It asks nothing of any other nation which it is not willing to give. It has a high and worthy conception of its place and future in the development of the Far East. It is in a position to render a great service to the peace of the world; its friendship is of immense value to Americans, and if they are true to their traditions and understand their responsibilities to the country which they forced to come into relations with the world, they will preserve towards it a policy which shall be not only just but sympathetic and helpful."

CHAPTER XII

THE WORLD WAR

IT was a singular turn of the wheel of fortune by which the greatest war in the history of the world should have broken out in the year following the return of Mabie from his mission of peace to Japan — a war, too, which early involved Japan and later the United States. The illness, moreover, which overtook him when the war had been under way less than a year and a half was largely, if not wholly, due to the self-forgetting zeal and fervor with which he threw himself into the work of pleading for sympathy and help for Japan and of preaching patriotism and preparedness to his fellow countrymen, in the days when Americans were being officially enjoined to remain neutral in the great conflict, in thought as well as in deed.

One of the opportunities that presented itself to him to interpret the spirit of Japan to American audiences came when he was invited to deliver the address under the George Dana Boardman Lectureship in Christian Ethics at the University of Pennsylvania. The lecture was delivered in March, 1914. He chose for his

subject "Ethics and the Larger Neighborhood," the lecture being a vigorous plea for broad and disinterested service as the most satisfying and enduring form of ethical activity. He appealed for justice, courtesy and helpfulness on the part of the United States to her neighbor Japan "in whose affairs she forcibly interfered and who is now trying to find her way on the tragically painful and difficult road of national reconstruction." In conclusion he said that America's attitude was "important to Japan, but far more important to herself; for in taking it she will decide whether she is to be a leader among neighbors or only what is called a 'great power' among other powers as strong in money and arms as herself and as small in ideas and in vision."

Mabie was spending the summer at Seal Harbor when the war began. It is interesting to note that early in September, less than six weeks after the invasion of Belgium by the German troops, he made the prediction, in a letter to Dr. Abbott, that one result of the conflict would be some sort of a league of nations as a preventive against the recurrence of such a world cataclysm as this promised to become.

"I certainly did not intend," he wrote, "to advise disarmament now. Germany has had to keep armed, but the entire concentration of German thought and energy on armaments and arms has compelled all the rest of Europe to keep armed to the teeth. It does

seem to me that the oft-repeated argument that being armed to the teeth keeps the peace is absurd. Nor do I believe that the movement for arbitration has been useless. It has sometimes been misdirected, but it seems to me that it has no more failed than has Christianity in a world which is still largely unchristian, or the movement for morality in a world which is still largely unmoral, or the movement for social justice in a society in which it is practically a new idea. The movement for arbitration has definitely put the idea in the minds of all civilized countries. It has provided the machinery and has created growing and highly influential parties of men in every state and country in the world. This is to have done a great deal. The most significant, and I think the most tragic, incident in the war is the announcement yesterday that the German universities will not open this autumn. In a word Germany abdicates entirely her chief function in the world. When one remembers that Germany is now engaged in destroying civilization, the closing of her universities is a tragic circumstance and a very illuminating fact. * * *

"I believe that one great result of this war will be a tremendous impetus to the movement for some form of civilized relationship between the nations. Either that must be accomplished in some way or we must all withdraw into ourselves. The nerves of the world cannot be cut in this way."

Another letter which he wrote at about the same time to Dr. Abbott is interesting not only for its substance, but for the light that it throws upon the mutual helpfulness of the editors of The Outlook to each other and the methods by which this helpfulness was extended:

To Dr. Lyman Abbott

Seal Harbor, Maine, Sept. 9, 1914.

My dear Dr. Abbott,— All Europe is praying for antagonistic things, and much of this praying is perfectly sincere. They are all saying "our Father"! Many good people are confused by this spectacle and the cynics and skeptics jeer and declare that this pouring out of prayer for mutually destructive ends shows how futile all prayer is.

Won't you write one of your luminous editorials making the difference between the prayer "my will be done" and the prayer "Thy will be done" clear; the difference between praying that our way may prevail and the prayer that God's may prevail, between the prayer for our kingdom and for Thy kingdom, is plain enough, if people will only think it out. And people are praying that war may end, instead of praying that we master the things in us and the conditions outside of us that cause war.

One great source of confusion with regard to prayer arises from the fact that we pray for conditions that

can only come as the result of processes of discipline and education; we pray for things that God could not give us if He tried. It is like praying for books without learning to read. Do you remember Mr. Beecher's illustration: — a woman prays for patience and the Lord sends her a green Irish girl, and she doesn't see that He has answered her prayer in the only way in which he could answer it.

I suggest this subject to you because you would treat it so much better than I could. It is a chance to give a striking interpretation of a great fact of the spiritual life.

In great haste, H. W. M.

The World War had been in progress less than three months when Mabie published through the Macmillans "Japan Today and Tomorrow," made up of papers which he had contributed to The Outlook. Believing that the source of anti-Japanese feeling in the United States was not so much race antagonism as ignorance of Japanese history and character, he undertook in this book "to convey an impression of the genius of the Japanese people, not by definition or by characterization, but by making clear its reflection in the vital landscape of the country." For, he went on to explain, "the genius of a people eludes the direct search for it, but reveals itself in shops and fields and homes more clearly than in universities and courts." Ap-

pearing at a time when everyone's mind was fixed upon the stupendous occurrences in Belgium and northern France, the book did not receive the attention to which its merit entitled it, as an interpretation, by an uncommonly acute and sympathetic observer, of the Japanese spirit.

In the same month Mabie received a letter from Sir A. Conan Doyle which reflects admirably the bulldog British temper of the early period of the war:

From Sir A. Conan Doyle

WINDLESHAM, CROWBOROUGH [SUSSEX] Oct. 14, 1914.

MY DEAR MABIE,— Many thanks for your kind letter. The sympathy and understanding of such Americans as you are very precious to us. We believe that we are fighting the cause of freedom as against militarism and reaction, and we shall never give in.

Thank God that I have been spared to see this old nation so purged of all unworthiness and filled with such a white-hot zeal for a high object. We have no illusions as to the difficulty of our task. We held on to Napoleon from 1803 to 1815 and never lost our grip. We will do as much now. We expect ups and downs now as then, but they will stimulate us to greater effort.

I was interrupted here by singing, and looking out of the window (I am writing at Eastbourne) I see 1500 Kitchener recruits marching from their camp

which is on the Downs eight miles off. They have rifles but are in civilian dress and cloth caps. It is pouring rain and they are soaked but singing at the top of their voices. They are mighty good raw material — far better than the regular supply in peace time,— and when I see the German comic pictures of tramps and wastrels I think the laugh will be with us. We hope to have a round million in the actual fighting by the spring — 500,000 before Xmas.

You can think that I ache to go. But at my age and under present conditions my old J pen is very much mightier than my crocky sword, and my voice also counts for something at recruiting meetings. And yet it is very hard not to go.

At present the Germans are on the opposite coast which I can almost see. I don't think they will be there long. Nous verrons.

Adieu, my dear Mabie,

Yours as ever, A. Conan Doyle.

My brother whom you remember as a subaltern is now Colonel of an Artillery Brigade.

In the following month Mabie sent a copy of his book on Japan to Dr. Inazo Nitobé, and with it went the following letter:

To Dr. Inazo Nitobé

SUMMIT, N. J., Nov. 1914.

MY DEAR DR. NITOBÉ,— So much has happened lately that I don't remember where we were when I wrote you last. The tragedy about which we had talked for years with incredulity is staged in Europe, and is darker than our darkest forebodings. Americans grow more deeply impressed as time goes by with the far-reaching significance of the Prusssian view of Germany's destiny. The Allies are fighting for us, and our fortunes are at stake. If Germany wins, our turn will come next; but Germany is fighting against the higher powers as well as against the Allies.

Japan has borne herself admirably, and it seems as if Count Okuma had been kept in reserve for this crisis. I have asked the Macmillans to send you a copy of my book on Japan. You will see that I have taken the liberty of dedicating it to my three mentors and guides, placing their names in alphabetical order, after our custom in such cases. I ought to have given you your title, but I was afraid of blundering and so refrained. The very simple purpose of the book is, I hope, made clear in the first chapter.

We are all well after a very restful summer, overshadowed at the end by the nightmare of war. I would give much for a chance to sit in front of your

fire and talk over this unprecedented situation throughout the world. I believe we shall have a clearer air when the conflagration has burned itself out. We often look at the photographs of your delightful home and recall the warm friendships which it gave us. Mrs. Mabie is out and Helen in Boston. If they were here they would want me to send their love with mine to you and Mrs. Nitobé.

Yours faithfully, H. W. MABIE.

The distractions caused by the war in Europe did not prevent Mabie from remembering his friend, Miss King, to whom he sent his usual Christmas parcel of books. In return he received this letter:

From Miss Grace King

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 1, 1915.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,— When we came from church on Christmas day we found the postman before our gate, and among the letters and parcels delivered we found yours. * * * You don't know really how kind it is of you to remember us this way Christmas after Christmas and to write as you do of our dear home. You remember what Dostoievsky says about sowing a pleasant memory in life? Years ago we sowed one in yours, but every year you sow one in ours, until it is a part of Christmas to receive one from you. * * *

The war has weighed me down almost to illness, but, as I have told you before, in its great cathedral shadow my own shadow has disappeared, my own past suffering from war is forgotten. We are still all working to send food and clothing to the Belgians, and we may have a tiny share in alleviating present distress. But what of the future life-time of sorrow awaiting the women and children from which they can never be free until they reach "that place which no vicissitude can reach"? * * *

I do not know what the literary quality is of the books you sent. I only know that they are very nice reading after my surfeit of war-news. What a renewal of novel reading there will be after Peace. That is a good word to close with! * * *

Ever affectionately, GRACE KING.

In the following month Mabie wrote a charming little letter to the daughter of his Mercersberg friends, Dr. and Mrs. William M. Irvine, on the occasion of her "coming out":

To Miss Hart Irvine

SUMMIT, N. J., Feb. 9, 1915.

DEAR HART,— What a lovely name you have to begin with! Every note you receive all your life will begin like a love letter! And I have no doubt they all will be love letters: Certainly mine will be. You

will get "out" beautifully tomorrow without any help from us, but I wish we could be there to cheer you and throw flowers at you. If I could have my way girls would have only flowers and sunshine on the road to heaven: But that would be as bad for them as too much Huyler, besides making life monotonous. You have carried the sunshine with you and you scatter the flowers as you go. Our love to you and may all the good fairies troop to North Cottage tomorrow and all the wicked witches stay at home. I am sending you a trifling remembrance. Dr. van Dyke ought to be here to write a poem for you: All your friends will think poems about you.

Yours affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Later in the same month in which the foregoing letter was written Mabie was one of the speakers at a meeting held in Washington in behalf of Berea College, of which his friend of many years, Dr. William G. Frost, was the president. President Wilson and Justice Hughes were among the speakers on this occasion. Dr. Frost described Appalachian America as "the mountainous backyards of eight great states," and announced that up to that time no fewer than eight thousand mountaineers had attended Berea. Mabie's subject was "An Interpretation of Berea." It was the function of Berea College, he said, to set the mountaineers free, to teach them what the world

is, and to help them to discover their own country.

Easter recalled his Greenwich friends to Mabie, and he sent them a letter from Providence, where he had gone to speak on "Peace and War." Although he was approaching his seventieth birthday and hardly realized the exhausting nature of the work upon which he was engaged, he welcomed the future as the most active period of his life.

To Mrs. Holmes and Miss Annie Button

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 2, 1915.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,— It is hard to realize that Easter is so near at hand; and I have suddenly awakened to the fact that if I am to send you an Easter greeting, it must go today. I came here last night to speak on "Peace and War"; a very lively evening with a packed room and four very earnest speakers. It is certainly a tremendous time to live in, and if I am to have any old age, it promises to be the most active period of my life. If that is the fact I shall be very happy, for work is the breath of life.

A great many people must feel this spring that death is only an incident of life; a mysterious event, but not more mysterious than the other events with which life is crowded. Since the hour that Lorraine came, I have felt that birth is stranger and more wonderful than death; the going into life *there* will be more like a miracle than the going out of life *here*. I suspect

that in the twinkling of an eye, it will all seem as natural as sunrise and the day's work. The bigger life seems to me to be pressing more and more into the smaller life as men grow more and more to realize their duties and obligations to one another, and the necessity of being just and generous if society is to exist at all. Our personal fortunes — our love and memory and hopes — are part of this great fortune of the race, this wonderful shaping of character, the making of Heaven out of the common stuff of daily life here and now.

Your visit was a delight to us; it enabled us to catch up with you and start on again with a fresh sense of an old-time friendship, and our treasure of common memories and our common share of immortality with those who have gone on, but to whom we are as real and as present as they are to us. A very happy Easter to you.

Affectionately, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

One of the warning signs that he was overtaxing his strength came to him at this time in the form of writer's cramp, which made it necessary for him to dictate his personal letters to a stenographer — something that he had never done. He referred to this affliction in a letter to John Burroughs:

To John Burroughs

THE OUTLOOK, NEW YORK, June 3, 1915.

MY DEAR MR. BURROUGHS,— I am writing to you by dictation because the affliction of writer's cramp lays too great a burden on my friends' shoulders when I write to them with my own hand.

I am very glad you liked that editorial. It was the simple truth told by a friend; that is the whole story. I am very glad if I said anything that gave you pleasure; anything that seemed to you intelligent and intelligible. I might have said many things more; but I do not believe that you quite understand, with your modesty and your absorption in other things than yourself, how largely you have entered into the life of this country and how much you have done to make a host of people understand this country. You remember that at the reception which the Authors Club gave Matthew Arnold years ago, he said that whatever success he had won was due to the fact that he had put his heart into his work — le coeur au métier. You have always put your heart into your business, and the result is that you have gone to the hearts of other people. Then you have had eyes, ears and ideas; a pretty stout equipment for a long life and a useful and distinguished one.

My only regret when I think of you is that I see you so rarely. We were speaking this morning at breakfast of the Saturday night which you and dear

John Alexander spent with us ten or twelve years ago on the occasion of the dinner to Worthington Whittredge. The next morning being Sunday you went over to Davenport's farm with some friends of ours, and Alexander and I went up to see Mr. Whittredge; and now they are both gone. John Alexander was a prince among painters and among men; a man as simple as the simplest American, but with a kind of distinction in his work which we associate with Sir Anthony van Dyck.

With all good wishes, faithfully yours,

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

In a second letter to Mr. Burroughs, written a couple of weeks later than the foregoing, Mabie expressed a desire to get back to literature, from which his visit to Japan and the World War had estranged him:

To John Burroughs

NEW YORK, June 18, 1915.

MY DEAR JOHN BURROUGHS,— I have been waiting several days hoping to get enough steadiness of hand to write you; but it does not come yet. Writer's cramp is a very queer thing; so in order to save you I am writing again by dictation.

Your last letter to me was an answer to a letter from me; but it was so gracious and gave so much pleasure to Mrs. Mabie and myself that I am going

to tell you that you never did a kinder thing in your life. I am very grateful to you for a decided push forward. It came just in time to confirm a resolution I had taken. My visit in the Far East and the tremendous events that have happened since have rather deflected me from literature, but I feel that I ought to go back to it; and your very kind letter is an authoritative confirmation of my inclination.

This morning, reading the new biography of Emerson by O. W. Firkins, I came upon this sentence:

"In 1863 by appointment of President Lincoln he served as visitor to the Academy at West Point; in which function Mr. John Burroughs, destined later to write one of the few memorable essays upon Emerson, mistook him at first sight for an inquisitive farmer."

When I think of all the doors you have opened to people and when I realize, as I certainly do, the universal affection in which you are held in all parts of the country, by all kinds of people, I think your career has been pretty well and adequately crowned, entirely aside from your membership in the Academy! You have won both kinds of laurel; the kind that grows on the mountains and the kind that people cultivate in their gardens.

Affectionately yours, HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Mabie's resolution to take up literature again did

not prevent him from accepting an invitation to deliver his lecture on Japan, entitled "East and West," at Chautauqua, in the following July. He kept this engagement with some misgivings. He had always declined to speak at Chautauqua because he was unwilling to interrupt his summer vacation by so doing. He was led to break this rule, however, by the feeling that here was an opportunity of which he ought to take advantage to address a great audience of people from different parts of the country whom he could reach in no other way. It was also his intention to speak in one or two other places in the Middle West, but his address at Chautauqua left him not feeling well, and, under the doctor's advice, he reluctantly cancelled these other engagements. He returned to Seal Harbor very tired. He didn't realize it, but his interest in life and his ardent desire to do his part in solving the difficult problems of the day, were leading him to overtax his strength. With thousands, yes, tens of thousands, of his fellow countrymen, moreover, Mabie was no doubt suffering far more than he or they realized through these trying months from the tremendous nervous strain brought on by the tragic events of the World War, such as the recent sinking of the Lusitania, and by deep and ever-increasing anxiety as to the probable outcome of the mighty struggle.

Every phase of the war engrossed his attention; and the puzzling psychology and the apparently uncon-

scious unmorality of the Germans of all ranks interested him especially. He ended a letter from Seal Harbor to Dr. Abbott about various editorial matters with this paragraph, the Dr. Jastrow quoted being Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania: "Dr. Jastrow, who was here yesterday,— said a thing that I think very true: German thinking is so subjective that it cannot see any position other than its own objectivity. If one adds that it is worshipping a false God and has made a Sinai for itself, but has no Mountain of Beatitudes and no Calvary, the German spirit becomes comprehensible."

Interest in the war and in Japan did not, however, entirely monopolize his attention in these days. While he was absent in Japan he had been elected president of the newly-organized National Institute of Social Sciences; and early in August he wrote to President Butler of Columbia inviting him to deliver the address at the annual meeting in January, an invitation which Dr. Butler accepted. His letter is a good illustration of his ingratiating and persuasive manner, when he desired to secure the cooperation of some friend in a good cause:

"Making my bow to you as President of the National Institute of Social Sciences, a position to which I was elected during my absence in Japan when I could not help myself, I have the honor to ask you to deliver an address at the annual meeting of the Institute,

which will be held on the afternoon of January 15th, probably at the Hotel Astor.

"The Institute has now an extremely influential membership of nearly a thousand persons, Mrs. Butler being one of them. We had a very fine audience and an extremely successful dinner at the last annual meeting. The people present, almost without exception, counted. They had all done something besides making personal success. The address was made by Mr. Taft. What we want to do is to repeat the distinction of the dinner last year. You can talk on any subject you choose for the address is expected to be serious, and that is one reason why we are asking you to give it. It will probably consume an hour of your time, but of course you need not prepare a special address for the occasion."

He returned to Summit in the autumn and busied himself with his editorial and other duties. Sometime before this Mr. Howells had published a book —"The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon," which had appealed strongly to Mabie, who had written about it in The Outlook. The following letter related to that review and to the forthcoming presentation to Mr. Howells, by the National Institute of Arts and Letters, of its gold medal for fiction:

From W. D. Howells

130 West 57th Street, Nov. 10, 1915.

My dear Mabie,— Yes indeed, I duly received your Outlook with that kindest notice of my Stratford book. You must know that I value such words from such a Shakespearean as you. They are such words as hardly another man living could speak with the same authority, and I thank you most truly for them.

I like them so much that I would be willing to have you read them in default of any others when you receive my medal for me at the Institute meeting in Boston; I know you are not going to refuse me this office which I have asked in preference of you to any other friend.

Yours sincerely, W. D. Howells.

The National Institute of Arts and Letters had been organized in 1898, with a membership at first of one hundred and fifty, which was later increased to two hundred and fifty. Mabie was its first secretary. The American Academy of Arts and Letters was founded in 1904, with Mr. Howells as president, and four years later Mabie was made a member of this smaller body selected from members of the Institute. The gold medal of the Institute had already been given to Augustus Saint-Gaudens for sculpture, to James F. Rhodes for history, to James Whitcomb Riley for poetry, to William R. Mead for architecture, to Au-

gustus Thomas for dramatic composition and to John S. Sargent for painting.

The joint meeting of the Academy and the Institute for the presentation of the medal for fiction to Mr. Howells was held in Boston on Friday, November 19. Instead of receiving the medal for Mr. Howells, it was Mabie's privilege to deliver the presentation address, the secretary reading a letter from Mr. Howells in acceptance of the honor. Although Mabie was far from well when he was in Boston, his address was up to his best standard both in matter and in manner. One characterization of Mr. Howells, with special reference to which he received, a few days later, a note from Judge Robert Grant, of Boston, may be quoted: "It is his distinction that he has made commonplace people significant and the unsalted average man and woman interesting." Judge Grant, under date of November 21, wrote in part as follows:

"I did not have the chance to tell you how greatly I liked your presentation address. It was very delightful, a masterly expression of our feeling towards Mr. Howells, alike discerning, sympathetic and graceful. Your point that he was the first to make everyday people companionable and interesting was especially happy. Indeed your words were a fitting close to a very interesting meeting."

On the Monday evening following Mabie made what proved to be his last public appearance as a

speaker in Summit. The occasion was the first public meeting of the Summit branch of the National Security League, the local organization having been recently perfected, with Mabie as its president. The meeting was one of many which the National Security League was promoting for the purpose of arousing public sentiment as to the criminally unprepared state of the nation, in view of the likelihood that sooner or later the United States would be forced to take part, for its own protection, in the World War then raging — a cause that he had deeply at heart. There were addresses by other speakers, but Mabie's speech was far and away the most impassioned and eloquent that he had ever delivered, in his home city or anywhere else. Everyone who heard it was impressed by the deep feeling and intense earnestness with which he spoke. His subject was "Patriotism"; and in the course of his remarks he recalled an incident in his foreign travels which had made a deep impression upon his imagination and was later printed in his "Fruits of the Spirit":

"Years ago, in a foreign city, long after midnight, a bugle rang out clear and penetrating in the darkness that comes before dawn. It pierced the deepest recesses of sleep and sounded the great note of action and adventure. To what duty it summoned and whither it led, they only knew to whom it was a command; but a great company of those who came out of

their dreams to hear it were shaken by its imperative call, and must remember it as an impersonal symbol of that divine voice which from time to time rings in the innermost courts of a man's soul with the music of great deeds on noble fields."

The emotional fervor which he displayed on this occasion, without a parallel in his career as a speaker, was one indication of the extreme nervous tension under which he was laboring in these days. Relaxation and a long rest might have warded off the blow that was impending. He had no suspicion, however, at this time, nor had any member of his family, that he had any organic weakness. Although he realized, in the rare moments when he allowed himself to think of it, that he was not in his normal health, he supposed that he had only been overdoing, and that with a brief opportunity for rest he would be perfectly well again. Although in these days he often came home tired almost to the point of exhaustion, he met every unexpected call that was made upon his time and strength with a steadiness and courage, which showed how completely his resolute spirit was forcing his body to do its will. Instead of resting, therefore, he went without hesitation to Philadelphia, a week or so after the meeting in Summit, in order to fill several engagements to deliver his lecture on Japan in various places in and near that city.

Arriving in Philadelphia, Mabie made his head-

quarters at the University Club. He spoke first in Lancaster and early on the evening of December 3, ten days before his seventieth birthday, as he was preparing to leave the club in order to keep another of his engagements, he was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. The physicians diagnosed his condition as due to dilatation of the heart. As it was thought to be doubtful if he would live through the night, the Rev. Philip J. Steinmetz, Jr., an old friend of his, whose home was in Philadelphia and who was with him at this critical time, decided to telephone Mrs. Mabie in Summit. When he had done so, acquainting her with the nature and gravity of her husband's illness, Mabie himself asked to take the telephone. In a clear, steady voice came the characteristically reassuring words over the wire, "Now, you must not be frightened. I'm not."

It was three weeks before he could be removed to his home in Summit. Months, however, were to pass before he made any appreciable gain in strength. Although he recovered sufficiently to do some writing and even to visit his office in New York occasionally, his active work in the world was done; he had fallen grievously wounded in the front ranks of those who were fighting to uphold the ideals of national honor and duty, and the end was not far off.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LAST YEAR

MABIE'S illness made it of course impossible for him to preside at the annual meeting on January 21, 1916, of the National Institute of Social Sciences, of which he was the president. A few days before the meeting he sent a dictated note to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler who, it will be remembered, had accepted his invitation of the previous summer to deliver the principal address, expressing his regret that he was not to introduce him. With his usual optimism he pictures himself as "climbing back to vigor." He wrote as follows from Summit:

"You may have known of my serious illness, which is now receding into the past. I am climbing back to vigor, but I have not climbed far enough yet to get out of the house. I have had to give up many pleasant things, but none with such regret as the annual meeting of the Institute of Social Sciences, at which you are to speak on Friday afternoon. It is a great disappointment to me not to hear you at that time, and not to introduce you. I should have enjoyed the op-

portunity of saying some things about the really big services of permanent value you are rendering to New York on Morningside Heights."

To this note Dr. Butler replied immediately, expressing his delight at learning of his friend's prospective recovery, the anxiety which the news of his illness had caused him, and his anticipation of pleasure at the meeting of the Institute, "where," he added, "you will of course be greatly missed as the natural presiding genius and dynamo." When the news reached Mabie, a few days later, that Dr. Butler had been elected president of the Institute, he wrote to him as follows:

"I was delighted by the news that you had accepted the presidency of the National Institute of Social Sciences. Nothing better could happen to the Institute because you combine so many of the qualities and conditions which will be of service to it. I should not have thought of urging the position upon you, if I had not thought the Institute capable of doing really valuable things. It is a very pleasant association; it includes a great many distinguished people. But there are many such associations and there is no need of adding to them. The Institute, however, seems to me to open the way in various directions for the encouragement and co-operation of men and women who have the American spirit — the real thing, and not the sham, semi-political article."

"I am delighted that the Institute has been fortunate enough to get you."

There was no abatement throughout his illness of his interest in public affairs. Early in March, just after the debate in Congress on the McLemore resolution prohibiting American citizens from traveling on armed merchant vessels, he dictated a note from his sick-bed to Dr. Abbott containing these sentences, "quite characteristic," Dr. Abbott calls them, "of his virile nature":

"When I can go to New York twice a week and write as much as I want to, I shall be very happy. I wrote L. the other day that it was great discipline to stay at home, half the time in bed, when one's strong natural impulse was to get out of bed and swear. Congress has left me pretty nearly speechless with indignation. It has often been short-sighted; but was it ever more stupid and cowardly than during the last two weeks?"

Before his illness Mabie had looked forward with pleasure to the celebration, in April of this year, of the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Shakespeare. The popularity of his book on Shakespeare and the standing as a Shakespearean scholar which that book had given him, had led directly to the selection of him as the chairman of the committee of the Civic Forum which, in conjunction with various other societies, was to hold its commemoration meet-

ing in Carnegie Hall on the evening of April 25. Towards the end of March, however, he was obliged to appeal to his friend Dr. Butler to take his place as the presiding officer on this occasion.

Later in the spring he was again desperately ill. With his usual quiet courage he made a brave and successful fight against the depression and irritability which were the accompaniments of such an illness, but these results were negative and did not satisfy him. Although he was conscious of the love and sympathy which surrounded him, he longed for the companionship of his friends and for the strength which would enable him again to take part in the larger interests which had filled his life. He saw a few old friends, Dr. van Dyke and Bishop Brent among them, and later Mr. Stetson and one or two of his editorial associates. Because, however, of the danger that fatigue or emotional strain might bring on a recurrence of his heart attacks, these revivals of old friendships were not encouraged. He rallied somewhat, and by the early summer he was able to be out of doors and to take short walks. Usually the chief speaker, he was this year a spectator merely, from a seat in his motor-car, of the out-door Commencement exercises of the Kent Place School. And in the preparedness parade on the Fourth of July, his car followed that of the Mayor. It was a great satisfaction to him, moreover, that during the summer and autumn, he was able to

attend church frequently and to exchange a few words with the friends who were always waiting at the close of the service to greet him.

Mabie was fully aware of the seriousness of the danger through which he had passed. In the course of a letter which he sent to his old Tarrytown friend, the Rev. Dr. John K. Allen, occurred this characteristic reflection: "I have looked out of the western gate several times this winter, and it looked strangely restful and normal." To the same friend he had written several years earlier, in one of the rare moments when he allowed himself to dwell on the passing of the years: "I am determined not to grow old unwillingly. If I can I am going upstairs quietly; and by and by I am going to bed with the expectation that in a little while it will be morning. I am not going to cling to the banisters and fight the good old nurse, Life, all the way up. Let's make a 'go' for cheerfulness and a good heart to the end. I am sure it will be a great satisfaction when we wake and find how near heaven was all the time."

As he grew stronger Mabie began to send an occasional editorial article to The Outlook. One of the first of these was entitled "The Test of Courage," which was written directly out of his recent experiences and which showed that, notwithstanding his weakness and depression, his spirit was as high and as unconquerable as ever. "The testing of courage," he wrote,

" is not the moment when the charge is made with ringing bugles and the impetus and inspiration of a great strain onward; it is when the inspiration of action has been lost; when all the conditions are full of disillusion, and few see clearly on account of the depression and monotony; and only they are heroically strengthened who are steadfast in the faith in which they began the fight — loyal to the very end." This expressed his resolute determination. Let come what might, he would be " loyal to the very end."

Among the intimate friends of the Mabies in Summit were Mr. and Mrs. J. Clifford Woodhull, who lived in a charming house which they had built in the outskirts of the town, with ample, well-shaded grounds and with a fine view of the mountains. The mistress of the house was an accomplished musician; and, next to the abundant and gracious hospitality which she and her husband dispensed, the feature of The Knoll, as they called their home, was a large organ built into the very structure of the house. Mabie was fond of music and especially of organ music. Passages might easily be cited from his books in which this fondness is revealed in various ways. " I rarely look at my books," he once wrote, " in that leisurely half hour which precedes getting to work without fancying myself at the keyboard of an organ, the pipes of which are the gilded and many-colored rows on the shelves about me. One may have any kind of music he

chooses; it is only a question of mood. There is no deep harmony, no haunting melody, ever heard by the spirit of man which one may not hear if he knows his books thoroughly."

A dozen years before the summer of his illness he had written a little essay entitled "The Organ in the House," which he had had handsomely printed and bound as a Christmas gift for this friend whose organ playing had given him so much pleasure and in whose house he and Mrs. Mabie had passed so many happy hours.

When these friends went to their farm, about twenty miles distant, for the summer, as was their annual custom, they placed their house at the disposal of the Mabies, who were very glad to give the invalid the benefit of this welcome change of environment and of scene from his own home. While he was there the mistress of the house used occasionally to make him a visit in order to give an organ concert for his enjoyment.

The summer, however, was not without its discords, due to the growing bitterness between Japan and China and to the part which Mabie and The Outlook took in that controversy. Writing some time later to The Herald of Asia, published in Tokyo, Yoshio Nitobé said of him: "Last summer, soon after he fell ill, he wrote to a Japanese friend in Tokyo that The Outlook and he were being severely criticized

for their stand against the views current in America about Japan's policy towards China. He said that he sometimes received twenty letters in one day from Chinese students and their American friends attacking him and even charging him with being a paid spokesman of Japan."

Mabie's last letter to Miss King was written towards the end of the summer and reflected his hope of an early restoration to complete health. The story by Miss King to which he referred was "Pleasant Ways of St. Médard."

To Miss Grace King

SUMMIT, N. J., Aug. 28, 1916.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— Warmest congratulations on the completion of your long task and the publication of the story. It came to me ten days ago and I am not yet half way through it. I am reading it very slowly, tasting it "all the way down," like a rare liqueur. What a charming title you have given it! And a title is half the battle with the public. This title is a winning invitation to sit in a quiet place and listen to life for a while. I inclose these notices which appeared in Saturday and yesterday's New York dailies: extraordinary promptness. I shall write you when I have finished the story.

The doctor has kept me here all summer; wisely, I think. I have gained strength slowly but steadily, and

when the cool days of autumn come I hope to be a man again. Love to you all.

Yours "for keeps," HAMILTON W. MABIE.

In September the Mabies returned to their own home. Complete rest and his out-of-door life during the summer, had restored to the invalid so much of his old strength that he went to New York several times and passed his mornings in the office of The Outlook, gathering up some of the threads of his work which he had been obliged to drop so suddenly the previous December. His admiration for the French people who were bearing the larger share of the heavy burden of the war with such quiet fortitude and resolute determination led him to write an article at this time in praise of their conduct as a nation. This article, when printed, he sent to Ambassador Jusserand, from whom he was pleased soon after to receive the following letter:

From Ambassador Jusserand

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25, 1916.

DEAR MR. MABIE,— I read with admiration and delight the article in The Outlook on "The French Spirit," not knowing whom to thank for it. I had silently thanked my stars that there were such good and warm-hearted Americans to speak so finely and so lovingly of the old Ally.

I am glad to know who did it, and I do not wonder, given the author, that the article is what it is. Allow me to express to you my heartfelt gratitude for your printed, and for your written, words.

I hope that you are recovering apace and that you will soon be just as you were before your unfortunate illness. I cannot bear the thought of diminished powers in one who makes such good use of the ample provision thereof he has received from nature.

Believe me, dear Mr. Mabie,

Very sincerely yours, JUSSERAND.

He was well enough at this time to look forward with his usual interest to the joint meeting in November of the National Institute and of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, when the gold medal of the Institute was to be presented to his friend of many years, John Burroughs, for essays and belles-lettres. In October he received an urgent invitation from Dr. Butler to attend the annual dinner of the Academy in December. To this note he replied, under date of October 13: "I am so keenly disappointed to find that my doctors have decided that I must refrain from even small dinners until after the holidays that I am going to send you a personal note. They are now letting me play by daylight, but not yet by candle light. I am seriously and sincerely sorry."

He was able, however, to attend the joint session

of the Institute and of the Academy at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York on the morning of Thursday, November 16th, when Colonel Roosevelt spoke on "Nationalism in Art and Literature." This proved to be his last meeting with the group of men with whom he had been proud to be associated for many years. A few weeks later he began to have severe attacks of cardiac asthma. In the midst of this suffering he was cheered to receive on his seventy-first birthday this note from his old friend, Dr. George A. Gordon, dated from the Old South Parsonage, Boston:

"HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE — DEC. 13, 1845, DEC. 13, 1916,— Between these two dates there has been lived a life of rare gifts of singular grace and humanity, of wide-reaching and benign influence; and on this significant anniversary many will pray for the full return of strength and for other years of service.

"So prays his old friend who sends to him and his dear family a world of affectionate good wishes."

Mabie's life-long philosophy of cheerfulness and hopefulness in all his relations with his friends did not desert him even in these trying last days. Not long before his illness from this new complication took a most serious turn he dictated the following letter in reply to a special invitation from the Authors Club to be present at the Watch Night festivities on December 31:

"The special invitation to be present at the Watch Night meeting of the Authors Club gave me a great deal of pleasure. I have been looking forward to Watch Night as a kind of debauch after dark, so to speak. For several weeks I have had the liberty of the town,— with many restrictions,— but I haven't gone to anything after dark. When I said 'Watch Night' to my doctor some time ago, he promptly replied: 'That means lots of friends you want to see and talk with, many cigars, probably lots of things to drink, and two o'clock in the morning at the very earliest. No; I am sorry, but I can't let you do it.' That's the whole story, and I have no doubt he is right. At any rate I have to bow my head to the decree.

"Do you remember the delightful talk Dr. Slicer gave us seven years ago,— serious in substance, but as light as an after-dinner speech in manner? I hardly know of any one else who could have done it. It's worth while being seriously sick once in a while for the sake of finding out how many dear and good friends you have. I expect to be as strong as ever presently. I want you to give the meeting my love, individually and collectively."

Always at Christmas the years dropped from Mabie's shoulders, and left him as a child again in his enjoyment of all the festivities of the season. This last Christmas was to be no exception to this rule.

Notwithstanding his severe illness and his extreme weakness, he made his plans for his gifts as usual; and when the day came he was able to open the packages and to hear some of the messages sent by his friends. At the end of the day he said, "I have had a quiet but very happy Christmas." One of the things that contributed to his happiness was the singing of some carols under his window by a group of the Kent Place girls.

The hope of a restoration to health expressed in his letter to the Authors Club was destined not to be realized. The attacks of cardiac asthma from which he had suffered finally developed into pneumonia and early in the morning of Sunday, December 31, he died. The funeral services, simple in their dignity and impressiveness, were held in Calvary Church, which was still beautiful with the Christmas greens and other decorations. The attendance was large, and included not only his friends in Summit, but representatives of the Academy of Arts and Letters, the Japan Society, and of many other organizations of which he was a conspicuous member. The body was laid at rest by the side of that of his daughter Lorraine, in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Tarrytown.

CHAPTER XIV

EDITOR, AUTHOR AND LECTURER

IN the light of his life and his letters, as fully revealed in the foregoing chapters, it seems hardly necessary to dwell at length upon the variety, quality and far-reaching influence of Mabie's work as an editor, author and lecturer. It would be a mistake, however, for any one in considering the nature, aims and results of his labors, to think of him chiefly as a writer of books and as a lecturer, who happened to be connected with a weekly paper. On the contrary, he was primarily an editor; and it was his editorial work that monopolized by far the larger part of his time and his energies.

When he first attracted the attention of his contemporaries it was as a reviewer of books and as a "literary essayist," to quote Stedman's phrase. These papers and their successors were addressed to a popular audience; and yet they were directly in line with what he believed to be the underlying principles of the highest criticism. According to his view the prime characteristic of the great critics, the men of insight and creative power, like Goethe, Sainte-Beuve, Coleridge,

Arnold and Emerson, was interpretation, and the most important result to be obtained through interpretation was education. In his articles on literary and kindred themes he sought, with all the resources that were at his command, to reach the same high goal.

In the minds of some people to criticize a book or any other work that assumes to be artistic, has come to be synonymous with searching for and pointing out its defects, its shortcomings. Mabie's theory of criticism, as we have seen, was based upon a much broader and a much more generous principle than this. He was a firm believer in the soundness of Arnold's contention that the business of criticism was "simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas." And in one of his essays he quoted Goethe as saying that "the most important characteristic of the real critic — the man who penetrates the secret of a work of art — is the ability to admire greatly." He was content to ignore books of a vicious tendency or of mediocre or poor quality. And it was entirely in accord with his literary character, and with the large educational purpose of his life, to call the attention of his readers to the admirable qualities in the writings of his contemporaries and to ignore all books from which these qualities were absent. He was perfectly willing to leave to others the business of discouraging bad writ-

ing by exposing and condemning it. As letters from not a few of the leading literary men of his time have shown, his large-minded generosity, fortified by insight and a true estimate of value, had the heartening effect upon them which he hoped it would have. John Burroughs summarized the matter admirably when he wrote to him in 1894: "You have one invaluable trait of a critic or any writer — one of the prime essentials of all greatness — generosity. You can be generous without flattering — the generosity of a broad, open, affirmative mind. I am always refreshed by the large and generous appreciation of your Outlook essays. I speak of this one feature because it seems to me it is very rare in current criticism."

Mabie's equipment for the task of literary interpretation was in one particular altogether exceptional — probably, indeed, unique among the writers of his time,— in his intellectual sympathy, which enabled him to look at the world of books and at the human nature portrayed therein from the point of view of the author and of the time in which he lived. In an earlier chapter Dr. Gordon referred to this gift as constituting the touch of genius which Mabie's most intimate and discerning friends were disposed to credit him with possessing. Dr. Abbott, than whom no one knew Mabie better, offers similar testimony on the same interesting point: "His human sympathy amounted to genius. He read himself into the mind

of his author. I do not know with what fluency he read any language but his own; but I know no modern critic whose interpretation of Turgenev or Goethe or Victor Hugo or Fogazzaro I would prefer to his. I do not think that he often held a book off at arm's length and subjected it to a critic's scrutiny. I doubt whether he ever laid it on the dissecting-table and investigated it with the scalpel and the microscope. But he saw what the author saw, felt what the author felt, was for the time being Russian or German or French or Italian, and, writing about the author, interpreted him in terms of the Anglo-Saxon mind. And this seems to me much the most important function of the critic." Mabie shared this opinion, and was governed by it during his entire literary career.

His interests as an editor were by no means confined, however, to literature. With the wider acquaintance with men and affairs that came with the passing years, his vision broadened correspondingly, and his contributions to his paper on educational, economic, religious and even political questions became yearly more numerous and of greater carrying power. Idealist though he was, his feet were on the solid ground of reality all the time; and his views regarding the practical, every-day affairs of the paper, were sought and were held in high esteem by his editorial associates. At his death they placed on the formal record of the Board of Directors their declaration

that "he combined to a remarkable degree a sound business judgment with an understanding of broad economic, sociological and human questions, so that his counsel and guidance were of great value in the deliberations of the board." One of his associates has assured the writer that Mabie's acquaintance with political history also, English as well as American, and with the views of leading statesmen of both nations, was so wide and so accurate that his opinions on political matters always carried great weight in the counsels of the board.

By no means the least important of his editorial contributions were his brief essays on ethical themes, in which the depth and the sincerity and the broad humanity of his spiritual nature were made manifest. These papers became in time one of the most distinctive features of The Outlook. Dr. Abbott had the highest opinion of his associate editor's special ability in this field. Among the papers which Mabie left was a scrap of an undated letter bearing this single sentence from his chief: "I do not know anyone but yourself who can write such an editorial as your Lenten Meditation — the spirit of life emancipated from intellectual limitations of a theological definition." In the discussion of such themes as this he brought comfort, encouragement and hope to multitudes of readers. His style, at first rather poetic and touched with sentiment, but always flexible and gra-

cious, acquired, with the gradual development of his character, simplicity, directness and strength, and finally became in his hands an instrument of much power.

A retentive memory was of the greatest help to him in all of this varied editorial work. Having read widely and well, his memory was a reservoir upon which he drew at will for some apt quotation or some authoritative opinion with which to enforce his point. Moreover he escaped the fate of most editors who, becoming chained to their desks from choice or necessity, gradually acquire a distorted or a pessimistic view of human nature and of human affairs through lack of contact with the living world and through a consequent lack of first-hand knowledge of the difficulty of the problems humanity has to face and solve. In this respect he was the antithesis, for example, of the late editor of The New York Evening Post, Edwin L. Godkin. When Godkin was asked by a sympathetic friend if visitors didn't take a good deal of his time at his office and interfere with his work, he replied, with the grim humor characteristic of him, " No. For I see no one before one o'clock; and at one o'clock I go home."

Mabie, on the other hand, not only had a hearty welcome for anyone who called on him, but as a lecturer was continually making excursions into the outside world and meeting men and women of the high-

est types at educational centres, at church conventions, at social gatherings and at meetings of this or that literary or other society. Social by nature, he made friends in this way with scores and hundreds of people who were worth while, talked with them, got their points of view and their opinions on all sorts of topics; and after intimate contact with these currents of fresh ideas, brough back to his desk many suggestions for editorials, with facts and arguments of the greatest value. One of the incidental consequences of this outside activity and of this wide acquaintance with prominent men extending over a long period was to give him from time to time the opportunity to analyze the character, portray the personality and to estimate the value to his age of such men as Mark Hopkins or Bishop Potter, or Lowell or Stedman, when death overtook them, in a manner not to be matched by any of his contemporaries in the field of journalism.

During seven years, from 1891 to 1898, of the most active period in Mr. Mabie's career as an editor, the offices of The Outlook were in Clinton Hall, Astor Place. Early in 1898 the headquarters of the paper were moved to the United Charities Building, at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, where they remained for sixteen years. In the early years of his connection with the paper he used to come to the office with regularity. Later it became more and more his

custom to do his important writing in his study in his Summit home and to go to the city less frequently. For years he wrote all his editorial and other articles with his own hand, succumbing finally, as we have seen, to writer's cramp. His handwriting was not easily read by the printers, and consequently he used to turn his articles over to his office secretary to be typewritten. He always had his subject and its treatment well thought out before he began to write. He wrote easily, as a rule, but with care and exactness, and rarely made corrections.

At the request of the writer Mabie's editorial associate, Elbert Francis Baldwin, has been kind enough to set down his recollections of him as he appeared in the office of The Outlook:

"Those in daily companionship with a man can best appreciate him. So we of The Outlook felt with regard to Hamilton Mabie.

"For about a quarter of a century my room adjoined his in our editorial office. It was a grateful nearness. What influence could be more wholesome, than that of this man Mabie who had no 'frills,' who never affected a pose, who was not pompous or patronizing, who was always doing something but never hurrying about it, who did not try to do more than he knew he could, and who certainly never over played his hand?

"Every morning we came to expect the appear-

ance of a short, solid-looking, well-dressed man, who was accustomed to come in very unnoisily, but who managed to make a round of little visits at the various desks before reaching his own. Indeed we got into the habit of waiting for his appearance before we felt that the day had really begun. And, when he was away in Japan or on one of his lecture tours in this country, while we were glad that he could have the change and rest, the office always missed something. And now that it is gone for good, the office misses it more than ever. We know that no one can take Mr. Mabie's place.

"It is a better office, however, and the world is better off because such an affectionate, sane man lived and worked in it. His living was so much a part of his working and his working a part of his living that one never thought of the two as things apart. In our editorial conferences he would talk with the same simplicity and directness and sense of humor as he wrote. And he never talked 'flowers'— that is to say, rhetoric never got the best of him. He was simple, sincere, straightforward. Yet, admirable extemporaneous speaker as he was, he did most of his best work, I believe, with the pen as The Outlook has long shown."

If no man may be a hero to his valet, an editor may, it seems, be a hero to his secretary. Mrs. Anna Knight, who was Mabie's secretary for many years,

has graciously drawn this pen-portrait of him, as he appeared in the office:

"Mr. Mabie's predominant characteristic in his daily working life was his cheerfulness. During my eighteen years' working association with him, no matter how overburdened with work and engagements, I never knew him to be impatient, irritable, peevish, sarcastic, exacting, or even unreasonable, all of which traits most people manifest at one time or another, and a large number much of the time. But with all his gentleness, he worked in a positive rather than a negative spirit — the 'Thou shalt' spirit of the New Testament rather than the 'Thou shalt not' of the old. He diffused in a remarkable degree an atmosphere of anti-antagonism; so that, once knowing the trend of his wishes, it was as natural as breathing for his associates to follow those wishes and feel that everything was right. Daily association with him seemed to eradicate the evils of arrogance and egoism — at least while he was present.

"As to his manner of working, he usually came in with his pockets crammed with items relating to the topics he was to treat editorially, for the clipping of which, en route to the office, he always carried a small pair of scissors (which I now have in my sweet grass work basket which he brought me from the Adirondacks), but his use of such extraneous help was most casual. After acquainting himself with the facts of

a case to the best of his ability, all clippings and printed matter were laid aside — he never quoted long extracts to fill space — but went straight to the crux of a subject with his own mind; in a few illuminating sentences laying bare the heart of some political issue, public question, or, in his own inimitable, sympathetic way, presenting the merits or demerits of some new work of essay, poetry or fiction."

As regards Mabie's helpfulness to all manner of persons who sought his advice and assistance, Mrs. Knight says: "I recall a number of men now holding influential positions in literary and publishing work who owe their start entirely to the right word — written, spoken or telephoned by Mr. Mabie at just the right time; he was never too busy to Stop, Listen and Help. Most of us are every ready to prattle incessantly about our own affairs, hopes, fears, aspirations, but the pearl of priceless value is the one who will listen and help. Such an one was Mr. Mabie. His pockets and his letter-basket on his office desk were never free of letters asking for help and guidance, and he always gave his best. If he felt compelled to tell a truth where he knew it would hurt, his sympathy and graciousness helped him to say it in the least hurtable way possible."

Of the score and more of books which Mabie left as a permanent record of his literary achievement,

two have shown more vitality and have won wider audiences than their fellows —"In the Forest of Arden" and the "Shakespeare." Freshness of spirit, buoyancy and freedom of style and charm of sentiment, gave to the former an attractiveness that won the hearts of all its readers; and the book promises to go on winning new friends indefinitely. In his "Shakespeare" he undoubtedly touched his highest point. It was a book which it had been a labor of love for him to write, and he gave the best that was in him to the painting of a portrait of the man based upon a most careful study not only of the poems and the dramas, but of the richly-variegated life of the time. It will stand as a monument not only to his industry and to his critical acumen, but to his genius for reading a man and his work through intellectual sympathy with him and his period, instead of from a position of critical detachment. It is not without significance, moreover, that both of these books, totally dissimilar as they are in theme and in treatment, have in common an organic unity and a structural form which it was, of course, impossible for him to give to his volumes of essays. Some of his other books also possess this quality of movement, of logical development and of completeness, notably his "American Ideals, Character and Life" and a few of his slighter sketches like "A Child of Nature" and "In Arcady."

In the majority of his books which were made up from year to year mainly from his contributions to The Outlook there was a unity of purpose whether the themes were literary and artistic or ethical, which served to give to each a certain coherency and which goes far to bear out the theory that, although the chapters were published from week to week, they were originally conceived and planned as definite parts of a book. It was through these volumes, giving the fruits of the writer's observations, studies and reflections not only on literature but on nature, culture, conduct, character and the higher spiritual life, that he exerted his widest influence. The fine ideal which guides the course of the essays in all of these volumes was dwelt upon by Dr. van Dyke in his memorial address before the Academy of Arts and Letters — "an ideal," as he happily defined it, "of the cooperation of nature and books and work in the unfolding of personality." Several of these books, notably "Books and Culture" and "Works and Days," are still in active demand.

Of the volumes of meditations two, "The Life of the Spirit" and "The Great Word," were published during Mabie's lifetime. Two other volumes treating of similar themes, "Fruits of the Spirit" and "Essays in Lent," appeared after his death. These books, with their messages of hope and encouragement, reached large audiences, more copies having been sold

of "The Life of the Spirit" than of any other of his works save "In the Forest of Arden." Their character and their quality have nowhere been better indicated than in these words from Dr. Abbott's preface to "Fruits of the Spirit": "Their wide range brings them into touch with eager youth seeking inspiration, with those weary in well-doing, needing encouragement; with those bringing the fruits of experience to enrich the activities of our busy age; and with those who face the sunset in serene quiet. Here all may find breadth of vision, renewed courage, clearer insight into the complexities of life and profound spiritual meanings."

Mabie's name was to be found on the title-pages of many books other than those which he wrote. It was natural that various publishers should endeavor to secure the editorial cooperation of a man of his standing in the literary world in presenting some of their books to the public, and more especially books of an educational or semi-educational character designed for young readers. He wrote numerous introductions to such books — Fairy Tales, Myths, Legends, Heroes and what not that every child should know and of which, it may be added, most adults have only the most inaccurate or superficial knowledge; interpretations of famous and introductions to notable poems; brief biographies for various series, etc., etc. He was the associate of Charles Dudley

Warner in the editorial conduct of "The World's Best Literature," and contributed several biographical sketches to that work. His wide acquaintance with the literatures and the great writers of all countries made these tasks comparatively easy for him. They are entitled to this brief mention more to insure the completeness of the record than for any particular bearing they may have upon his literary reputation.

As a lecturer Mabie occupied a unique place among American literary men. We have seen how he began in his early manhood to cultivate the art of public speaking and how by persistent practice he had mastered it. In preparation for a formal address, especially if it was to be delivered before an academic audience, like his lectures on American poetry at Johns Hopkins, or on Poe at the University of Virginia, it was his custom to write his lectures and to read from this manuscript. On less formal occasions it was sufficient for him to make a memorandum merely of the headings of his discourse on a small square of paper which he could hold in his hand and to which it was rarely necessary for him to refer. And when he was to speak before a college audience, for example, he did not require the aid even of such memoranda.

The vast difference between the written word and the spoken word was well illustrated in his case. The

listener to his discourse got much nearer to the real man than did the reader of his essays. He gave himself much more freedom as a speaker than he did as a writer; and then his personality counted of course for a great deal, and gave his auditor a new interest in him and a new point of view from which to consider him. His popularity as a speaker became great, especially at educational centres throughout the country. At the dinner given to him in the University Club Stedman quoted people from all over the country as saying: "Do you know Hamilton W. Mabie? Did you ever hear such a speaker? When is he coming this way again?" And Stedman went on to say: "I have thought it over a great deal, for we in New York do not know how these things are. Mr. Mabie goes from one end of the country to the other and charms everybody. He has the gift of charm, and that is a great gift to begin with." Stedman was right. Few in New York except Mabie's most intimate friends had any idea of the country-wide popularity he had won as a lecturer of extraordinary charm.

What it was that constituted this charm may perhaps be gathered from this paragraph from Dr. van Dyke's address in memory of his friend before the Academy of Arts and Letters:

"No man in America was more welcome to an intelligent audience, for a lyceum lecture or a commencement address than Hamilton Mabie. Here his per-

sonal qualities had full play, perhaps even more than in his writings. His radiant nature, his keen sense of humor, his ready and attractive manner of speech, his sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men and women, gave him quick and easy access to his listeners. They went with him because he appealed to them. He reached them because he took the trouble to open the doors. The material of his lectures, as in the case of Emerson, was that which he afterwards used in his books. But when he was speaking it was put in a different form,— more free, more colloquial, adapted to the occasion. Why should a speaker regard his auditors as cast-iron receptacles for a dose of doctrine? Mabie never did that. But he always had something to say that was serious, well-considered, worth thinking about. That was why thoughtful people liked to hear him. He was a popular lecturer in the best sense of the phrase. The demands upon his time and strength in this field were incessant."

His letters moreover show that Mabie got as much enjoyment out of speaking as his audiences did in listening to him. When the occasion was an inspiring one and when he was deeply moved he was capable of rising to a high pitch of oratorical power. One such occasion, already described, was his last appearance as a speaker in Summit when "Patriotism" was his subject. Another is referred to in a

letter from his classmate Dr. G. Stanley Hall, who, in writing from Worcester, says: "One of the most remarkable things I ever saw him do was to take a large Commencement audience here, a few years ago, when it was very apathetic and bored, and starting in a very commonplace way, for the sake of contrast, lead them on and up before his hour was past to a pitch of enthusiasm very rare in staid Commencement groups, and of which President Roosevelt, who was present, said afterwards in public as well as in private that it was a wonderful bit of oratorical art."

It was often a cause for regret among some of Mabie's friends that he had not gone into the church instead of into the office of The Outlook. For it was felt by them that, with his character and temperament and with his capacity as a speaker, he would have made a preacher of extraordinary power. In addition to his eloquence he would have brought to the pulpit a broad humanity, a refreshing sanity and a catholicity of view which would have won him a high place and a large influence. But this influence would have been nowhere nearly as broad and as far-reaching as was that which he wielded through his writings and his lectures, and for this reason he never regretted the choice that he had made, or was ever tempted to change the field of his labors.

He was always an especially welcome guest at the Commencement exercises of the Williams alumni to

whom, by reason of these annually recurring occasions, he was probably better known as a speaker than as a writer. The late Dr. Franklin Carter, recalling these meetings, once wrote of him: "His melodious voice, his subtle humor, his keen discernment of relations, his careful estimate of values, often made his speech a long-remembered feature of the occasion. With all his friendliness he could administer a rebuke and so gently that one doubted that the arrow pierced the target." In illustration of this last statement Dr. Carter went on to tell the story of how Mabie, taking his cue from the remarks of a graduate who in his speech had complained because Williams was lacking in equipment and was falling behind other colleges in numbers, made a careful and telling analysis of the difference between bigness and greatness in college affairs.

An audience of blooming girls such as he was sure to meet when visiting any one of the women's colleges brought his geniality and his wit to the surface immediately. He once gained the immediate and sympathetic attention of a hall full of girls at Vassar by his first sentence: "You will all understand me, I think, when I assure you that it would be much more enjoyable for me to talk to one girl for six hours than to talk to six hundred girls for one hour." The writer is further indebted to Mr. Baldwin, for a description of another incident which could hardly have

happened to anyone less self-possessed or less likely than he to be swept off his feet:

"Some twenty years ago he was asked to make the Commencement address at the Teachers' Normal College, then located in University Place. He faced an audience of several hundred young women about to become teachers. During the course of his address he attempted to quote Wordsworth's 'Daffodils.' He got half way through when he found himself simply tied up. He could go neither forward nor backward. His mind was a blank and he himself in a maze. What was he to do? His characteristic poise came to his rescue. Instead of getting fidgety, he stepped as slowly as possible to the edge of the platform, looked benignly on his auditors from one side of the room to the other, smiled, bowed slightly (all to gain time of course) and then — as the lines would not come back to him — said quite simply: 'Young ladies, I hope that none of you will ever find yourself in such an embarrassing position as mine'— the words coming more and more slowly as he tried to gain more and more time, querying within himself 'How does the pesky thing go anyway?' And then, as it did not 'go,' he stepped back again to his original position, unhurried and unworried, smiled upon the girls once more and — there it was! He began again and went through the whole poem and then you should have heard the girls! They clapped and waved handker-

chiefs until the whole place was filled with an enthusiasm and with a certain tender sympathy for the speaker which nothing else would have aroused in the same way. Every one of those girls, I am sure, became Mr. Mabie's firm friend."

CHAPTER XV

CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY

"NOW behind all these books and behind all these lectures and behind all these editorials and behind all these letters is the man Hamilton W. Mabie; honest, true, kind, sunny, hearty; an author without a grudge, a teacher without a rod, an idealist without a fad; a good man to tie to, and a good friend to have."

So spoke his friend of many years, Dr. van Dyke, at the dinner at the University Club, in introducing Mabie to a hundred and more of his friends there gathered to do him honor. Now if anyone wishes to learn what were the leading traits of character of the man Mabie, there is no better source of information than the writings of the man himself. For he was no exception to the rule that a man writes himself, although not necessarily all of himself, into his books, especially if these books are essays dealing with the formation of character, with conduct and with the spiritual side of life. Such a man reveals even more of his real self in his letters to his personal friends, written without any expectation, or even thought, that

they may some day be published. "The careless ease," Mabie once wrote, "with which a man often writes to his friend is more favorable to free and unconscious expression of himself than the essay or the novel over which he broods and upon which he works month after month, perhaps year after year." If this is true, no doubt or uncertainty can rest in the mind of any reader of the foregoing pages, especially if he is familiar with Mabie's books, as to the convictions and principles, or the standards and ideals which governed his life. He has made them as plain as day by his acts also as well as by his words; and the conclusions which one draws from them as to his character and his temperament are confirmed by the letters of his many friends to him.

No higher tribute could be paid to a man's character and personality than was contained in the addresses that were delivered and in the letters that were read at the memorial meeting in Summit a few weeks after his death. This meeting was primarily designed to give his neighbors an opportunity to express the high regard and affection in which they had held their "First Citizen." People of all classes and conditions, more than a thousand in number, crowded the Lyric Theatre on this occasion, showing how universal was the sense of loss to the city in his death and how deep the sense of personal bereavement on the part of everyone who had enjoyed his friendship. From

outside the city, moreover, came letters reflecting the wide extent of his friendships and the esteem in which he was held by men in the highest walks of life throughout the country. These tributes were all to the man, not to the writer. "No one," said The Outlook, "could have come away from this meeting without being deeply impressed with the everlasting truth that the greatest force in art, in literature, in politics and in education, is found not in ideas or in workmanship, but in personality."

Mabie had indeed left a precious memory in the hearts of his friends. Joseph H. Choate, for example, went to the foundation of things in declaring that the cardinal feature of his character and conduct was discoverable in his love for his fellow men and in his belief that the noblest study of mankind was man. Dr. Abbott, in his analysis of his associate's "genius for friendship," went still further: "Unseen in every day there walked with him a better tomorrow. He was an inspirational writer and speaker because he was filled with hope, and his hope was the child of his spiritual faith. This faith of his in the abundance of life gave him not only his intellectual interest in nature, in literature and in current events, but it gave him his interest in men and women about him. It inspired in him what I may call his 'genius for friendship.' It made him a universal friend."

Mabie's philosophy of life was erected upon a broad

and solid foundation of religious conviction and of spiritual faith, which formed the basis of his character. The ideal towards which he was constantly striving was high. "He looked forward," said Dr. Abbott, "to a divinely predestined human brotherhood, and tested every policy, whether political, industrial or ecclesiastical, by the relations which that policy bore to the coming Kingdom." Yet he was too large-minded to allow himself to be hampered by dogma or ritual. "He regarded all theologies, all liturgies, all ecclesiastical organizations," continued Dr. Abbott, "as instruments either to express or to promote the spiritual life. Loyal to the communion with which he was identified, he belonged to the church universal, and recognized the fact that every branch of that church possesses something of the universal truth of Christ and contributes something to the common Christian life. I have often heard him say that the church of Christ ought to be large enough to embrace men of all opinions and all temperaments. He believed that the bond of union and the test of fellowship should be, not agreement upon a dogma, but loyalty to a Person, not intellectual or emotional, but vital."

Mention has already been made of the slowness with which his character matured. He was a long time in finding himself — a fact which gave him a peculiar sympathy, as has already been noted, for those young men and young women who were trying to solve the

same hard problem. But he met his trials patiently and bravely. One of the chief tasks which he set himself was always to profit by his own mistakes and failures; and in this hard school of experience his character deepened and strengthened. This development showed itself in the lines of his face which more and more expressed strength. He gradually overcame his earlier tendency to avoid unpleasant controversies with other men, and when any principle or conviction was at stake, he met the issue squarely and firmly. "Underneath all his friendly exterior," writes Mr. Baldwin, "Mabie was virile and vigorous. He had his opinions and he stuck to them, not with obstinacy, for he was as catholic-minded as any one could be, but, when he had once become thoroughly permeated with a particular phase of feeling, when he had once grappled with a great principle and made it his own, his devotion and loyalty were quietly but eloquently evident."

"Next to character," he wrote in one of his papers in "Works and Days," "the most essential qualities for comfort, peace and happiness are sweetness and serenity of spirit." If the opinions of his intimate friends are to be trusted, these qualities were characteristic of Mabie himself to a remarkable degree. Theodore Roosevelt wrote of him: "He possessed a peculiarly sweet and lovable nature, and the more intimately one was thrown with him, the more one grew

to appreciate the beauty and fineness of his character." In an earlier letter to Mrs. Mabie, Mr. Roosevelt had expressed himself somewhat more fully: "His purity and sweetness of nature and earnest desire to help others to the realization of high ideals were set off and heightened by his delicate sense of humor and his unfailing courtesy; he combined the two essentials, gentleness and strength." Dr. Abbott thought that if he were to select a single word to indicate not perhaps Mabie's most distinguishing, but the most apparent, characteristic, he would choose the word "reposeful." One has only to turn again to "Works and Days" to learn how Mabie had discovered in "reposefulness" the secret of enjoyment in one's occupation. "The man," he wrote, "who works with delight and ease grows by means of his activity, and the first secret to be learned in order to rid work of worry and wear is to take it in a reposeful spirit, to refuse to be hurried, to exchange the sense of being mastered by one's occupation for the consciousness of mastery." And again in "Work and Culture" he laid down the principle that "ease of mood is essential to long-sustained working power." To him restlessness was always "the sign of a life unfulfilled and a soul unsatisfied."

The key, moreover, to his creed of optimism is to be found in his sense of obligation to be cheerful and hopeful in his relations with his fellowmen for the

moral stimulus of this example. "We owe our fellows," he said, "the duty of sweetness and cheerfulness quite as much as the duty of fidelity and honesty." And again in the same book, "Works and Days," he elaborated this idea: "The greatest service which any of us can render to our fellows is, first and foremost, to be so evidently strong, earnest and cheerful that the discouraged take a new lease of hope from us, the doubtful secure a new vision of faith and those who have fallen a new impulse to get on their feet again. It is of infinitely more importance today to pour a new tide of victorious faith and hope and strength into the souls of men than to do anything, anywhere."

This variety of optimism is altogether different from that of the easy-going sort which rests upon a lazy faith that in some unknown way and by some unknown means things will come out right in the end, if one only waits long enough.

One of the principal sources, if not the principal source, of his serenity of soul and cheerfulness of spirit, was to be found in the happiness of his married life. In his first volume of essays, "My Study Fire," he took his readers frankly into his confidence on this point. "One cannot write about his own home without egotism," he said, "for it is the best part of himself. If I were to write about mine, as I fear I am constantly doing, I should simply write

about Rosalind. When I think of what home is and means, I understand the absolute veracity of Lowell's sentiment that 'many make the household, but only one the home.' In every home there is one whose nature gives law and beauty to its life; who builds it slowly out of her heart and soul, adorns it with the outward and visible symbols of her own inward and spiritual gifts, and makes it her own by ministrations not to be weighed and counted, so impalpable, so numberless and so beyond all price are they."

More than ten years later, in the course of his remarks at the dinner given to him at the University Club, he came back to this theme in the following words, the tone having acquired maturity in the meantime and the thought having gained breadth and a deeper significance:

"Now no man succeeds alone. Every man's success is based on some sort of cooperation, and those who have succeeded in the arts, who have especially needed sympathy and faith and fellowship, have invariably succeeded because that success has been a matter of cooperation between one who inspired and another who executed, between one who worked in the sight of the world and another who stood behind, invisible, with an influence searching and inclusive and silent, the effluence of a beautiful character which becomes the key and the explanation of anything that is fine and true and enduring in the visible world.

"I suppose this is what Tennyson had in his mind when he said in his extreme old age: 'The peace of God came into my life on my wedding day.'"

It was due to this perfect cooperation that Mabie was enabled to enjoy, throughout his busiest years, the absolute freedom of mind necessary for his daily task. One can easily believe, moreover, that his character, tastes and temperament were a not unimportant factor in making this cooperation effective. In his home his gift to those who found inspiration and happiness in living with him day by day, in an atmosphere of love, sympathy and encouragement that never failed, only those who shared it can measure. Quiet, simple, methodical, unhurried but always busy, he accomplished a prodigious amount of work, without any evidence, until towards the end of his life, of strain or of great effort. One of his methodical habits was always to carry with him a small note-book in which he kept the briefest sort of a record of his doings from day to day,— resulting in a large collection of small volumes which have been of the greatest service to the writer in checking occurrences and in verifying dates. His conscientiousness in keeping faithfully the multifarious engagements recorded in these little note-books was one of his marked traits; and he would always put himself to endless trouble rather than disappoint an audience before which he was to speak or a friend whom he had promised to meet.

He enjoyed his leisure, too, as well as his work. The companionship of children, those of his friends as well as his own, was a source of great pleasure to him. His daughters were his companions everywhere, especially on his bicycle rides, a form of exercise that he persisted in until he was fairly driven off the highways by the ever-increasing number of motor-cars. He delighted, as his letters abundantly show, in making presents to his friends; and he took an especial pleasure in surreptitiously inserting little gifts, like books and boxes of candy, into hidden corners of his daughters' trunks, as they were about to go back to college after their holidays.

After he gave up bicycling, walking was his principal exercise. At Hyannisport, finding himself for the first time within reach of salt water of a suitable temperature, he had the moral courage to learn to swim after he was sixty years old. Golf was another of his mild recreations. But he played at, rather than played, golf. What he really liked in the sport was the open air and the sunshine and the companionship of some congenial spirit who was as indifferent to the score and as alive to the beauty of nature as he was. In one of his letters, it will be recalled, he speaks of playing golf with Admiral Stockton, "who," he significantly adds, "is great fun."

He was once the guest of Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle in Scotland; and on his return he told,

Mabie with One of his Little Friends

with great enjoyment, some of his expert Baltusrol golfing friends the story of a memorable morning which he spent on the private links of the Laird of Skibo. A canny old Scottish retainer was assigned to him as a companion. This grizzled veteran of many a hard-fought battle on the greens preserved a perfectly stolid demeanor during what must have been to him an agonizing experience. Having finished, Mabie determined to see if he could not extort at least a word of indirect praise from his taciturn companion. Turning to the Scot he said, with his most ingratiating smile, "Well, MacPherson (or MacDonald or whatever Mac he happened to be), I suppose you never saw anybody play a worse game of golf than that?" To which query the honest Scot replied, with perfect gravity, "No, sir, I never did!"

Mabie's sense of humor was always with him, but it came to the surface and into play only when the special occasion or the special person invited its use. Such a person might be an intimate friend with whom he had had many a passage at arms; and such an occasion might be any informal gathering before which he was to speak. Dr. van Dyke referred to this trait in his Book Buyer article, when he said: "His books reflect the man. But they do not reflect the whole man. For one thing, there is a rich fund of humor in him which does not often come to the surface in the printed page. His speaking style is livelier and

more varied than his written style. On the platform and at the dinner table when the coffee cups have come in, he is full of amiable discourse, brilliant anecdote and genial eloquence. No man presides at a banquet or a board meeting with a readier wit or with finer tact."

In illustration of Mabie's readiness of wit as a presiding officer, the following incident, as described by Mr. Baldwin, may be cited: "At an Aldine Club dinner one night, Mr. Mabie was toastmaster and Hopkinson Smith was the guest of the evening. Smith was a squirmer and the lightweight chair on which he sat finally gave way, and down went Smith to the floor right in the midst of the toastmaster's presentation speech. Every one laughed at Smith's discomfiture and he most of all. The toastmaster proceeded placidly with his address, however, just as if nothing had happened. But at the close he said to the audience, 'And now Mr. Smith will *again* take the floor?'"

Good as he was in his books, and better as he was in a lecture hall or as a presiding officer, it was not until the coffee and cigars had made their appearance after a dinner, or until he was at leisure in front of his own or some friend's study fire, that Mabie was at his best. Then the real man revealed itself in his genial, cordial manner, in the atmosphere of good comradeship which he unconsciously diffused, and in

the easy play of ideas, interspersed with humorous story or happy quotation from the ample storehouse of his memory, between him and his friends. This was the Mabie whom his associates in The Outlook office and his other intimate friends knew; and it was because of these qualities that they felt that they had derived much more benefit from this close contact with him than they had ever got from his books. Those, moreover, who heard him speak or who met him casually when he was on one of his lecture tours, caught from his sympathetic personality a glimpse at least of the real man, which not only aroused their interest and perhaps their admiration, but often won their immediate affection. For, in Professor Bliss Perry's expressive phrase, "he radiated sunshine," and so warmed the souls of all those whom he met.

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